

ORIGINAL ENGLISH EDITION

INDEXED

APR 26 1938

The QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 536

APRIL 1938

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Published Quarterly by
THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY

Sole Agents for American Continent
131 VARICK STREET, NEW YORK

Single Copies, \$1.75

Yearly Subscription, \$6.50

Entered at New York Post Office as Second Class Matter
LONDON: JOHN MURRAY

TO SUBSCRIBERS
AND AGENCIES

Commencing with the January 1938 issue of the "QUARTERLY REVIEW," Subscribers will be supplied by the INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 131 VARICK STREET, NEW YORK CITY, to whom all renewals and enquiries regarding this periodical should be sent.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 536.—APRIL, 1938.

Art. 1.—ROYAL MARRIAGES IN FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Bella gerant alii, tu, felix Austria, nube, so runs the hexameter which in seven words sums up the history of the Habsburgs for nearly as many centuries. A good rough translation would be, 'Marry, and all else shall be added unto you.' By marriage rather than by force of arms the family built up an empire which in the days of Charles V towered over the world like a colossus, and it was as a result of the same policy, skilfully turned against them by their French rivals, that they experienced their first check when Louis XIV succeeded in placing his grandson upon the throne of Spain. Even so, it was by matrimony that the Habsburgs kept control of Italy until a date within the lifetime of many still alive, while Bismarck and his successors were by no means unwilling to use the altar in this way to further the political and economic interests of Germany. One need not, indeed, look so far as Central Europe for evidence of the centripetal influence of Royal marriages, for it was by this means that England and Scotland were united under the sceptre of James I and VI. It was, too, in this way that more than one family raised itself from relative obscurity to a throne. Had Leopold of Coburg not called attention to himself by marrying the only daughter of the 'First Gentleman,' it is more than doubtful if members of that remarkable dynasty would to-day be reigning in London, Brussels, and Sofia. In effect, the dynastic alliance was part-and-parcel of European diplomacy down to the outbreak of the late war. So much will be generally conceded, but the common belief undoubtedly is, or at any rate was, that a new order began at the Armistice, when the

relationship of one monarch to another ceased to have any meaning for the world at large.

The history of the last few years has convinced even the most credulous that a great many things—war and autocracy, for example—which were supposed to have disappeared at the Armistice are still very much alive, and now the kings seem to be coming into their own again. It was confidently stated not so long ago that the world would never see another restoration, yet the King of the Hellenes has already quietly regained his throne ; and he would indeed be a rash prophet who would venture to assert that King George II will not find imitators before long—possibly even before the present year has run its course. Nor is it as if the monarchs were negligible quantities : King Leopold of the Belgians, King Carol of Rumania, King Zog of Albania, and the Persian Shah are all of them among the outstanding personalities of the day. Such being the case, the family links which connect these hereditary rulers may well be of concern to the people whose destinies are so largely in their hands. Kings may no longer be absolute, but a wrong decision on their part may easily bring disaster upon their respective countries.

To some extent the importance of a Royal marriage is due to the belief of the man-in-the-street that it must possess political significance, and if enough people hold this view then it becomes true. One example will suffice. The marriage of the Duke of Kent with Princess Marina of Greece was universally believed in the Mediterranean countries to imply a desire on the part of the British Government for the restoration of the Greek monarchy, and from that time the Royalist movement in Greece began to gather impetus. There can be little doubt but that King George V wished to see his relative and namesake back in Athens, but the Foreign Office never lifted a finger to bring this about ; indeed, its attitude was as frigidly correct as the staunchest republican could desire. All the same the contrary belief obtained, and still obtains, abroad ; and in Anglophobe circles in Rome the King of the Hellenes is openly referred to as an English agent. This is a notable example of the influence, however fortuitous, of a Royal marriage upon the international situation.

Another instance in the same part of Europe was the alliance of the Royal Houses of Bulgaria and Italy in the persons of King Boris and Princess Joanna of Savoy. Bulgaria had, as a result of her attitude during two successive wars, become the Ishmael of the Balkans, and when Italy began to draw away from England and France and to sympathise with her late enemies it was only natural that she should seek to increase her influence in Bulgaria. The marriage was to strengthen the understanding between Rome and Sofia, and it has certainly had this effect. The popularity of the Queen has had the further result of creating in Bulgaria a liking for the country of her birth, and so male policy has been notably aided by female personality.

In other ways, too, King Victor Emmanuel III and Signor Mussolini have shown that they are by no means unmindful of the political value of a judicious marriage. One Italian princess was married to a member of the House of Hesse long before the Rome-Berlin axis had come into existence, and as the bridegroom was regarded with favour by General Göring it is tempting to suppose that this last fact was not without its significance in the conclusion of the match. Princess Maria of Savoy is still unmarried, and, if Rome and Berlin become estranged once more, it would not occasion any great surprise if her engagement to the Archduke Otto were announced. Sometimes, of course, foreign consorts become so much disliked that they upset the calculations of those who have introduced them: Philip II, for example, did little to recommend a pro-Spanish policy to the subjects of Mary Tudor, though he did his best to coax the English to like him, even to the extent of making himself sick by drinking large quantities of beer.

It will already have been observed that such Royal marriages as those discussed above differ in one respect from the matrimonial alliances contracted by the Bourbons and Habsburgs in bygone days in that their object is not to unite kingdoms as well as their ruling families. The balance of power in Europe is now too nicely adjusted and nationalist feeling too strong to allow of such a union as that of William of Orange and Mary Stuart, which, if they had had issue, would have brought Great Britain and Holland under the same crown. It was, too,

extremely fortunate that the existence of the Salic Law in Hanover broke the dynastic link, itself the result of a wedding, which bound that country to England, before the war of 1866. Yet, it is an interesting speculation whether the peace of Western Europe might not have been strengthened had it been possible to arrange a marriage between King Leopold III and Princess Juliana, for the territory over which their descendants would have ruled would have constituted a new Great Power with a definitely pacific outlook.

Matrimony in Royal circles has rather tended, where the motives have been political, to consolidate existing national friendships than to build up empires and kingdoms on the old Habsburg and Bourbon principle. This tendency has been so marked in North-Western and South-Eastern Europe that the dynastic alliances forged there merit close attention as having been by no means without their influence in the international sphere. Both at Geneva and elsewhere the Scandinavian Powers and Belgium have acted together over a period of years, and while they felt that collective security and the League of Nations had some meaning they were foremost in their championship of the Covenant. This identity of interest in the preservation of peace and respect for law has been emphasised in the most striking manner by numerous alliances between the Royal families concerned. Sweden has provided a queen for Belgium, and crown princesses for Norway and Denmark, while the King of Norway is a Dane by birth. All three countries are closely connected with Great Britain both by sentimental and economic ties, and this fact, too, is reflected in the Royal relationship, for the Queen of Norway and the Crown Princess of Sweden are both English. Not since the days of Canute has England been so closely linked with Scandinavia, and it is only natural that this connection should be emphasised in the ties which bind the House of Windsor to the Northern dynasties. To no inconsiderable extent this friendship between nations which have so much in common is due in origin to the marriage of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra.

In the opposite corner of Europe there have been not dissimilar developments, and an attempt was made to buttress the status quo by a series of inter-dynastic

alliances. Jugo-Slavia and Greece had Rumanian queens, while Prince Paul Karageorgevitch, now the Jugo-Slav Senior Regent, married the daughter of Prince Nicholas of Greece, and Carol of Rumania was united to a sister of the King of the Hellenes : even the Habsburgs were included by the marriage of Princess Ileana to an Archduke of Austria-Tuscany. It is impossible to resist the conclusion that much, if not all, of this was the work of that remarkable woman, Queen Marie of Rumania, and she was largely successful, even if some of the marriages in question did not turn out too happily. In the Balkans monarchs rule as well as reign, and their family connections may have a decisive influence on policy. At any rate public opinion attributes such importance to them, and the rumours, however unfounded, which were in circulation about Queen Sophia of Greece were not the least of the many causes of the suspicion with which the Allies came to regard her husband, King Constantine. Another alliance which, though domestically ideal, wrought a great deal of political mischief for the parties to it was that between the Archduke, later Emperor, Karl and Princess Zita of Bourbon-Parma, and from the ill-feeling to which it gave rise their eldest son, the Archduke Otto, has suffered to this day.

There is another aspect of these Royal inter-relationships which is often forgotten, and it is that they provide the various sovereigns with an opportunity of meeting one another. A good deal of political negotiation can be conducted under cover of a wedding or a jubilee without the man-in-the-street becoming aware of the fact, whereas if it were announced that two monarchs were about to have an interview every conceivable construction would be put upon their meeting. One of the advantages of the quarterly gatherings of the Council of the League, that is when nearly all the Great Powers were represented, was that it enabled, say, French and German statesmen to exchange views in an informal manner which, in these days of publicity, would be quite impossible if they paid official visits to each other's capitals. Mazarin and Haro took three months to negotiate the Treaty of the Pyrenees, whereas to-day they would have been expected to complete their work in at least as many weeks, and if they were unable to do so the Press would have

announced to the world that the negotiations had already failed.

In retrospect it would seem that one fault of the diplomacy of King Edward VII was the glare of publicity in which it was conducted. Such meetings as those with the German Emperor, the Tsar, and the King of Spain recalled the Field of the Cloth of Gold in the attention which they attracted, and when the results were found not to be commensurate with the expectations all that remained was the suspicions which had been engendered. When the full history of his son's reign comes to be written it will almost certainly be found that the less ostentatious methods of King George V contributed a great deal towards the appeasement of international friction.

Two examples of the value of these unofficial Royal meetings will suffice to illustrate the point. For many years relations between Greece and Bulgaria were very bad indeed, and both Athens and Sofia were ringing with stories of the aggressive intentions of the other. In both countries the King is a man of outstanding personality, in whose hands the government very largely lies. Last November the King of the Hellenes and the King of Bulgaria happened to be staying in London at the same time, and one evening King George VI, their common relative, asked them both to dinner at Buckingham Palace. There was no formality, but they had the opportunity of some quiet conversation which must be of the greatest benefit to their respective countries. Had it been announced to the four winds of heaven that there was going to be a meeting between King George II and King Boris III such a storm of controversy would have been provoked as to deprive the event itself of all usefulness.

The other example also concerns the Balkans. It has already been mentioned that not all the Rumanian Royal marriages were a success, and among these was the one between the Greek King and Princess Elizabeth, as well as that between King Carol II and Princess Helen of Greece. In consequence there has been a certain coldness between Athens and Bukarest, which has not been diminished by the fact that although Greece and Rumania are both parties to the Balkan Pact they have not always placed the same interpretation upon its obligations. The

recent wedding of the Greek Crown Prince afforded an opportunity to take the first steps in the direction of a reconciliation, and Prince Michael, the heir to the Rumanian throne, was one of the 'best men' at the ceremony.

It is sometimes objected that these Royal marriages have the effect of making Royalty a caste, remote from the lives and interests of the ordinary man and woman. This raises the whole question of the relations of the Royal houses and the outside world, and as it is germane to the subject under consideration it may not be out of place to examine it. In olden times monarchs might enjoy very considerable power and be treated—on occasion—with exaggerated deference, but they were by necessity not too remote from the mass of their subjects. They had to pass along the same vile roads, and a broken axle forced them to the village inn like any other traveller. Their state was often not much greater than that of a noble or a prominent ecclesiastic, while their fortunes were subject to the most violent vicissitudes. Louis XIV probably knew his people better than any sovereign of the nineteenth century, in spite of the far greater facilities for obtaining information which existed at the later period. The French Revolution had the not unnatural result of putting Royalty on the defensive, and so of separating them from the other classes of the community. The extension, too, to the rest of Europe of the German conception of Royalty was another influence in the same direction, and this was intensified by insistence upon so many quarterings, by the institution of morganatic marriage (which set up a different standard of morality for male Royal personages than existed for the rest of the population), and the like. It is interesting to note that it has been precisely in those countries where these distinctions most prevailed that the thrones have been most easily overturned. Even in England there was a certain air of exclusiveness about the Court of Queen Victoria, which was in marked contrast with the easy-going manners of the later Stuarts, who slapped their friends on the back and joked with them over actresses and race-horses. Quite unnecessary distinctions were made in the Victorian era between those who appeared at Court. For example, at the Drawing-Rooms the Queen was in the habit of kissing the daughters of dukes, marquesses, and earls

who were being presented for the first time. On one occasion Her Majesty, quite inadvertently, was about to salute the wife of a knight in this way when a Gentleman-in-Waiting audibly whispered, 'Don't kiss her, Your Majesty ; she's not a real lady.'

The last twenty years have witnessed a return to the earlier and healthier tradition. This had been very largely aided by the motor-car, for the road is a far greater leveller than the railway line. A man is spiritually far more isolated from his fellows in a Pullman than in a Rolls. The Royal car may break down like any other automobile and its occupant be forced to accept a lift from some passing motorist. It is not so long since one of the British Royal Dukes in these circumstances was conveyed back to Buckingham Palace by a Fleet Street journalist, and one is justified in the supposition that the experience was of the utmost benefit to both. The number of Royalties who now go about the streets and the countryside like anyone else is legion, and they have thus acquired the common touch to an extent which would have been impossible in the case of their grand-parents. Elizabeth or Charles II would have been more at home than Queen Victoria in modern England. If, then, it is true that Royalty tend to marry among themselves, this is no matter, for, though their outlook is naturally somewhat different, they are no longer cut off from their humbler fellow-countrymen.

King Edward VII once gave his views on this point very clearly indeed. He was being pressed, for reasons of policy, by the ambassadors of the Tsar—of all people—and the King of Italy to re-establish diplomatic relations with Serbia, where the last Obrenovitch king and his wife had recently been brutally murdered. After stating that British public opinion was not ripe for such a step, he continued : ' And, besides this reason, I have another, and, so to say, a personal reason. *Mon métier à moi est d'être Roi.* King Alexander was also by his *métier un Roi.* As you see, we belonged to the same guild, as labourers or professional men. I cannot be indifferent to the assassination of a member of my profession, or, if you like, a member of my guild. We should be obliged to shut up our businesses if we, the Kings, were to consider the assassination of Kings as of no consequence at all.

I regret, but you see that I cannot do what you wish me to do.' It was not until the principal regicides had been placed upon the retired list that recognition was granted.

In view of the revival of monarchist sentiment in so many countries which are to-day republics, the matrimonial activities of the claimants to thrones possess a definite interest from a political standpoint. It is not, perhaps, always appreciated by the public that among themselves Royalty pay little attention to whether their fellows are reigning or have been dethroned, unless, of course, there are other reasons for drawing a distinction. At the present time the heirs to the crowns of Austria and Portugal, the Archduke Otto and the Duke of Braganza, are unmarried and most eligible. As they are both extremely capable and ambitious, they would obviously be foolish to marry until they are restored, unless they can find brides who will improve their chances of restoration, which in the case of the Archduke, however, has become to all appearances an impossibility.

The course of events in Spain has brought to the fore the position of the House of Bourbon in that country. The death of Don Alfonso Carlos de Borbón y Este a year or two ago has deprived the Carlists of a Pretender, but it has done little to reconcile them to the claims of Don Alfonso XIII. For reasons of health the two elder sons of the latter have been excluded from the succession, and the new Prince of Asturias is his third son, Don Juan. This last, who served for some years in the British Navy, where he earned the golden opinions of his colleagues, has been married to a Princess of Bourbon-Naples, in which branch of the family the strict legitimists see the rightful heir to the Spanish throne. In this way it was hoped to placate the dynastic purists and to close, in favour of the Prince of Asturias, the breach among Spanish Royalists, for this has now been in existence for upwards of a century, and has been the main reason for the success of their opponents. It is early yet to say whether these tactics will achieve their object, but they have precedent on their side, for the Bernadottes consolidated their position in Sweden by an opportune marriage with the old Royal House.

It is not so easy to ascribe any political motives to

recent marriages in the French Royal family. Its head, the Duc de Guise, married his cousin, and the Comtesse de Paris, the wife of his heir, is a member of the Imperial Family of Brazil. At the same time both the Duchesse de Guise and her daughter-in-law play an important part in Royalist propaganda in France, for as their respective husbands are forbidden by law to cross the frontier, the wives are called upon to deputise for them, and very effectively and charmingly they do it. There is, too, another young Frenchman, still in his twenties, who has claims on the throne, that is to say the Prince Napoleon; he is unmarried, but until the Bonapartists become more numerous the question of his marriage is hardly one of political importance.

It can hardly be denied that nations, as well as their ruling families, benefit by the matrimonial alliances which the latter contract. One or two instances have already been cited, but the outstanding example is Jugo-Slavia. Little more than a generation has elapsed since King Edward VII took the lead in ostracising the Karageorgevitch dynasty, and yet to-day Prince Paul and his wife are everywhere welcomed. This change has done as much as territorial acquisitions to raise the prestige of Jugo-Slavia among the nations, and consequently to strengthen her position in the counsels of Europe. The Karageorgevitch have become respectable, and their people with them. This is one of the services which a hereditary monarchy can render a country, and of which a republic is necessarily deprived. A Great Power can always command a hearing by its armed might, but the smaller states neglect at their peril any means of calling attention to themselves. One wonders whether Czecho-Slovakia would be so isolated to-day had she a monarch, with connections all over Europe, to put her case; or whether Portugal would not be more secure in the possession of her colonies were the Duke of Braganza reigning at Lisbon. When it is remembered what King Leopold III and his father did for Belgium, this becomes at least an interesting speculation.

The extreme nationalist dislikes the institution of hereditary monarchy because of its cosmopolitan outlook, and it is significant that in Nazi Germany life is far harder for a royalist than in the days of the Weimar republic.

At that time the Kaiser's birthday was publicly honoured by his adherents, but since Herr Hitler came into power any such demonstration would involve the participants in imprisonment, if not worse. This is not wholly due to the Führer's dislike of the idea that there should be any other star in the heavens but himself: it is also evidence of the realisation that kingship is more cosmopolitan than dictatorship. To those of us who feel that in the post-War world nationalism has gone too far, this is a strong argument in favour of the kings. It must, of course, be freely admitted that in the past there were cases of hereditary rulers being too much subject to foreign influences exercised over them by their connections by marriage, but now the pendulum has swung too far in the opposite direction, and any factor which will help to adjust the balance is to be welcomed.

The average intelligent member of a Royal family is considerably less biased against foreigners than the same type of man or woman drawn from any other stratum of society, and that without any reflection on his or her patriotism. This often has important consequences in the field of politics. It is an open secret that when Norway and Sweden parted company hostilities were chiefly prevented by the moderation and restraint of King Oscar II, who was far more conciliatory than many of his advisers. Similarly, it was no mere accident that the one serious attempt to terminate the late war by agreement was initiated by a Habsburg and made by Prince Sixte of Bourbon-Parma. Even during that terrible conflict, when the storm of propaganda was raging unabated, the Austrian Emperor and his brother-in-law were sufficiently internationally-minded to be able to see Europe as a whole. That such is the case with so many members of Royal families is due in no small degree to the cosmopolitan nature of their matrimonial alliances.

But, it will be asked, does love never enter into the question where a Royal marriage is concerned? The public is always told of a love-match between this Royalty and that—is it mere bluff? The answer, of course, must be that in very many cases personal affection is the deciding factor, and it is a long time since a member of the British Royal family contracted a marriage for any

other reason, whatever construction may have been put upon certain matrimonial alliances by foreigners. Abroad it is somewhat different. There the *mariage de convenance* has as yet been by no means wholly displaced by the *mariage d'inclination* in any class of the community, and there is no reason why the highest of all should prove an exception. This does not mean that all Royal marriages on the Continent are arranged for political reasons, and there was never a more palpable love-match than that between the Crown Prince of Greece and Princess Frederica of Hanover. Many other instances might be cited, but tradition dies hard, and with it the *mariage de convenance*, with its attendant toleration by public opinion of some subsequent laxity, at any rate on the part of the male partner. This, as has been said, applies to the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie as well as to Royalty.

One must, too, look a little deeper into the psychological aspect of the question. Members of Royal houses have, in consequence both of heredity and environment, a slightly different outlook on life than that of the ordinary citizen. Louis XIV once told his brother, 'Before God you and I are two beings precisely similar to our fellow-men; but before men we appear as something extraordinary, superior, greater, and more perfect.' Even the most fervent monarchist is hardly likely to dispute the first part of this statement, and the second is by no means untrue even in this supposedly democratic age. The result is that it is hard for a Royal personage, who may not possess the practical common sense of Louis XIV, to feel like other men. He is flattered and fawned upon, and women throw themselves at his head, while, in the great majority of cases, he has not to trouble about the means of existence. It is true that there are few, if any, Royalties to-day who, like Queen Victoria, have never seen a railway ticket save by chance, but it is difficult for them to look at the problems of life through the same eyes as their less exalted fellows; though, for reasons already mentioned, this is not so difficult as it was a generation ago. Consequently one often hears them accused of selfishness for behaviour which would warrant the charge in the case of lesser mortals, but which, where they are concerned, is the result of their peculiar upbringing.

There is another side to this picture. Royal education causes those who have been subject to it to have a very strong sense of discipline and duty, though there are black sheep in this, as in any other, flock. Therefore the idea of contracting a marriage in which politics may play an important part is generally taken very much as a matter of course. This may at first sight appear a base profanation of noble sentiments, but when one reflects on the unhappy results of so many marriages which have taken place for love alone, it is surely to wonder whether there is not something to be said for the *mariage de convenance* after all. Princes and princesses are not now married to people whom they have never seen, and all that happens is that their affections are guided in the direction dictated by policy. It is difficult to believe that there is at the present time a relatively higher proportion of marital infelicity in Royal circles than among those who have married of their own free will. At any rate Royalty are generally spared the temptation of deluding themselves into the belief that what brings a man and a woman together for a night must necessarily keep them together for life.

So much for the past and the present: it is time to turn to the future, and see what scope there is likely to be in the years to come for the Royal marriage as a factor in international affairs. One thing is clear from the outset, and it is that the need for centripetal forces in Europe is likely to increase rather than to diminish. It is for that reason that every use must be made of the Royal families as one of the few bulwarks of a sane cosmopolitanism. Unhappily religious differences prevent this influence being exercised to its fullest extent, for marriages between Protestants and Roman Catholics often give rise to every kind of complication, and, on political grounds, are better avoided in the case of Royalty. Recriminations ensue, and so defeat the object for which the alliance was in all probability originally concluded. With the Orthodox Church these difficulties do not arise, as can be seen with the Duke and Duchess of Kent. It is most sincerely to be hoped that the new ideological warfare which is dividing Europe into two camps will not have the same effect as the Reformation, and result in a refusal on the part of Royalty in the so-called

democratic countries and in those which are styled dictatorial, respectively, to intermarry. That would, indeed, be the height of absurdity, but the world has now become such a madhouse that no possibility can safely be left out of account.

It is also to be hoped that dictatorship will not infect kingship with its own narrow and suspicious nationalism, for that would mean the end of those international Royal marriages the advantages of which it has been my object to demonstrate. There is to-day a school of thought which believes that monarchy in the etymological sense rather than hereditary kingship is the form of government most suited to the needs of the twentieth century. That a dictatorship may sometimes be necessary to repair the evil wrought by an irresponsible democracy is true, but the whole of human history goes to show that a dictatorship is generally a temporary expedient. Very few of the Greek tyrannies lasted more than a generation, and none, in Greece itself, survived the second; while in mediæval Italy it was only those dictators who succeeded in founding a new hereditary monarchy who managed to hand on their power. In modern times two French empires have collapsed in the lifetime of their founders, and there are few of the existing dictatorships which are likely to survive those who called them into being. Such a state of affairs is but natural, for the dictator is called in for a specific purpose, generally to restore order after a period of anarchy, and when this has been accomplished there is no further need for his services. As a writer in the 'Cambridge Ancient History' wrote of the Greek tyrant who 'rested on the will of the immature Demos, not on established law . . . When circumstances, or the will, changed, his commission was ended, and he never had the bedrock of a loyal nobility, nor the social and religious sanction which that can give.'

Nevertheless the fact must be faced that public opinion everywhere now views the possible introduction of a foreign dynasty with grave concern. The arrangements of the past whereby a German reigned in London and a Frenchman in Madrid would be impossible to-day. Nor is it only those countries whose national self-consciousness is at fever-heat that hold such views, for the feeling is as strong in Great Britain as anywhere else. In the not

very far distant future the problem of Princess Elizabeth's marriage will have to be settled, and whatever decision is taken the consequence must, in the next generation, be to replace the House of Windsor on the English throne by another dynasty. The question will be whether this new dynasty is to be native or foreign. That such a choice will shortly have to be made by the Government of the day is one of the disadvantages of the non-observance of the Salic Law, though it must be admitted that our disregard of this convention has hitherto stood us in good stead.

In fine, the Royal marriage, like hereditary kingship itself, has a very useful future before it if statesmen and people will but realise that it has special functions to perform, and that it cannot operate to the benefit of mankind if it is to be regarded from any narrow nationalist standpoint.

CHARLES PETRIE.

Art. 2.—EMIGRATION IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

ALL lovers of Dickens will recall with delight, as readers of 'David Copperfield,' the final destiny of Mr Micawber as an emigrant to Australia. That unbeatable gentleman, always waiting for something to 'turn up,' found it at last turn up in the Antipodes. There is a triumphant passage in which is described, 'the public dinner given our distinguished fellow-colonist and townsman, Wilkins Micawber, Esquire, Port Middlebay, district Magistrate.' We are told that the dinner 'came off in the large room of the Hotel, which was crowded to suffocation, it being estimated that no fewer than forty-seven persons were accommodated with dinner at one time.' We are told further that when Mr Micawber's health was proposed, 'the cheering with which the toast was received defied description: again and again it rose and fell like the waves of the ocean.' I don't think that Charles Dickens himself knew whether this description of the ovation to Mr Micawber was to be taken as burlesque or as poetic justice: whether he is laughing at Mr Micawber, converted, after all his grandiose ideas, into a large toad in a small puddle, or exulting in the idea of his final vindication as a man of exception. If we could ask Dickens we should be no further on: he'd claim it both ways at once.

But this characteristic passage opens wide the gate of reflection: here is the path that leads into a very garden of discovery. This outgoing of the people of England, spread over three centuries, how did it react upon the life and thought of the mother country? Migration in the past was not the mere transit of our day, with its easy and frequent return and its voices across the ocean. Emigration meant farewell. When the anchor had been lifted with the capstan turned by all hands, singing in chorus, when the white cliffs of the English coast sank dim on the horizon, that was good-bye. And in that leave-taking was all the poignancy of final parting, all that goes with the prospect of unknown exile, but for younger hearts all that goes with the dawn of larger hopes. Can we wonder that the joy and sorrow, the hope and the tragedy of the outgoing emigrant sets its stamp deep on the literature of England?

The theme suggested, at least to my relative ignorance,

is one but little exploited in our histories. We have, I think, all too little realised the reaction of America on British life and character. We are so accustomed to think of British America, past and present, as the child of England, that we fail to see that England, in a sense, is the child of America. It was the great voyages of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that reanimated the sea-faring spirit of England. People learned to know and love their homeland by their losing it awhile. The blood of Vikings moved again in the veins of Sussex farmers. Courage fallen asleep or latent in sheltered farmsteads woke again to a something fiercer and less civilised in men who lived among dangers and slept among savages. The boys who for three centuries ran away to sea, the dispossessed younger sons who blew like thistle-down over the newer lands, the Covenanters martyred to the West Indies, and, in the Victorian age, the outgoing singing poor, crowded and dirty and triumphant—all these in their going and in their casual returns, in the magnet attraction of their new hopes, the glamour of their new fortunes—all of these helped to fashion, to remake, the character of England as we know it. Those of us who preceded or followed Mr Micawber to new dominions, I speak here collectively for uncounted millions of us, dead or alive, can in a sense say of England, 'We too made it.'

But I am discussing here not the whole field of the reaction of migration on life and character, but only of the reflection and evidence of it as seen in our imagination. It appears as a major theme in our poetry—mostly in its aspect of the sorrow of parting, but at times with a note of joy. It breaks into our earlier romantic literature as an element of adventure, and when romance widens into the broad current of nineteenth-century fiction—the thing called the novel—the idea, one might say also, the *device* or expedient of migration runs like a thread in the woven cloth. Where imagination ends and the dull page of the 'dismal science' begins, migration appears as a sort of defeatist solution of social problems just beginning. To go somewhere else is a fine way of avoiding trouble at home.

I do not think that we shall find much of the theme suggested in the literature, the plays or the prose and the poetry—there were no novels—of the heroic age of explora-

tion and discovery itself. Thomas More's 'Utopia' (1516) was written before migration began. It professed to be and has turned out to be nowhere. Shakespeare died before the outgoing of the English people had gone further than John Smith's Virginia. In the play 'King Lear,' the noble Kent, banished by the foolish old king, declares that he will 'seek liberty in new lands,'—but by that he hardly means that he is going to settle in the United States; or at best Kent merely anticipates in his words ideas destined to germinate later on—a habit, it appears, with Shakespeare. So too when the admirable enthusiast Richard Hakluyt gathered from mariners and manuscripts his priceless 'Principal Navigations' (1589), the inspiration was rather towards the mastery of the sea than of the land. Those who went over the sea in those earlier days went as adventurers minded to return.

There were no 'emigrants' in the sorrowing sense of people going to a new home in the wilderness until the outgoing of the Puritans. They carried in their hearts, in spite of persecution, all their love and longing for the country they had left. 'We do not say,' such are the memorable words of Mather, one of the Pilgrim ministers, 'farewell Babylon, farewell Rome,—but farewell dear England.' But the mind of the Puritans, in America as at home, was not cast in the mould of imaginative literature. For them truth overwhelmed fiction, and the pretty fancies of poetry and of play-acting were alike of the devil. It was the well-worn Psalm-book of Ainsworth, and not the latest Italian *novella*, that lay on the lap of Priscilla when John Alden came on his vicarious courting. They did not write of their sorrows. The first fruits of their printing press were 'The Bay Psalm Book' and such volumes as 'The Wonder Working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England.' Similarly, in so far as the outgoing of the Puritans reacted upon English thought, it affected the religious rather than the literary aspect of the mind of England.

It is not, I imagine, till the eighteenth century when emigration to a new home, definite and final, was becoming an accepted feature of English life, that we begin to trace its mark in literature. Yet it is notable that even Gray's 'Elegy' of 1753 shows no trace of it. The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep beneath their elms; but they

are all there : the count is complete : there are no vacant places. The destiny of the mute inglorious Miltons and the English Hampdens was still at home. But compare a century later Mrs Hemans' 'Graves of a Household'—in which all are gone : the 'blood red fields of Spain,' the 'blue lone sea,' the 'forests of the west' have claimed them. Mrs Hemans was never in America. But when she wrote :

' One in the forests of the West
By a dark stream is laid,
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade,'

the imagery strikes with wonderful truth any who have ever seen it. The 'darkness,' the heavy shadow of the cedars, is as characteristic as the silence that goes with a forest of pine. But even Mrs Hemans' thought is rather that of the break-up of an English home by war and overseas adventure than the allied subject of separation by migration to a new land. The latter, one might say, is in a sense the higher theme. The deepest notes of human tragedy are those that sound from human fate and not from human wrong. Such notes convey the thought of tragedy where no one is to blame, but life itself : into which the anger of battle, the injustice of tyranny does not enter, but only the crushing weight of human destiny—nobody's fault.

Compare here the memorable passage in Robert Louis Stevenson's memorable book 'Kidnapped.' It is an incidental description of an emigrant ship from the West coast of the Highlands in the period just after the rising of 1745 :

' As we got a little nearer . . . there began to come to our ears a great sound of mourning, the people on board and those on shore crying and lamenting one to another, so as to pierce the heart. Then I understood this was an emigrant ship bound for the American colonies. . . . The exiles leaned over the bulwarks, weeping and reaching out their hands. . . . But at last the captain of the ship, who seemed near beside himself (and no great wonder) in the midst of the crying and confusion, came to the side and begged us to depart. . . . The chief singer in our boat struck into a melancholy air, which was presently taken up by both the emigrants and their friends on the beach, so that it sounded from all sides like a lament for

the dying. I saw the tears run down the cheeks of the men and women in the boat, even as they bent at the oars ; and the circumstances and the music of the song (which is one called " Lochaber no more ") were highly affecting.'

This same crushing sorrow of the exile, as opposed to the wistful regret of the voluntary settler, is voiced by Swinburne in his 'Jacobite's Exile,' 'bonnier shine the braes of Tyne, than a' the fields of France.' But in a generation or two of children exile and settler are all one : their common lot blending to a common thought.

With the sorrow of parting, acute and for the moment overwhelming, is to be set the homesickness, the unending longing for 'home' that never dies. It was never better expressed than in the stanza :

' From the lone shieling on the misty Islands
Mountains divide us and the waste of seas ;
But still the blood is true, the heart is Highland,
And in our dreams we see the Hebrides.'

The verse appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine' of 1829, as one of the stanzas of a poem generally understood to be written by John Galt, the moving spirit of the Canada Land Company, founder of our city of Guelph. Those who know the verse never forget it. Nor does it matter if the reader doesn't know what shieling means. I know it, but I won't tell : it isn't necessary. I liked the poem almost better when I didn't know. The dim uncertain meanings of terms half understood heighten the colour of imagination as in the reading of a child.

But compare the wistful pathos and the mutual affection of the 'misty islands' with the background of Oliver Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*. Here is contrast indeed. 'Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain, where health and plenty cheer the labouring swain,' has been half depopulated by the rapacity of greedy landlords and the brutality of new wealth. Its people are driven abroad, not as to new and happier homes in a newer England, but as destined to die in a region of horror :

' Ah, no ! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.'

This 'horrid' place (only classical students appreciate that word), the reader will be 'horrified' to find, was the (present) State of Georgia, at that time (1769) the scene where General Oglethorpe's new paradise had gone a little to the bad. One can redeem the reputation of 'the Palmetto State,' however, by dropping rapidly down the decades to Wordsworth's 'Ruth' (of 1800). Here both migration and Georgia appear in a different light—the temptation of elopement to a savage paradise. Ruth, a 'village maiden' (type now killed by education) has met a

' . . . Youth from Georgia's shore,
A military casque he wore,
He bought them from the Cherokees
The feathers nodded in the breeze. . . . '

He is not himself an Indian, but Wordsworth says in a truly Wordsworthian line, 'He was a lovely youth. I guess.' I guess so too. At any rate, he told Ruth about Georgia in words that would adorn an up-to-date Tourist Handbook :

' He told her of magnolia spread
High as a cloud, high overhead !
The cypress and her spire
Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues and seem
To set the hills on fire ! '

Ruth plans to elope, is deserted, goes mad, and another bad mark is set against colonial settlement. But all this stuff is harmless from its very ignorance.

The closing years of the eighteenth century and the opening of the nineteenth found little room for the emigrant. The air was loud with battle, the sky lurid with a conflict that outlasted a generation. Literature responded to the thrills of war. Poetry sang of 'Nelson and the North' and of the 'Mariners of England' who defied the 'battle and the breeze.' The favourite interjection was Ho! and not Alas! Even the appearance of the 'professional' convict, with Captain Phillip's Botany Bay enterprise of 1787-88, passed for the time unnoted as a theme of literature. Yet it was there. Before that day convicts had gone out in an unending series as 'indentured labourers' to America. Indeed,

America, through the voice of Benjamin Franklin, speaking as 'Poor Richard' in his 'Almanac,' had already protested against their presence. But the independence of the United States brought with it a resolute and very successful determination on the part of the Americans to supply their own criminals. Hence, scarcely noted among greater things, the convict ships and the convict settlements became a part of the British environment. Later on it broke into literature. But the poetry of the moment found no place for it. A slight exception here is found in Southey's four poems, the 'Botany Bay Eclogues' of 1794, a sort of rogues gallery of loneliness and misery—of souls broken with crime and cruelty, finding at last even in the 'barbarous climes where angry England sends her outcast sons' the 'saving hand of grace,' the soothing touch of eternal nature.

With the nineteenth century appears in our literature of migration the sorrows of Ireland, a cup of misery, as the Irish have said, that has been overflowing for generations and is not full yet. The most notable, of course, of the Irish singers was Thomas Moore, much of whose work is as alive to-day as ever. Mutilated by school recitations, massacred at a thousand pianos, the words still haunt, the melodies still sound. The reason is that Moore's work was wonderfully and typically Irish—the wistful regret for things that have been and are not, regret that things must ever end, or that they don't begin, a kind of satisfied dissatisfaction with life. Said in English it sounds like grumbling. Said in Irish it is called a 'lament' and connects somehow with the pathos of natural scenery and rippling music of words. Compare Father Prout: 'the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the river Lee.'

Moore himself came to America in 1804, and drew, during his visit, out of our woods and rivers the same magic as from Ireland. Everyone knows his 'Canadian Boat Song':

'Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.'

Naturally Moore, even as an amateur immigrant, strikes the note of sorrow of the real one. Compare such a passage :

' As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear Isle 'twas leaving. . . . '

Or Thomas Irwin (1823-92) :

' The white sails are filled and the wind from the shore
Blows sad from the hills we shall visit no more, etc. . . . '

Naturally the song of Irish emigration was especially connected with the idea not only of leaving Ireland but of finding a new home in the United States. These, we recall, were the days of the ' melting-pot ' of the ' land of liberty ' before the words ' quota ' and ' deportation ' had come into our language. An Irish poet (Maurice Fitzgerald) therefore could weep (c. 1880) over ' Moonlight on New York Bay,' the poignancy of the situation being that the moon might very probably be shining also on Tipperary:

' O beautiful moon, art thou shining to-night
On the green hills of Ireland, away, far away ? '

But the real pathos of Irish migration to America was never more wonderfully expressed than by Lady Dufferin in her song depicting the outgoing emigrant leaving Ireland after the death of his young wife and her child.

' I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
One bright May mornin', long ago,
When first you were my bride ;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye. . . . '

They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland
Were it fifty times as fair.'

The pathos of the bereaved immigrant is now lost in the wider pathos of the words ' bread and work for all,

the sun shines always there,'—the pathos of the broken hopes of a continent.

As contrasted with the Irish 'lament' the typical English poem or song of nineteenth-century migration is of a sturdier character, more stress on hope, less grumbling, and less scenery. Naturally so. The British were the dominant lot: for half a century the least of them in coming to Canada had a notion that he owned it. And if the iron of disappointment entered their souls (see Mrs Moody's 'Roughing It in the Bush') they did not turn it into poetry. The typical English song was the one that ran:

'Cheer, boys, cheer; no more of idle sorrow.
Courage, true hearts, will bear us on our way.
Hope points before and shows a bright to-morrow;
Let us forget the darkness of to-day.'

The song went on to explain that the 'star of the Empire glittered in the West.' If this means Saskatchewan and Alberta there's a mistake somewhere. But the song carried inspiration. It was the 'up anchor' song of the outgoing ships. I heard it first on the deck of the 'Sarmatian,' A.D. 1876, in helping to haul on a rope which I understood was lifting the anchor. It is much superior to the jazz music of an up-to-date liner's orchestra playing till the bar opens. We need new poets.

All of this so far has dealt with poetry, the more adaptable vehicle for the purpose. One turns to emigration, as in prose, in fiction. Here the theme presents a strange medley of pathos and miracle, final eclipse and sudden fortune, an artifice of total disappearance or a conjuror's trick of sudden and glorious resurrection. No one used this theme—at times, this artifice—more than did Charles Dickens. He was in a sense preoccupied with it. As a young man in the romantic age of resentment and illusion he cherished a hatred of English 'Toryism'—a natural feeling in a 'genius', poor, unrecognised, and unknown to Tories. He dreamed of 'giving it all up'—every young man decides to give it all up. He had his eye on Tasmania. But instead of that the sudden illumination of fortune that came with the 'Pickwick Papers,' enabled him, in 1842, to visit America. After that England suited him

forever. But there remained in his mind, if only by way of literary furniture—as in a large house ready for any kind of entertainment—the notion of migration. Indeed, he ‘migrated his sons.’ Charles, the eldest son, was sent, for a while, to Hong Kong to learn colonial trade. Alfred Tennyson Dickens went out to settle in Australia. Francis, the third son, went to North-west Canada, became an officer in the Mounted Police, and was in Battleford during the Rebellion of 1885.

Naturally then if Dickens migrated his own family, *a fortiori* he was willing to migrate his literary creations. Along with the classic case of Mr Micawber is that of Dr Mell, the erstwhile schoolmaster present at the same banquet, but dug up from so far back in ‘David Copperfield’ that the reader has forgotten who he is; but whoever he was or is, he is now endowed with a daughter, evidently destined to marry Mr Micawber’s gifted son, Wilkins Junior! Thus does Dickens use the rapid light and shadow of emigrant fortune to illuminate his closing horizon. Still more characteristic of Dickens and of all the Victorians is the use of migration as a means of redemption. Young Charlie Bates, a convicted thief in ‘Oliver Twist,’ lives to become the ‘merriest drover in New South Wales.’ Martin Chuzzlewit ‘sees the light’ among the mosquitoes of the Mississippi.

As with Dickens so with the general crowd of mid-Victorian writers. Thackeray in his ‘Virginians’ proposes a wider field, the contrast between the branch of a family that stays at home and the branch that migrates to Virginia, a study ‘of opposing loyalisms and severing patriotisms.’ Thackeray proposed this, but got so busy talking to the reader about anything and everything that he forgot about it. Nodding over his patchwork he stitched in some good pieces of eighteenth-century London, and used Indians and redcoats to colour Virginia.

It is difficult to cite individual examples of characters in fiction with any sustained interest for the reader. The lapse of time, the change of taste, the higher gear of modern life have removed the books of three generations ago from the generality of the present public. Who among them knows or cares how many characters migrated over seas out of the works of Miss Edgeworth or Charles

Lever or Whyte-Melville or Wilkie Collins. But the statement may stand that from the pages of Victorian fiction there passed out an unending procession of unfortunates to seek redemption or oblivion in new lands.

But what is difficult of proof, without loss of interest, in dealing with half-forgotten authors becomes so simple as to be redundant when we turn to authors within easy reach of memory and still within easy hearing of their audience. One has but to name Kipling to call up a succession of gentleman-rankers, of forgotten men, of men who were and men who would be kings; or to name Robert Louis Stevenson to think of Oxford graduates quoting Latin on South Sea Islands, or Masters of Ballantrae in the American wilderness; or Conan Doyle with his Refugees; while in the full glare of modern publicity and with the full rapidity of modern transport, such happy writers as Mr Phillips Oppenheim fill their pages with mystery-men, disappearing in the forest or jungle to reappear, fabulously rich, in a London restaurant, ordering—think of it—Martini cocktails! For here is another note, and a happy one, happier than the mere negation of oblivion or the cold light of moral reform—that of exiles returning dripping with diamonds, covered with rubber, or heavy with gold.

There is a perennial human interest in disappearance and return. Even Enoch Arden, broken and penniless, became a village sensation. But a return accompanied by great wealth, to be shared by a grateful family, that is something else. Oddly enough it is the French—see Alphonse Daudet—and not ourselves, who have recognised so clearly this type of the returning millionaire as, to give him a name, *L'oncle d'Amerique*. But beside his sunlit figure the shadow falls upon a darkened one, especially known in fiction, that of the returned convict. As the penal settlements grew from the first establishment of Botany Bay to a system that threw its shadow over an empty island continent, the convict began to come into literature; the convict, with all the mixture of pity and terror that went with his lot: the hulks where he waited his departure, the convict ship that carried him, and the unknown fate—beyond human ken, over the edge of the world—that swallowed him up. 'For the Term of his Natural Life'—so runs the grim title of Marcus Clarke's

great story. With it and after it were many others. The theme had all the attraction of unknown terror. The 'convict' idea fascinated a generation with its horror. Strangely enough, slavery and the slave trade never got into our literature in their own day—except in one fierce burst of denunciation as a ground-swell of the coming American Civil War. Longfellow's poem of the slave, an African king, dying 'beside the ungathered rice'; and the book 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' on whose pages fell the tears of a myriad of children; these came not as literature in the pure sense but from the driving urge of anger and political passion. But the deeper disgrace is that the slave went unwept in our literature till the thing was over. The flag of which the Victorians, after 1833, used to sing that it 'never shall float o'er a slave,' had floated over more slaves, at sea till 1807 and on land till 1833, than any flag in the world. But the slavery motive was what the psycho-analyst would call a mixed complex: the tragedy had got mixed up with white superiority, with the Bible, and with West Indian fortunes. The dominant race cannot voice its victims: and the negroes could not sing that sort of song.

But the convict was different. He was white and, therefore, a tragedy and fit for literature. As the 'ticket of leave' system developed, the convict turned into a kind of immigrant. His restored fortune put him, as literature, alongside of the 'American uncle': indeed there was even a jocular touch available with him: 'True patriots all; for be it understood, we left our country for our country's good,' so sang once an actual and gifted Australian ex-convict. Such a person naturally became an ingredient in the 'historical' fiction dealing with a country like Australia, lucky enough to have no history. It is amazing what has been done with so little. In Canada with romance and history broadcast over our country, how little we have done with it!

There remains one enthusiastic page over which migration and settlement is written in large and half-formed letters—the boys' books of the bygone century. This section of our literature has stamped the idea of migration on the mind not of the nation at large but of the rising generation, or rather of the successive generations that have arisen in turn for two hundred years. These are the

'boys' books' that deal with refugees on desert islands, with 'settlers' in the wilderness, with the ingenious building of shelters in trees and snug igloos in the snow. Here is all the charm that goes with 'contrivance,' with the surmounting of difficulty, with the 'creation,' as it were, of economic life.

The parent book is, of course, the immortal 'Robinson Crusoe,' a book which probably Defoe himself did not understand. Such is often the way with authors. Dickens failed to appreciate Mr Pickwick for many instalments and Conan Doyle grew bitter against Sherlock Holmes, not realising that he had created in Sherlock and Watson far more endearing characteristics than mere scientific deduction. So with Defoe. He meant to present Crusoe as an outcast, an unfortunate object of pity. Crusoe 'fooled' him, so to say, and became an object of envy to generations of English boys. Cowper tried later on to sing of Crusoe (under his own name of Alexander Selkirk) in terms of compassion.

' Oh Solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.'

Cowper, as a boy sees it, misses the point. Think of Crusoe, with his fertile island full of yams, breadfruit, and coconuts, his axe to build a house with and wild goats to make umbrellas of, and presently his devoted Friday to attend and serve him! Can you better that? Note especially the 'devoted native' theme which has attracted uncounted thousands of English boys and helped to give us our kindly dominance in a hundred tropic corners of the world—the 'faithful Sambo' the 'Gunga Dins'—these are the stuff that dreams, boys' dreams, are made on, and out of the dreams of boys may grow the achievements of a nation.

Robinson Crusoe is the type. But it is followed by a long succession of 'boys' books (some boys are seventy years old) dealing with the creative effort of isolated settlers, a series that has only died out when the world has become full, and is now being transferred to the moon. One recalls with affection the Victorian stories of R. M. Ballantyne of the Hudson's Bay Company, chief inter-

preter to England of the unknown north. Such books are not of adventure. Leave adventure to the 'Spanish Main,' crowded with pirates and French privateers and sailing-ships abandoned with no one on board but a beautiful girl and an old man. That's all right. But it belongs to a different kind of story. Even in 'Robinson Crusoe,' to a boy's mind, the 'adventure' comes in as a disturbance; the 'fun' is the settlement, or rather not so much 'fun' as a sense of 'snugness,' a self-satisfaction. Oddly enough, some of the favourite books of this type for English boys were written by foreigners. Just as Hans Andersen and the Brothers Grimm wrote our fairy stories, so the author of the 'Swiss Family Robinson' and Jules Verne, as the author of 'The Mysterious Island,' wrote our best 'settlement' stories. The Swiss Family stuff is a little tame, everything too easy; for the nursery rather than the boarding school. It was written by Johann Rudolf Wyss, a Swiss professor of philosophy who knew as much about desert islands as a Swiss professor of philosophy would. In any case, to a boy's mind, having the 'family' there at all spoils it. When you strike an Al desert island you don't want father and mother. But Jules Verne's story hits it just right: the landing from a balloon on an empty and remote, but very fertile, island; the group of cheerful and ingenious men (how cheerful they are—but boys never notice that) who start bare-handed from nothing and contrive everything—what a wonderful setting! All machines can be operated backwards, put into 'reverse gear,' so to speak. So it often is with literary composition. The reverse gear of Robinson Crusoe is Enoch Arden. There he sits, poor long-haired exile in the Pacific sunset, weeping for home. He won't even cut his hair, not appreciating the fun of 'contriving' a pair of scissors out of oyster-shells. No contrivance for him. But notice, even in his very tears, how his sorrows call up a picture of England as if to make us feel that we have never loved it enough:

'The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock yew-tree and the lonely Hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-coloured seas.'

So too with all the emigrants. I think it has often been the people in this exile of settlement who have loved England best, who still, after twenty years, talk of 'home,' and see it as things only can be in the retrospect of time and in the magic of distance. The stuff that binds the British Empire is not texts and tariffs, but such back and forward reactions.

'J'en passe et des meilleurs,' as the French say when they run out of examples. Let me under that pretext turn to the use of migration, not in the realm of fancy, but in the equally imaginary world of nineteenth-century economics. I am willing to call it, if not a world of the imagination, at any rate a lost world or a world that never came true. Political economy is not, or should not be, a work of the imagination, and hence lies properly outside the scope of the present discussion. But there is an odd parallel as between the use of emigrant in fiction as a sort of defeatist method of getting rid of undesirables, and the classical economic use of the 'emigrant man' as a defeatist solution of social problems at home. Into their imagined setting the 'emigrating economic man' was placed as a sort of safety-valve. If there were too many at home he was supposed to get out. The world which seemed very empty then was all his. He was supposed to care nothing about flags, loyalty, and allegiance. At the very time—in the opening Victorian years—when the Canada Company was embarking emigrants to Upper Canada, another organisation, the Colombian Society, was undertaking to send them to Venezuela.

It remained for one of the interpreters of the classical economics to prove this parallel between the defeatist migration of the economist and the 'redemption' migration of the novelist by bridging over the gap between them and turning economics into fiction. Harriet Martineau (1802-76) had an active mind. She was as optimistic as sunshine, as exact as a checker-board, and about as original as a hen. Her sunshine was refracted by the prism of class and caste that turned the world into masters and servants, gentle and simple, doing their duty in the state of life into which the rubric of the catechism called them. But she had an ingenious facility of words and a concrete presentation that could turn simple things into stories. On this basis she undertook to rewrite the

immovable truths of the dismal science as a series of Tales—'Illustrations of Political Economy' in nine volumes. The tales are among the curiosities of literature, and as humour they deserve to rank with 'Sandford and Merton' and Archibald Marshall's 'Birdikin Family.' In volume IV is found Tale No. 10, which deals with migration under the title of 'New Homes.' In this bright little narrative a Kentish family go out to Van Dieman's Land (see under Tasmania), the father and mother and Frank and Ellen, the older brother and sister, as indentured servants, and two younger boys, their half-brothers Bob and Jerry, lucky fellows, as convicts. It seems that Bob and Jerry had 'beaten up' (*more Americano*) two young gentlemen, for which they were to be hanged but were let off with transportation. To-day they would have got three months, or in America have 'bumped the young gentlemen off' and got nothing. Here is the cheerful landing of the family—home ties are nothing to them—in the Antipodes :

'Ellen was the first of the family that arrived at Hobart Town. Next came the convict ship which was sent round to Launceston. Next the batch of parish immigrants arrived and Frank found, on application to the proper government officer, that his sister had landed in good health, and had received a high character from the clergyman and his lady who had come over as superintendents of the expedition : and had been forwarded to a district where a service had been procured for her as dairy-maid on a settler's farm : and that care had been taken that her parents and her brother should be indentured to farmers in the same neighbourhood. So far, all was well.'

Quite so, in fact, fine. One can easily see how Frank and Ellen become prosperous settlers regarded with approval by the 'gentry' who come out later. The convict brothers also flourish. Bob becomes a sort of convict labour boss and then independent. Jerry, on ticket of leave, takes on a 'black wife,' refuses to work and lives apparently by pillaging the 'gentry.' We have a last vision of him leaving the Island, as too small for his activities. The moral is that the colonies need more gentry, more servants, and, as Miss Martineau says herself, that 'our convict arrangements tend to the further

corruption of the offender by letting him experience a great improvement in his condition as a direct consequence of his crime.' How much better to keep him in jail for life.

Such has been the lot of the emigrant. Cast out in our history by persecution as a refugee, by economics as a superfluity, by family pride as a ne'er-do-well, by law as a criminal, he might well have disappeared into limbo. In place of which, as the Latin poet would say, 'tamen usque recurrit.' Literature brings him back as an uncle from America, an empire builder, or at least as the point and moral of a tale.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

Art. 3.—AUSTRALIA IN THE SHADOW OF JAPAN.

My Japanese friends may not relish the reference to their nation as a shadow, nor my fellow Australians to ourselves as being in its shade. Still it is the truth, more directly in the case of Australia than most other countries, which are perturbed by Japan's wreckage of any hopes they might have had for better world understanding in the near future. A tremor of indignation, rather than of fear, ran through Australia when in 1931 the Japanese took advantage of world disarmament to raid Manchuria. Disillusionment was deepened when Italy followed suit in Abyssinia. It became complete with the present invasion of China.

If Japan is censured in Australia it is because those guiding Japanese policy appear still to be two or three hundred years behind the times. While conceding that the aggressor nations are those most needing room for expansion, to the Australian onlooker Japan's behaviour in China seems as barbaric as a revival of street hangings for theft would appear in a British community. It brought nearer the threat of war, which had been so far off. Although we Australians during our century and a half have taken part in three wars, the Sudanese, South African, and the Great War, our country itself has been shielded by the British Navy from attack. In my school-days the Russians, like the ogre of some fairy-tale, were always about to come through Afghanistan and India, and in our games of soldiers Russia invariably was the enemy. That Russia is no more. Instead, Japan, with Italy close in her wake, has wrenched the world from its moorings of peace.

The prevailing uncertainty sometimes is compared with that existing before the Great War, but there is the difference that the British Empire proportionately is much weaker in arms. In 1914 the Empire had three times as many battleships as Japan and nearly four times as many cruisers. To-day we have only fifteen battleships and fifty-three cruisers to Japan's nine battleships and forty cruisers. The Empire Navy is distributed about the world. Japan's is concentrated in the Far East, and the British China squadron is not sufficient reply. While the British Empire has not much more than half

as many warships as in 1914 and only a quarter as many battleships, both Japan and Italy, except in battleships, are much stronger. On the naval basis of 1914 Great Britain was able to guarantee the safety of the whole Empire, but to-day there are strong foreign powers far from Europe, and the position of the outer Dominions, such as Australia, is more precarious. Hence Australia's re-awakening. Through lack of stimulus her arms in the past have been small, but in proportion to her population she must in future be an equally strong centre of defence as Great Britain. Insecurity that brings her to a sense of responsible nationhood may be a blessing in disguise.

So far Australia has been more alert in maintaining her rights in the face of the world than in preparing for their defence. The White Australia policy has contained all the ingredients of a first-class international dispute. Apprehension of Japanese aggression in reply was allayed for many many years by the existence of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and by Japan's place among the Allies during the War, when she convoyed Australian troops across the Pacific and Indian oceans. The White Australia policy was not in the first place aimed at the Japanese, but at the competition of Chinese labourers, who in the middle of last century crowded into the Australian gold-fields. Their immigration was checked first by the colonies and later by the Federal Government. The exclusion was extended to all non-European races, including the Japanese. The Kanakas, who had been indentured to work in the Queensland sugar plantations, were shipped back to their native South Sea Islands. The prohibitions are maintained rigidly by means of a language test, though there are exceptions, as in the case of one Lum Roy, a Chinese. Lum Roy landed in Australia without authority in 1921, and by good conduct and the supply of excellent vegetables in the inland town of Condobolin demonstrated his personal worth. When discovered and arrested as a prohibited immigrant last year, the local citizens petitioned on his behalf, and he was allowed to remain. Such indulgence is rare.

Australia would fight even a losing fight rather than permit an Asiatic infusion. In this attitude there is no cheap assumption of racial superiority. It means simply

that a mixed race and alien labour competing in a white labour country are undesirable. Baron Makino, when the League of Nations was in process of formation, said that Japan did not wish to impose her labouring classes upon any of her associate countries ; but it was apparent that the exclusion of Japanese labourers involved exclusion of Japanese nationals generally. And Japan is sensitive. This was shown by her now defunct Gentlemen's Agreement with the United States. Refusal to issue passports to her own intending migrants to the United States was preferable to having them refused entry because of their race. Long before, in 1901, Australia's Attorney-General of the time (Mr Alfred Deakin) had abandoned all pretence, stating that he would admit ' no races incapable of blending with Europeans on terms of political or social equality.' This was frank discrimination, and there is no doubt that Australia will continue to discriminate as long as she has the power to do so.

The first forebodings of Chinese hordes equipped with Western arms (Australia's original ' Yellow Peril ') over-running the earth vanished with the realisation that China was far from being an imperialistic menace ; and the role was assumed by her smaller and more compact neighbour. Japan's invasion of China provides a graphic illustration of the force Australia would have to resist if by chance it should be her turn next. Combination of circumstances brought the issue to a head at the Federal elections in October last. Our Prime Minister (Mr Lyons) recently had returned from the Coronation and the Imperial Conference. No vital internal problems were calling for solution. The country was more prosperous than at any previous time. The budgets of the Commonwealth were balanced and of the States practically so. The finances generally were sound. The returns from primary and manufacturing production exceeded those of previous years. Unemployment had been reduced to that minimum which persists even in the most prosperous conditions. The export surplus for the year, a record, had added a net credit of 20,000,000*l.* sterling to the nation's reserves in London.

The Government parties and the Labour Opposition agreed as to the need for defence measures, but not on their method. The chief point of difference was whether

the enemy should be met and defeated overseas, when he was about to land, or after he had landed. The Government preferred to intercept him at sea, and the farther away the better—hence the importance of the Navy. Labour would bomb the invaders from the air as they approached. The Government, propounding a policy of Empire security, ostensibly took Japan into account only to the extent that Italy was considered in regard to the Mediterranean or Germany in the North Sea. Collective security as a practicable policy was discounted. Manchuria and Abyssinia had demonstrated to the Government's disillusionment

'that a non-universal League, particularly one that did not include three of the greatest Powers in the world, could not prevent, or bring about the immediate cessation of aggression by the overwhelming nature of financial, economic, or military sanctions . . . and that the wisest course for final achievement was a full and honest recognition of the facts as they exist and a determination to establish the greatest measure of co-operation possible in the circumstances.'

Mr Lyons, at the Imperial Conference, had proposed a Pacific Pact, to be a 'regional understanding or pact of non-aggression in spirit of League undertakings.' The proposal, though popular with Australian interests seeking Japan's friendship for the sake of her trade custom, was impracticable either way. Japan, in view of her attitude to some of her existing pacts and understandings, was becoming less welcome in the international parlour; and from her point of view the Australian proposal was one of a triangle with herself at one corner and the British Empire and the United States at the others ready to chasten her for any misdemeanour. No more was heard about the Pacific Pact, and now that the realistic Mr Hughes, Australia's wartime Prime Minister, has been appointed Minister for External Affairs, its resurrection is unlikely. Mr Lyons returned from London to expound an Australian application of the Empire defence resolutions first adopted by the Imperial Conference of 1923, on the recommendation of the Committee of Imperial Defence. They provided for (1) securing the free passage of Australia's seaborne trade, coastal and overseas (which in value are about equal to each other), and (2) the maintenance of the territorial integrity of the Commonwealth

against attack which may be carried out by invasion or raids. If an invader were to accept the risks involved, Mr Lyons said, the Australian army and air force would furnish the means to resist him until help was forthcoming (from Singapore). The Navy was to be the first line of defence.

The Labour party, on the contrary, had thoughts only for an air force, which should be of a strength equal to any Japan could bring into action against Australia. To Labour, Japanese Imperialism was the one reason for defence measures. But for Australia's participation in and dependence upon Empire co-operation that would have been near the truth, for no other nation need be feared. The comments of the leader of the Labour party (Mr Curtin) on the Government's policy are significant because, if the votes of the electors had any meaning, they represented the views of approximately half the Australian people. (The Government parties at the elections practically maintained their existing substantial majority in the House of Representatives, but the Labour party won sixteen of the nineteen contested vacancies in the Senate.) Mr Curtin suggested that Japan would invade Australia at a time when Britain was engaged in Europe and would not be in a position to despatch a strong fleet to the Pacific. He disagreed with the Government's confidence in the Navy, and took little more than Japan's air strength into account.

'On June 30, 1937,' he said, 'Japan's shore based bombing and fighting 'planes totalled 1500. In addition its invasive power from the decks of sea carriers was 300; but like Britain it has also an expansion policy, and is constructing or plans to construct new carrier ships with a total carrying capacity of 600 'planes. To have any hope of effectively resisting an enemy's attempt to land here Australia must have approximately that number of planes. . . . The Lyons Government has so far provided eight squadrons, or 96 'planes, to meet a seaborne invasion of not less than 300 'planes. . . .'

However, by mandate of the people, the Government proposals for a balanced defence force, with emphasis on the Navy, have prevailed.

It is sometimes contended that the Australian Navy is too insignificant to be of use, but the experience of 1914 shows that the presence of even a few vessels in the

southern Pacific has a salutary effect. None of the seven German warships in the Pacific Ocean when war broke out was as fast or as powerful as the 'Australia.' Consequently the Germans kept away from her and from the Australian coast. The 'Sydney,' while conveying troops in the Pacific, met and sunk the 'Emden.' The Australian Navy was formed by a Labour Government in 1909 in lieu of the annual contributions formerly paid to the British Exchequer. This was the first notable emphasis by a Labour Government on Australian nationhood rather than dependence on the Empire. After the War most of the original Australian fleet was scrapped, and in 1928 the two 10,000 ton, 8-8-inch cruisers, the 'Australia' and the 'Canberra,' were built at Clydebank and a 6000-ton seaplane carrier, the 'Albatross,' was constructed at Cockatoo Dockyards, Sydney. To-day the Australian Navy consists of four cruisers, one sloop, five destroyers, the seaplane carrier, two mine-sweepers, and several auxiliaries—not a forbidding array, but useful.

The Australian land forces consist of a peace nucleus of about 2000 permanent officers and ranks and 34,000 militia. All male inhabitants between the ages of 18 and 60 are liable for military service in Australian territories in time of war. A Labour Government made history in 1909 by the introduction, for the first time in any English-speaking community, of compulsory military training. Those under training were liable for service in the following age groups: junior cadets, 12 to 14 years; senior cadets, 14 to 18 years; citizen forces, 18 to 26 years. Labour then was strongly nationalist, with an Australian patriotism savouring of gum-trees and sheep stations. During the War there was a trend towards international pacifism, which contended that the workers would be as well off under German as British masters, and enough of this spirit remained to impel the new Labour Government of 1929, as one of its first acts, to abolish compulsory training. The industrial socialists are still inclined towards collective security, but the political Labour party has returned to its former insular patriotism. There are upwards of a million males in Australia between the ages of 18 to 35 years, and a similar number from 35 to 60. The permanent strength of the Air Force has lately been increased from 227 officers and 1853 airmen to a total of

2472. The recent proposals provide for a first-line strength of 198 machines. In addition a citizen air force of four squadrons is being formed. As in the Army, the principle observed in the Air Force is that of a small permanent personnel as a nucleus for wartime expansion.

Of Australia's defence expenditure of 11,531,000*l.* for the current year (the amounts throughout are in Australian currency unless sterling is specified) the Navy will absorb 3,616,000*l.*, the Army 3,264,000*l.*, Air Force 2,672,000*l.*, munitions 1,039,000*l.*, and civil aviation 940,000*l.* This expenditure of 1*l.* 3*s.* per head of the population on defence is the largest in the history of the nation, and is heavier than that of any other Dominion. Mr Curtin, recently, while declaring that Labour was unswervingly loyal to the British Commonwealth and the King, questioned whether, as defence was an Empire matter, Australia's contribution should be the larger. He quoted the defence expenditure of the Dominions, as at May 1936, as Australia 21*s.* 10*d.* per capita, New Zealand 12*s.* 7*d.*, Canada 5*s.* 7*d.*, and the Union of South Africa 3*s.* 5*d.* Such comparisons are difficult owing to the different conditions, and the various items included under the heading of defence in the several Dominions. On the basis of white population only the cost to South Africa is 14*s.* 10*d.* per capita. New Zealand has spread over a number of years a contribution of 1,000,000*l.* sterling towards the cost of the Singapore base. Australia, owing to her larger defence expenditure, did not contribute to the cost of the base, and Canada and South Africa, differently placed, did not support the proposal. New Zealand presented Great Britain with a dreadnought, Australia decided to establish her own navy. Australia's defence vote includes assistance to civil aviation.

To complete the comparison, Great Britain's expenditure from revenue on defence for the current year, without supplementary estimates, is something over 3*l.* 10*s.* sterling per head. The only tenable reason for a larger contribution by the residents of Great Britain (and I write as an Australian) is the greater taxable value of United Kingdom wealth. Who pays the most does not matter. It is a case of the one common interest. It would be far more serious for Australian inhabitants to become coolie subjects of Asiatic conquerors than for the British people to be

subject to a European power. Taxation in Australia, Commonwealth and States, amounts to about 15*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* per head per annum, compared with some 16*l.* sterling in Great Britain. Comparison depends also on the services obtained by the taxpayer in return in either country. Of Australia's defence expenditure in 1937-38 6,000,000*l.* will be derived from current taxation, 3,000,000*l.* from a trust fund accrued from former surpluses, and 2,500,000*l.* is to be raised by Treasury bills from the Commonwealth Bank in London. The Treasurer (Mr Casey) states that this does not mean a return to the policy of overseas borrowing—which is well.

Mr Casey believes this defence budget to be the maximum amount it is possible to carry without increasing taxation and having regard for additional charges in other directions. Within limits the expenditure should accelerate rather than retard the development of Australian industry. Much of the dead-weight of taxation for defence should be converted into live-weight by its disbursement within the country. The greater part of the munitions will be produced locally. Australian industry is capable of manufacturing for most of the ordinary requirements of the defence forces, and is becoming ever more fully equipped for the manufacture of the more specialised arms and equipment which at present must be imported. The Government operates several large arms and munition factories, and private industry is being marshalled by a Defence Department committee for the production of war material as required. Australian industry is diversified and efficient. Approximately equal numbers of the working population are engaged in primary production, industry, and commerce and transport, with manufacturing if anything preponderant.

Australia started manufacturing in earnest some fifty years ago. Factory output, on the basis of 1911 prices, remained practically constant during the War period, increased by 80 per cent. in the 1920's, fell back in the depression period of 1931-32 to 14 per cent. above 1911, and by 1935-36 had almost regained the 1928-29 level. Later figures are not yet available, but general indications are that manufacturing development during the past two years has been unprecedented. The output of iron and steel in Australia last year was double that of 1928-29.

The Minister of Customs (Mr White) estimates the investment in industries new since the depression or in process of establishment at 16,000,000*l*. The leader for the Government in the Senate stated recently that the price of Australian galvanised iron was below world parity, and that in the interests of Australian users the manufacturers were endeavouring to prevent re-sellers exporting the iron to other countries. The large measure in which Australia produces her consumer goods is indicated by the fact that 50 per cent. of her imports in the last financial year consisted of raw materials for industry and 14½ per cent. of capital equipment for industry. Without manufactures Australia's population must have remained rural and small. From an Empire defence standpoint she would have been a liability rather than an asset.

Australia has made a good start in armament manufacture. Small arms have been produced for many years. Last year the first home manufactured tank was added to those previously imported. After the manufacture of civil aeroplanes and some military machines in a small way, forty war 'planes are being manufactured for the Government by a new company with a capital of 600,000*l*., formed for the purpose. Arms now produced or about to be manufactured in the Government ordnance factories include the Bren machine gun, 3-inch anti-aircraft guns, 4·5-inch howitzers, and 18-pounder field guns. There is plant for larger guns when required. Part of the output of the Australian munition factories is being supplied to New Zealand, Great Britain, and other parts of the Empire. Some warships have already been built in Australia, and this year the two larger cruisers, the 'Australia' and the 'Canberra,' are to be protected with additional armour plating, and otherwise modernised, at the Cockatoo Dockyards. Also three smaller vessels are to be constructed. The warship building industry there is still not fully fledged, as the local manufacture of the more highly specialised equipment would not be economic.

Australia's greatest need at present is for men to man the machines. There is a shortage of skilled mechanics and technicians. The Minister for Defence (Mr Thorby) is regretful that more air mechanics were not recruited in the depression period when they were available. The general labour scarcity is due in part to the cessation of

assisted migration from Great Britain, which in the 1920's amounted to nearly a quarter of a million people. When times became difficult many of those who had streamed out to Australia, Canada, and New Zealand returned home. Excess of departures from Australia, over arrivals, of persons of British race, from Jan. 1, 1930, until June 30, 1937, totalled 31,110. On the other hand, Albanian, Greek, Italian, and Yugoslav arrivals into Australia since 1930 have exceeded departures by over 6000.

The influx of types unsuited for assimilation into the British-Australian population verges on an infringement of the White Australia policy. Among the nationals mentioned there are some very fine types, such as the Alpine Italians and some others; but the best are in the minority. The white labour sugar industry is maintained in Australia at great cost to the community, but some of the Queensland sugar districts are almost wholly occupied by Italians, who co-operate closely in acquiring and working farms. At an inquiry into the subject in 1930 it was found that 80 per cent. of those engaged in the sugar industry were British born. Since then, by agreement between the employers and employees, the number of foreign cane-cutters employed has been reduced, but a report published this year states that Italians now own 40 per cent. of the cane farms compared with 3 per cent. in 1920. The problem is difficult, as it has not been the Australian practice to discriminate against persons of European nationality.

The population of Australia, doubtless, would have been larger if no attempt had been made to keep it British, but it would not necessarily have been stronger for defence purposes. According to an official survey last year 92 per cent. of the Australian people were of British stock. Despite immigration restrictions Australia's population of almost seven millions is twice that of the North American colonies after their first century and a half. That does not solve the problem of the comparatively empty North, a standing invitation to invasion. At best Central Australia and the greater part of the Northern Territory can be utilised only as adjuncts to the more closely settled areas, and with the present modes of human existence they will never be large centres

of population. The Payne Royal Commission, the last of the many which have inquired into the impossibilities of the subject, estimated that with careful nursing the white residents of the Northern Territory, now less than 4000, might be increased in twenty-five years to 40,000. As pearling and trochus fishers in the adjacent waters, the Japanese are already there. The member for the Northern Territory (Mr Blain) told the Federal Parliament in September last of an illuminative incident. 'A foreign boat,' he said, 'was pulled into the Darwin wharf so that a circular could be read calling the crew for the service of their country against a nation friendly to us.' He continued that if the call had been to those men to fight against Australia there would have been more than enough of them on the North Coast to outnumber the Australians there, and every man called up would have had military or naval training as a conscript. Moreover, they would have had sufficient fast motor-vessels in the pearling fleets to make a landing of three or four battalions, armed, equipped, and provisioned, and with a fairly adjacent base in Palau in the Japanese mandate.

That is one side of the picture, but there is another. When Secretary of the Sydney Chamber of Commerce I frequently discussed the subject with Japanese merchants, and I recollect one visitor from Japan telling me quite frankly that his people, if they came to Australia, would invade New South Wales, Victoria, and Queensland; not the unprepossessing north. Accordingly Australia's defence plans are for the protection first of the chief industrial centres, such as Sydney, Melbourne, and Newcastle, on which the safety of the country as a whole would depend. There, and at Fremantle, the largest guns are mounted. No races which have come to Australia have preferred the interior. The portions now most closely settled by the whites formerly were the most thickly populated by the blacks. The largest aggregations of Chinese in former times were in the large cities, as when Little Bourke street, Melbourne, was a Chinese colony, with furniture making, gambling, and opium-smoking as its principal industries. In my investigative youth I taught Chinese children in a mission school there. Australian development has proceeded naturally from the well-watered coastal areas, mostly in the east, to the drier

interior, and no human ingenuity is likely to reverse the process.

The areas suited to the pasturage of sheep or cattle, the cultivation of wheat, general agriculture, or dairy farming are already largely devoted to these purposes. Intensive development of these industries awaits new markets overseas, or the provision by expanding manufactures of a larger home market. The greater room for migrants, therefore, is in the secondary industries. In the existing prosperous conditions a resumption of assisted migration, especially of skilled industrial workers, is part of the Government's policy, and is understood to be under discussion with the British authorities. If British migrants are not obtainable, a substantial body of Australian opinion favours the encouragement of migrants from northern Europe. Mr Paterson, when Minister for the Interior recently, stated that the Ministry wished to attract northern Europeans to Australia, but that economic pressure in those parts of Europe did not appear to be strong enough to cause an appreciable migration. The districts settled by Germans in the early days, and still farmed by their descendants, are among the best in Australia. The Sydney head of an American firm stated at the end of last year that, in his opinion, if a practicable scheme were evolved, large numbers (a million) farmers and skilled mechanics in the United States would be glad to migrate to Australia.

Although the national and economic future of our country depends upon a larger population, ambitious schemes for large-scale migration have not proved successful. Soon after the War, when Great Britain's unemployed were a heavy charge on the national purse, 34,000,000*l.* was made available by the British Government to Australia, at a nominal rate of interest, conditional upon the settlement within ten years, not necessarily on the land, of 45,000 migrants. Chiefly because of the difficulty of finding profitable avenues of public investment that would have the desired effect the scheme faltered and in the depression period fell through. Assisted passages for migrants nominated by relatives or friends in Australia and child migration, such as that of the Fairbridge farm schools system, so far have proved the most satisfactory.

The proverbial visitor from Mars probably would be astounded at the difficulty of peopling a land which is one of the Empire's finest territories, and would wonder that our populations are not redistributed. It is an anomaly that while the transport of half a million British soldiers for the defence of Australia would be regarded as a meritorious achievement, the transfer of a similar number of citizens for peace purposes is so difficult. The difference may be that the taxpayers realise the necessity of paying for soldiers, but not for citizens. In any case, if people do not wish to leave their home countries they cannot well be compelled to do so. Australians, after all, have the remedy in their own hands. Owing to the declining birthrate the natural increase is only about 52,000 per annum. To double it would be the equivalent of fifty-two shiploads of 1000 migrants each per annum; but that also is a matter for individual decision, though excuses would not avail if Japan, not without logic, and with superior force, were to argue that as her birthrate is twice that of Australia, she must have more room—in Australia. Nature and war are very similar in their unconcern about the causes of weakness and in the callousness with which they take advantage of it. The only crime of the thousands who have succumbed in China is that they were weak. Had it not been for the British Navy Japan might have invaded Australia first.

As Japan at the moment is busily occupied in China, diplomatic relations between the Australian and Japanese governments probably will continue to be cordial. Together with the widespread distrust in Australia of Japan and abhorrence of her methods in China, there is among certain sections of primary producers and exporters a strong sense of the value of their eastern trade. In 1936-37, for example, Japan purchased nearly 8,000,000*l.* worth of Australian wool, a reduction, due to the trade dispute, from 15,000,000*l.* a year or two previously. From 1934 until 1936 there was a passing to and fro between Australia and Japan of diplomatic and trade missions, the diplomacy also being mostly about trade. The Australian Government's diplomatic mission in 1934, headed by Mr Latham (the Attorney-General and Minister for External Affairs) was followed by a return visit to Australia by His Excellency Mr Katsuji Debuchi,

His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Japan's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, who made a most favourable personal impression in both government and commercial circles. His charming simplicity was in inverse ratio to his title. I shall long remember the benign suavity with which Mr Debuchi, when welcomed by the Sydney Chamber of Commerce at a largely attended dinner, received hard thrusts on trade matters by the President of the Chamber (Mr R. M. Clark). One felt that if all those guiding Japan's destinies were like Mr Debuchi world peace would have little fear from that quarter. Perhaps that was why he was selected for the Mission. Two semi-official commercial parties from Japan also visited Australia about that time.

These activities had their reaction in British trade circles, and early in 1936 a trade mission promoted by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce and led by Sir Ernest Thompson conferred with the Federal Government and commercial organisations throughout Australia. The case for British trade and connections was strengthened also by the able and discreet advocacy of Lord Barnby, who, as Past-President of the Federation of British Industries, recently had led a business delegation to the East. Regarding Manchuria the opinion appeared to be freely held, not only in Australia but in Britain also, that provided British interests were protected it was better for Japan to be busy in China than somewhere in the British Empire. However plausible that policy may have appeared then, it is apparent to-day that only Japanese interests are being furthered in China. Japan may merely flounder in the Chinese morass or she may become an even more formidable adversary with China's resources at her command. However this may be, the Australian Government was obliged to consider both trading and Empire aspects, and, firm in British allegiance, the decision was drastically to restrict importation of Japanese goods. Japan retaliated, and for a time trade both ways was shattered. Wool-growers and exporters in Australia protested violently, with eyes cast longingly towards the closed Japanese market, until eventually peace was restored on a quota basis.

Japan's wool position is now shrouded in war mystery, but from her meagre purchases no doubt

Australian wool is used to clothe the invaders of China and wool income from Japan helps to finance Australia's defences. The position is similar to that of iron ore from Koolan Island, Yampi Sound, on the north-west coast of Australia. The leases are held from the Government of West Australia by a company registered in London, and the whole of the ore output is to be shipped to the Nippon Mining Co. of Tokyo. The Imperial (British) and Australian governments are in agreement that as ample ore is available for Empire purposes, no objection need be taken. Also in emergency the ore deposits would be of greater use if some steps had been taken to develop them. Hence, business as usual.

Japan is still very persistent in her efforts to capture more of the Australian market. But for the refusal of the Australian waterside workers to load cargoes for Japan, thereby expressing, somewhat incoherently, a prevailing sentiment, a Japanese business delegation would now have been visiting Australia in connection with the 150th Anniversary celebrations at Sydney. Such side-lights seem trivial compared with possible consequences of Japan's tactics in China. Even though the anti-Comintern pact were to bring Germany, Japan, and Italy into active alliance, the British Empire is too strong in resources and friends to suffer defeat. In the event of world upheaval Germany might make a bid for New Guinea, and Australia would be obliged either to yield or defend.

Australian investments in that Mandated Territory during the past twenty years have been considerable. As a result of Australian Government and private enterprise exports from New Guinea in 1935-36 totalled 2,573,251*l.* sterling, compared with 181,250*l.* in 1910. It may be assumed reliably that Australia has no intention of surrendering the territory. To decide on her moral rights in the matter would be to assess the blame for the Great War. The Allies believed they were in the right. They won, and the territories forfeited by Germany are no longer German. No other logic is practicable when so much of the world has been occupied forcibly. Forcible occupation rarely can be justified, but neither can any dislocation caused by needless change after a new régime has become established. The welfare

of the country in question is the first consideration, and the Australian administration, which is functioning admirably, should not be upset without good reason. Also Australia's claims to New Guinea, both historical and geographical, are substantial.

The fact to be faced now is Australia's responsibility for New Guinea in the light of the anti-Comintern combination. Germany, in case of war, would have her hands full in Europe, and the Pacific probably would be regarded as Japan's sphere of operation. New Guinea would be a preliminary objective (before Australia) from the Japanese base in the Marshall Islands—that is, if the British and United States fleets were not already in possession of those islands. The programme of these two Powers should be sufficient to induce modesty in any power contemplating aggression beyond Asia. Also it is difficult to believe that the Europeanism of Germany would long countenance Japan's bid for domination in Asia and for Asiatic dominance.

Japan, in many ways, is a most isolated major Power. With child-like naïveté she takes insane risks, presuming on the disinclination of other Powers to intervene. As a result primarily of her conquest of Manchuria, every other nation in the world has had to take stock of its position. Each nation, even those now regarded as delinquents internationally, are composed of human beings similar in most ways ; but through the surge of national emotions, the pressure of some real or imaginary need, or passion inflamed, or fear, the world is at cross-purposes. The prospect of collective security has faded and the nations are becoming regrouped in armed camps. Australia, emerging into young nationhood, looks to the morrow when she will be as invincible in the strength she brings to the Empire as to-day she is in the Empire's strength.

A. A. JAMES.

Art. 4.—LITTLE ENGLAND AND GREATER BRITAIN.

To live merely in and for the day that is passing is to forgo immense resources of steadying experience and strength. We, of all people, have least excuse for doing so, in the problems of the immediate future which will try our political nerve and sagacity. *Reculer pour mieux sauter* is our hope and our wisdom. The control of war and its causes, the demand in one quarter for the return of territories now under our mandate, the timing of trade and diplomatic understandings, the populating of our coveted Dominions, the resuscitation of our producing countryside—these are several of the riddles which the Sphinx offers to us with its traditionally non-committal smile and with the immemorial penalty for the wrong answer or for none.

Therefore it is a piece of great good fortune—placed as we are, like St Sebastian, where many arrows meet—to know that answers exist, still valid, to these ultimatums; that we need not lament the absence of counsellors and observers whom we once had; because they are not as though they had not been, but are alive in the intellect still, and happen to have left for us forecasts and advice. A nation which has produced many of the greatest minds who ever engaged in governing a spirited people, and in working a constitution more ramified than any paper constitution—minds such as Bacon, Burke, Pitt, Walpole, Wellington, Palmerston, Disraeli, Salisbury, and Joseph Chamberlain, and such as Milner, Bryce, Maine, Bagehot, and Smuts—is above the need of borrowing articles of political clothing from the wardrobe of any less or differently experienced people. The evolutions or revolutions through which certain régimes are passing may over-impress those who are unaware that we have been through analogous experiences. And the England, the Britain, the Commonwealth which some persons without a yesterday and with the vaguest to-morrow are eager to alter, needs only to be looked at afresh, as it is now in 1938, to convince them that it already comprehends more of their idea than they suspect, for this country has been for centuries in the trade of adopting and adapting political forms and ideas. Monarchist and aristocratic in grain, it has yet, for instance, domesticated State

Socialism, incidentally drawing its teeth, and the statesman who said we are all socialist nowadays uttered no paradox but a truth attested by old-age and widows' pensions (now supplemented by pensions for the 'black-coated'), health insurance and panel doctors, unemployment insurance, free primary education with scholarships into secondary schools and university, dental and health clinics, sanatoria, orphanages, reformatories, provision of meals and milk, police, relief works, the Truck Acts, Post Office services, supervision of transport and ribbon development, welfare centres, sanitation, county agricultural advisers, coastguards, lightships, slum clearance, parks, art galleries, museums, afforestation. In war loan the State is in business, and through the Post Office it is democracy's banker.

Over 300 million pounds a year of public money is expended on social services and nearly another 100 million pounds by way of contribution from employers or employed. Indeed, have we not gone as far along this road as we dare—unless we are all to become creatures of the public purse, subjected to tests, inspection, and regimentation? Notice, our democrats object in theory to the totalitarian State, but they readily accept its bonuses. The Banks, the Press, the professions of medicine and law, and the clergy, are with us not entirely State-managed. But increasingly we show a Corporative aspect.

Much as in a corporative state, public utility corporations run broadcasting, electricity, telephones, trains, tubes, tramways, buses, river conservancy, catchment areas, milk marketing, gas. County and town councils have their libraries, technical and continuation schools, crèches, markets, recreation spaces, reservoirs, sewage disposal. Yet with all this the outlets left for voluntary action are surprising. Apart from the National Trust, which saves places of value to the nation's soul, from the society for the preservation of rural England, and that other to protect commons and paths, it can hardly be computed what is saved to rates and taxes (to put the case no higher) by the churches in the Church Army, sisters of mercy, Salvation Army, seminaries, and a vast volume of hidden philanthropy; again by 'this week's good cause' on Sunday evenings; the Royal Lifeboat Institution; St John Ambulance Corps; the hospitals everywhere;

and the huge army of the Friendly Societies (Oddfellows, Foresters, Good Shepherds, Rechabites, Buffaloes) and the complementary benefits of the trade unions.

Nor is the astonishingly varied panorama of our corporate existence exhausted in this list, even with the addition of Territorial corps supplementing the Services; voluntary rural fire brigades; missions to the poor, to deep-sea fishermen, and to other races; the Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., G.F.S., Scouts and Guides, brigades and leagues of youth with their hostels and excursions; leagues of art; study circles; debating societies; women's village institutes; the British Legion; war comrades' associations; adult schools; young farmers' clubs; societies for antiquarianism, archæology, nature-study, and the promotion of shows.

What do they know of England who only labels know? What abstract term covers more than a fraction of such a surprising multiform society? All are misleading. 'Democracy' is the least so, provided that it is qualified by the equal realities, Monarchy, plus an Aristocracy (of tested achievement, not of blood alone), plus what Emerson called our 'all-preserving' tolerant racial memory which deliberately retains Parliamentary rights and rites, a Second Chamber, the College of Heralds, the Beefeaters' uniform, City companies and livery, judicial wigs and robes, episcopal gaiters and apron, Black Rod, Gold Stick-in-Waiting, town criers, beating the bounds, Mayoral and Aldermanic attire, the chrism at the Coronation, 'the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed' neither in England nor Scotland in Acts of Parliament, the Lord Mayor's procession, Colchester oyster feast, Mr Speaker, the Woolsack, Tipstaff, the City toastmaster, the piping aboard of Admirals, splicing the mainbrace, peppercorn rent, the ceremony of the Sword at Temple Bar when His Majesty passes Cityward, the kissing of hands, the dubbing of a knight, the trumpet fanfare for the Judges of Assize, the searching of the vaults on November the Fifth, the march of the Guards to the Bank of England (ever since Black Friday 200 years ago, when Scots raiders got as far south as Derby and the Bank paid in sixpences), the privileged exemptions from general law enjoyed by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge with their proctors and democratic Convocations, the free dole of bread and

ale at Holy Cross in Winchester, Christ's Hospital boys' garb and the Chelsea Pensioners', the Eton wall game, Hocktide customs, tossing the pancake at Westminster, the nightly ritual of the Keys at the Tower, the immense freedoms of Derby Day (gipsies, touts, dukes, costers, millionaires, royalty and half of London's escaped office-population), Plough Monday and Mothering Sunday, King's Messengers, and Brethren of Trinity House.

No land, this, for sansculottes or beginnings *de novo*. With us, in Tennyson's words, 'the dead are not dead but alive!' To the end, St Stephen's police will intone 'Who goes home?' and in little towns a bell will ring and a voice cry from the road 'Oyez, oyez, oyez' as in Plantagenet days. Macaulay's New Zealander will have finished his sketch of ruined St Paul's from a broken arch of London Bridge before an English sailor says 'Yes' instead of 'Aye, aye, sir.' Who is able, strong (or convinced) enough to take this amazing organism to pieces and remould it nearer to his facile heart's desire? And could he carry others with him? The whole thing is not only an organic growth, but a number of interlocked organic growths in the interplay of a unique *symbiosis*.

Such a background suits well the man and woman intent on their daily work and evening's amusement; it suits the lover of spectacle and varied humours, the poet, artist, and photographer; it is a constant gentle incitement to the politician, who pegs away at specific reforms by easy stages. But it is obviously Heartbreak House to the *à priori* mind, the John Ball, Jack Cade, Shelley, or modern 'ideologist' in a hurry. Conrad's second-sight seized this truth when in 'The Secret Agent' he drew a terrorist whom the enormous complexity and indifference of England finally intimidated. All the facts set out above, together with the creative character of much of our big private enterprises—the workers' pensions schemes and housing estates, bonuses, rest rooms, and recreation grounds—cut the ground from under the professional reformer's feet. It is not only the Port Sunlights, the Bournvilles, and the Nuffield benefactions; it is the fairly widespread 'paternalism,' sometimes including co-partnership and profit-sharing, which give him pause—at least after ten years of speechmaking and a little enforced reconsideration. He begins to perceive the enormous

little-noted mass of what the State already does, supplemented by the great Corporations, municipalities, county and local bodies, voluntary agencies, and directors of business ; to perceive also that these last are doing what would else cost the State millions of pounds sterling ; and that ' the State ' in this connection is none other than you and me, the taxpayer. That is why the mellowing of the radical, from Wordsworth and Morris to Mr Churchill, Mr Shaw, Mr Blatchford, Mr Ramsay MacDonald, and even Lord Snowden, is a familiar fact in our history. It is also why the more conservative type who has lived with and accepted the main features of the constitution is best able, from his knowledge of the cogs and the details, to introduce apparently small but effective improvements. An empiric ? But what else can a sensible man be in such a milieu, nay in such a world ? The skilled carpenter and builder respect the grain in the wood and the nature of their materials. ' The old building,' said Burke, our prophet, ' stands well enough, though part Gothic, part Grecian, and part Chinese, until an attempt is made to square it into uniformity. Then indeed it may come down about our heads in much uniformity of ruin.'

It is with extreme gradualness that the Anglo-Saxon lets his enterprises out of his own hands into those of the community and the bureaucracy, waiting until these last have mastered the responsibilities already taken over. This gradualness has paid many times over. Nationalisation may take several more steps yet, but it will only be at the initiative of the concern which is to be nationalised, not at the behest of a theorist or a party in office. And there are bounds set to it by the very nature of Englishmen. They will not, for example, see it take over literature and the Press, nor drama, nor indeed anything where opinion is at stake. To all this intricacy, however, there is one fairly comprehensive control-board : the Exchequer. A wise Chancellor can in effect do much of the steering and adjusting on Budget Day, and as changing occasion suggests, by the mere gradation of a duty, by clipping at excess profits, or by regulating death duties. (By a little more discrimination in this last, incidentally, in favour of the good land owner he could half raise England's menaced agriculture to its feet ; and fiscal and administrative action could complete the rescue.)

Such then are a few of the reasons why a philosophic conservative finds a spiritual value in the living equilibrium we possess. Make no doubt of it; so thought Shakespeare and Bacon, Burleigh and Harrington, as would be easy to show by quotation. Thus for our wisest. And in a colder age there was much to be said for the wise Halifax 'the Trimmer' (and proud of it) and for the imperturbable evolutionary, Walpole. Even Dr Johnson's prejudices were veined with profounder reasons. It is when we come to Burke that the English secret becomes at last conscious and logically vindicated for the whole literate world. His evident mission, President Wilson said, was to clarify the thought of his countrymen: 'he hated the revolutionary philosophy and deemed it unfit for free men. No State can ever be conducted on its principles. For it holds that government is a matter of contract and deliberate arrangement, whereas it is an institution of habit, bound by threads of association scarce one of which has been deliberately placed. It holds that the object of government is liberty, whereas the true object of government is justice. The history of England is a continuous thesis against revolution.' Mathematical and mechanical equality is hateful to Britons; liberty and (discriminating) fraternity by all means, but not 'equality,' when life itself is differentiation. We are hierarchs, not anarchs. In men, as in bloodstock, we recognise history, breed, and pedigree. Repeatedly we have put all our money on Character, when Brilliance has hardly been a runner.

A great Lord Chancellor pronouncing judgment, a theologian like Newman defining a doctrine, would be proud of the superb passage wherein Burke draws the essential Britain:

It leaves acquisition free; but it secures what it acquires. Whatever advantages are obtained by a state thus, are locked fast as in a sort of family settlement; grasped as in a kind of mortmain for ever. By a constitutional policy working after the pattern of Nature, we receive, we hold, we transmit our government and our privileges, in the same manner in which we enjoy and transmit our property and our lives. The institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of Providence, are handed down to us, and from us, in the same course and order. Our political system is placed in a just

correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world ; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old or middle-aged or young, but, in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenour of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, by preserving the method of Nature in the conduct of the state, in what we improve we are never wholly new ; in what we retain, we are never wholly obsolete. In this choice of inheritance we have given to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood ; binding up the constitution with dearest domestic ties, adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of our family affections ; keeping inseparable, and cherishing with the warmth of their combined and mutually reflected charities, our state, our hearths, our sepulchres and our altars. Acting as in the presence of canonised forefathers, the spirit of freedom, in itself leading to misrule and excess, is tempered with an awed gravity.'

How the gross simplification of Marxism can exist in a country where such thinking has taken place is a mystery. Another is that materialism, after suffering a rout in biology and philosophy, should creep back into politics and even show a shamed face in psychology as 'behaviourism.' Bergson demands that scientists should 'understand in the manner in which one loves.' The duty is as obligatory upon politics. Burke did so understand. Knowing how town and country labourers went about their toil and took their recreation ; knowing law and commerce, and the stuff of daily life, he knew also that element in human nature which is not of time and space, but which makes or unmakes civilisations, and is not to be bound by man-made by-laws. He was of Berkeley's opinion : 'Whatever the world thinks, he who hath not much meditated upon God, the human mind, and the *summum bonum*, may possibly make a thriving earthworm, but will most indubitably make a sorry patriot and a sorry statesman.' And likewise of Laud's opinion : 'If any man be so addicted to his private, that he neglect the common, state, he is void of the sense of piety, and wisheth peace and happiness to himself in vain. For, whoever he be, he must live in the body of the Commonwealth and in the body of the Church.' A good government, he profoundly held, was to be measured not by its

cheapness nor its mechanical efficiency, but more by its hold on the affections, confidence, and imagination of a free, instructed people. Fortunately, the influence of Burke and his rich, logical conservative philosophy was deep upon the next generation. Hazlitt, a zealot of the Left, nevertheless made it a test of anyone's intelligence how far they appreciated Burke. Coleridge and Wordsworth, after their youthful ardours of Pantisocracy, used his language. Wordsworth spoke of the fallacies which had come to ambush under the word 'reform,' and said :

' Were we to speak of improvement and the correction of abuses, we should run less risk of being deceived ourselves or of misleading others. We should be less likely to fall blindly into the belief that the change demanded is a renewal of something that has existed before, and that therefore we have experience on our side ; nor should we be equally tempted to beg the question that the change for which we are eager must be advantageous. From generation to generation men are the dupes of words ; and it is painful to observe that so many are most tenacious of those opinions which they have formed with the least consideration. They who are the readiest to meddle with public affairs, whether in Church or State, fly to generalities that they may be eased from the trouble of thinking about *particulars* ; and thus is deputed to mechanical instrumentality the work which vital knowledge only can do well.'

In other words, the first of needs for all of us, in political matters, is the concrete mind as against the roving or irresponsible abstract, 'bombinating in a void.'

Or take another profound thinker who came through the revolutionary rash : Coleridge by sheer acquaintance with fact learned to despise the 'science of cosmopolitanism without country, of philanthropy without neighbourliness or consanguinity ; a philosophy which would sacrifice each to the shadowy idol of all.' It will not be denied that there was great worldly sagacity in Scott ; and like Burns (representative of a shrewd working class and yeoman type) he was a Pittite, not anti-reform but anti-revolutionary. The *pruritus disputandi* of Edinburgh dinner-parties and debates sickened both of the catch-words 'democracy,' 'oligarchy,' 'revolution' which vociferous idea-ridden tyros supposed summed up the

mixed and intricate reality. John Buchan (Lord Tweedsmuir) in his noble centenary study of Scott says that he envisaged life in terms rather of duties than of rights: he hated the rootless and mechanical; he believed in property but only as something held on a solemn trust. To him as to Cardinal Newman it seemed that a worthy society must have both order and warmth. His social conscience was too quick to accept the calculating inhumanity of the economists.

A good Royal house; aristocrats who take their ministry in the national scheme with seriousness and style; statesmen whose personality and phrase light up and moralise current issues; an unhampered yet responsible Press; human relations between landlord and rural tenant, between employers and their paid helpers; a vigorous rural polity, and towns which are not of bloated or overbearing size with the penalty of impersonality—these are the instinctive demands of the conservative who has thought much upon man and government. In these profound biological values, he sees the guarantee of strength and survival. With the oracle of all who study community life, Burke, he sees in them, and in a practical if inarticulate trust in man and God, in nature and cause and effect, 'the unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations,' or as Burke put it elsewhere, 'Where there exist the spirit of Religion and the spirit of the Gentleman' (meaning something which town or country toiler can possess quite as fully as any long-descended duke), 'commerce may fall off through war or natural disaster; yet these would supply, and not ill supply, their place.' How did England and France recover from their civil wars? 'Because among all their massacres, they had not slain the *mind* in their country.' The prizes of virtue and honour remained, with the sentiment of them. And how did France after 1870 so marvellously rally? Because, Froude tells us, the feeling of *home* was so intense and rooted, being attached by living membranes to the *soil* in which so many had a tenacious and inherited part.

This is precisely why conservative believers in organic continuity are not complacent 'Tories,' but have solicitudes and ideas of reform and improvement, their own and distinctive. The far-seeing among them are

deeply disquieted by the modern tendency which is cutting man off from his millennium-long natural habitat, among growing things, amid air and space, and creative work exercising equally muscle and wits. This herding together in huge compounds, partly voluntary as well as enforced, has created and will go on increasing our problems; problems of morals, nerve, health, time, and transit. If it should, by sapping the home-sentiment, undermine its larger version patriotism, this unreasoned and unplanned development may prove to have dealt a mortal blow which no social services and no ingenuity of government could remedy. Urbanised and industrial life are closely connected with the decline alike of home agriculture and overseas colonisation. Disraeli seventy years ago in a moment of prescience pointed to the factory chimneys under a counterpane of smoke and warned England not to put all her eggs in one basket; other nations, he saw, would surely come to do their own manufacturing, and a complete transformation of our rôle would in time be forced upon us. Also our Britains overseas would have to be irrigated freely and every year with British families, if we were either to have markets overseas or to be unmolested by envious rivals. And to-day the prophet is justified: we hear, and shall hear considerably more, of 'demands' for colonies of which we hold the mandate. Let the desire be equitable or not, a demand is not the effective form in which it should express itself. In the most friendly manner Germany may be reminded that direct action, by which Treaty clauses were disowned and the Rhenish province reoccupied by arms, is not possible in this affair of colonies. The holder of the territories must be persuaded, interests must be reconciled; and these are tasks for which tact is necessary, patient diplomacy, guarantees, and some sincere *quid pro quo*. Above all, the wishes of the inhabitants themselves (which are rarely mentioned in these iterated 'demands') must decide; it would be a scandal to treat them as chattels. The problem is not insuperable, given good will, reasonable negotiation, and consent of the governed. Without these, it is not only insuperable, it is unapproachable; and the more the amplifiers repeat the formula, the harder (naturally) will the mandatory Power keep what she holds. - Amour propre, of which

there is no lack among our German friends, must really be allowed for as an attribute of Great Britain. It is very much a case for 'sweetness and light,' and not for heat. If Germany is desirous of ultimate restoration of former colonies, she would be wise to keep this a matter of courtesy, friendship, and gradual diplomacy—not a tension of *wills*; for the will of England, as history shows, is as strong as any human phenomenon.

Dr Goebbels compares the standard of living with ours—to our disadvantage; and yet he repeats the appeal to mass feeling for more land, on the plea of necessity; and hinted at Reichstag action, and at developments beyond. Friends of Germany must feel (as Signor Mussolini himself told me in October 1933) that veiled menaces from Nazismo are less likely to break others' nerve than to break useful contact: which would be a pity. Any transfer would have to convince British and world opinion, and it would require to be made (in fact and in appearance) wise and graceful and voluntary. The cession of territory has become so confused historically with declension or defeat that no more delicate and distasteful proceeding can well be thought of. Can Nazist Germany transcend the unfortunate diplomatic methods of the Bismarckian and Hohenzollern Prussia? Can she stoop to conquer?

We on our side may well be severely honest with ourselves, and take up with new sincerity the too-long-neglected policy of appropriately peopling our magnificent heritages, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, the Indies, and islands of the seas. Why any longer give occasion to critics abroad to point to our unoccupied gardens, so many times vaster than the home garden in which we are crowded (albeit even here there is maldistribution and unbalance)? Such comments, backed by disconcerting knowledge of the details, I have heard in high Fascist and Nazist circles in the past several years. The sentiment is growing; and such sentiments, as we know, create situations. Japan, excluded by United States policy, undesired in Australia, remembers Britain's past habit of self-help (from Elizabethan times till Victorian) and declares her destiny is on the nearest mainland. It would be helpful if for a moment we could consider the case abstracted from the dreadful methods of modern aerial warfare. True, England has given her

overseas lands great endowments of culture and freedom and equality ; but, truth to tell, we saw the light somewhat late. A lifetime ago we were not such good stewards ; the Commonwealth consciousness is of recent growth. Take the evidence of so plain-spoken (and sometimes radical) a Tory as Froude. Even more than Seeley in 'The Expansion of England,' Froude was the interpreter and prophet of a sound, humane imperialism, seeing with Tennyson that England stripped of her sister and daughter states would be 'a third-rate isle, half-lost among her seas.' In August 1870 he wrote that to many in England 'the colonies appear only a burden ; and to part with them will be an immediate relief to the taxpayer,' heresies which even then 'created much uneasiness in the colonies themselves,' who pointed out that in allowing Britons to emigrate to foreign and rival lands 'we were losing elements of strength which might be of more worth to us than the gold mines of Ballarat.' Indeed, for a time it was the young Dominions which kept the mother-country up to the mark. Froude saw in 1870, as we see in 1938, that 'the only practicable means of attaching the colonies to us is by feeding them intelligently with emigrants who leave England grateful for the assistance which removes them from our surfeited towns to a situation where they can have a fairer prospect of a healthy and useful existence.' But it must of course be done in full concert with the Dominion governments, who will require to prevent any dog-in-the-manger feelings among their own unions, as we, on our part, will need to brace and train our settlers to the tasks, worthy of a man, which await them. 'Are we to reap the harvest of manufacture while our coal and iron hold out,' Froude asks, 'and leave the future to take care of itself ?' And presently he answers : 'Let but a severe war, or any of the thousand calamities which nature has at its command, cripple or paralyse trade for a few successive years, and half our people will be left to starvation or to the furious passions which hunger breeds. If statesmen wait for other signs, the signs may come at last in the shape of catastrophes in which it will be too late to cry out for a remedy.' The defeatist repetition of the mumbo-jumbo about economic law, he deplored : human will notoriously varies or overrules these at the behest of moral and other reasons.

'We can be wonderfully submissive to the laws of nature while others only suffer from them. When our own shoes pinch we discover that with a little effort the shape can be altered. There are very few laws indeed affecting man which are not conditional, and the chief purpose of human society is to control the brutal and elemental forces by reason and good sense. We cannot have patriotism in the people *and* political economy the sole rule of statesmanship. Money will not save us ; we cannot buy off invasion or danger. We must rely on the sentimental virtues, and we must take means to foster those virtues.'

He foresaw that if labour took power it would not use it for such a large, secure, and wholesome purpose as strengthening the Commonwealth ; rather for forcible equalisation and penalisation on the narrower platform of home. And he invited the Ministry of 1870 'no longer to indulge in indolent satisfaction with the revival of trade, but to look upon it merely as a reprieve, as a breathing time in which they may take precautions against the return of evil days.' Though our Dominions (which Japan, Germany, Italy, and perhaps others would give much to possess) might be an embarrassment to us if they were embedded in continents and accessible only through the territories of other nations, yet with a water highway to their doors they are so disposed as to contribute not weakness but enormous strength. Are we ready here and now to begin the upbuilding of Oceana with the will-power, science, expenditure, and enthusiasm which we may imagine Japan, Germany, or Italy in their present development would bring to the task ? Can we meet such a challenge or even see it ? A trade ebb will no doubt succeed to the present high-pressure ; and the time to prepare against it is now.

W. J. BLYTON.

Art. 5.—LIGHT READING IN ANCIENT GREECE.

1. *New Chapters in Greek Literature*. By J. U. Powell and E. A. Barber. (Three Series.) Clarendon Press, 1921, 1929, 1936.
2. *Collectanea Alexandrina*. Edited by J. U. Powell. Clarendon Press, 1925.
3. *Phoinix von Kolophon*. By G. A. Gerhard. Leipzig: Teubner, 1909.
4. *Herondas [and other mime-fragments]*. Edited by O. Crusius. 5th Edition. Leipzig: Teubner, 1914.
5. *Comicorum Graecorum Fragmenta*. Edited by G. Kaibel, Vol. I, part 1. Berlin: Weidmann, 1899.
6. *Byzantinische Literaturgeschichte*. By K. Krumbacher. (2nd edition). Munich: Beck, 1897.

THE distinction between popular and classical literature must always be to some extent arbitrary, and in Greek literature more than in any other the greatest works have appealed to the greatest number. Critics, thinking only of Athens and that an idealised Athens, sometimes give the impression that Homer and the Greek drama were familiar to the whole population. Even in Athens this can hardly have been entirely true, even if we count only the free adult males; and in many parts of Greece there were probably thousands to whom Homer and Euripides were little more than names.

But even the rudest and most backward masses, however indifferent to the edification offered by the literary hierarchy, have everywhere contrived to evolve their own literature, as they have their own music and religion. Unfortunately interest in the creations of the people is of modern growth—dating back, perhaps, some century and a half; ancient writers never transmit folk-lore for its own sake. Collections were, indeed, made for literary purposes to provide material and illustrations for poets, orators, etc.; everything was collected, excerpted, and card-indexed in the Alexandrian age,* and the few collections which survive can be made use of by students of

* There seems no reason to doubt the story that Sallust employed a secretary to excerpt archaic locutions for him to insert in his histories.

folk-lore, no less than the finished product in such books as Ovid's 'Metamorphoses.'

But these cannot be called popular literature; for our knowledge of this we had till lately to piece together scattered hints and allusions—except when, as not infrequently happens in ancient literature, various waifs and strays got attached to famous names, as is the case with the Homeric 'Lives' and 'Epigrams,' various works of popular philosophy, the lives of Æsop, Alexander, Apollonius of Tyana, etc., which are full of popular material and may be described as chap-books disguised with a slight veneer of literature. We will first deal with this older type of evidence, before dealing with the new evidence of the papyri.

Aristotle thought there must have been comic poetry before Homer. If Achilles in his tent sang the *κλέα ἀνδρῶν* we may be sure that the common soldiers round their camp-fire had their own stories, songs, and ballads handed down from generation to generation, constantly rehandled, varied, added to, and improved. Such a conglomeration of folk-material, of immemorial antiquity, was the 'Margites,' so old that it was attributed to Homer himself. Of its contents we know little, but it seems to have stood in the same relation to the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' as the Old French *fabliau* to the *roman courtois*.

Margites was the typical fool, and the loosely constructed poem (it apparently contained iambics as well as hexameters) seems to have drawn largely, perhaps entirely, on folk-lore. Margites 'knew many trades, and knew them all badly'; 'the gods had not made him a digger, nor yet a plowman, nor anything else useful; he failed in every trade.' He could not count five, yet tried to count the waves of the sea; he did not know whether his father or his mother had borne him; on his bridal night he would not touch his bride for fear she would tell his mother.

Then there must have been children's songs, riddles, harvest songs, spinning songs, songs for dancing, etc. Of these the earliest are lost, except for those which were either attributed to Homer or in some way connected with him, such as the wool-song ('Eiresione'), a begging-song which the children sang carrying round a bough

wreathed in wool, like suppliants; the 'swallow-song'—'the swallow, the swallow has come, bringing fair weather'; the crow-song; and, strangest of all, the 'Potter's Oven,' persistently attributed to Homer, in which blessings are invoked on the generous and the strange goblins Smash, Clatter, Quench, and Sabaktes on the stingy,

There were ritual mourning-songs—with an Oriental flavour—such as the Linus-song, probably the oldest bit of Greek in existence, mentioned by Homer himself, and all sorts of folk-rhymes and riddles, such as that which caused the death of Homer. The poet, we are informed, meeting certain fishermen, asked, 'Fishermen of Arcadia,* have we caught anything?' The men replied, 'What we caught we left; what we caught not we bring.' Homer, unable to answer the riddle, died of chagrin; the fishermen had been catching lice—an activity of embarrassing prominence in folk-lore.

Much similar floating material, whose origins were lost in antiquity, was at an early date worked into legendary lives of Homer (just as later a mass of mediæval folk-lore clustered round the name of Virgil); one is attributed to Herodotus, another to Plutarch—the original form must have been very old; while the inevitable attempt to connect him with Hesiod culminated in the 'Contest of Homer and Hesiod,' in which, after capping verses and proverbs (like the Anglo-Saxon Solomon and Marcolf) and answering riddles, the poets recite their choicest passages, and the prize is given to—Hesiod, surely an unmistakable mark of popular, non-literary origin.†

This method of stabilising floating material by working it into the framework of the life of some famous historical character who had caught the popular imagination is exemplified in the Middle Ages (besides the case of Virgil, already referred to) by the legendary lives of Alexander, Aristotle, and particularly Æsop, to whom were attached the very ancient Eastern tales of the Hebrew sage Ahikar.

All the original material, except probably a number of

* This is strange: Arcadia had just as much coastline as Bohemia, and river fishing can hardly be in question.

† We may recall how the vulgarian Trimalchio in Petronius prefers the sententious mime-writer Publilius to Cicero: he was *honestior*.

fabliau-like tales, would be in verse (the idea of using prose for artistic purposes came late in Greek, as in other literatures) in a metre like that of the Linus-song and many old proverbs, akin to the second half of a hexameter, which later, owing to its frequency in proverbs, acquired the name 'paroemiac'—proverb-verse.* There is, however, evidence that like most primitive and popular verse it was marked by considerable freedom. From such verse it was no long step to the proverbial philosophy of Hesiod's 'Works and Days,' a singularly unequal work, of which parts are of high poetic merit, parts again just practical advice, thrown into verse merely as a *memoria technica*. However artistic the more elevated parts of the poem may be, the proverbial part is truly popular literature, akin to the old proverbial literature of Latin, German, English, and other languages. Greek was particularly rich in such literature, and not only are there collections of gnomic verse attributed to Pythagoras, Phocylides, Simonides, and Theognis, but similar collections continued to be made till the latest times of 'monostichs,' from Epicharmus, Euripides, Menander, Philistion (a mimographer of the first century A.D.) and others.

Besides this verse-literature, whose form shows it to have been deliberately composed for circulation, there was a body of traditional material passed from mouth to mouth without fixed form. The earliest attested branch is the fable, which is no doubt of Oriental origin and is traceable as far back as Hesiod and Archilochus, long before Æsop, who is dated somewhere about 600. Under a more advanced civilisation the fable assumed a more facetious form and seems to have been used to enliven social occasions. Its circulation was entirely oral until about 300 B.C., when a collection was formed by Demetrius of Phalerum. Our own collection dates from Byzantine times. Of native growth were the traditional anecdotes, apophthegms, and witticisms, of which the 'Sybaritic sayings' (what the Sybarite is alleged to have remarked in various amusing situations) were popular in Athenian social circles. A specialised form is the 'Wellerism,'

* Later proverbs took the form of the *first* half of a hexameter, as the 'Wayside Pulpit' of Hipparchus of Athens (about 520 B.C.)—moral maxims attached to signposts—στεῖχε δίκαια φρονῶν—μή φίλον ἔξαπτα.

known to both Greek and Latin—e.g. ‘All inside, as the man said when he locked in (out ?) his bride.’

The earliest recorded forms in the West of the true folk-tale are only accidentally preserved in a chance reference in Aristophanes, though it has been ingeniously suggested that some of the more fantastic plots of the fifth-century comedy are based on folk-tales of which we have analogues or survivals in modern Greece and the Slavonic peoples.

In the ‘Thesmophoriazusæ’ of Aristophanes the women are out for the blood of Euripides for exposing feminine wiles in his tragedies. His father-in-law Mnesilochos, speaking in his defence (disguised as a woman), reminds the women of all the tricks Euripides has *not* exposed: ‘He didn’t tell how a wife will hold up the sheet she has just woven, ostensibly for her husband to admire, actually as a screen behind which her lover escapes; or how she pretends to be ill in the night, so that while the anxious husband is scurrying round preparing herb-tea, the lover may slink in to her.’

Obviously such unifying stories were current in large numbers, though beneath the notice of our authorities, and familiar enough to Aristophanes’ audience; but this is the sole trace of the true fabliau till the ‘Ephesian Matron’ turns up in the first century A.D. in Phædrus and Petronius. These two particular stories are not heard of again till the thirteenth century, when Adolphus of Vienne made his professedly moral verse-collection of stories of warning to the young scholar against the wiles of women. The stories may have circulated orally in Europe, from the time of Aristophanes till the Middle Ages, but it is far more likely that the whole class of stories is Oriental, and only appeared sporadically in the West till the rise of the mediæval collections of *exempla*, drawn from Arabic and Jewish sources—besides the classical stories, which had never quite died out in literary form, though they could not be said ever to have become popular.

The two stories seem to have belonged to the genre known from their source as Milesian Tales. There can be little doubt that the origin of the whole was Oriental, and the great entrepôt of Miletus the channel by which they passed into the West. They circulated orally for centuries

before they were put into writing by Aristides of Miletus, and soon after (100 B.C.) translated into Latin by Sisenna, the model of Apuleius (who calls the 'Golden Ass' a Milesian story). The well-known story of the Ephesian Matron was no doubt typical, but had it appeared in the written collection, it is unlikely that Phædrus and Petronius would have singled it out for artistic treatment. Its subsequent widespread popularity—a Chinese version is found in the travels of the Jesuit Du Halde, translated by Dr Johnson—is an indication of its popular origin.

Its history is curiously parallel to that of the equally popular Pyramus and Thisbe, a folk-tale from Babylon, which Ovid, who first introduced it into literature, says he inserted because it was so little known (the metamorphosis of the lovers is no doubt a later literary addition).

A similar case of the literary treatment and conflation of popular material is that of the story of Cupid and Psyche, which likewise would have been completely lost had not Apuleius inserted it in a most ornate and euphuistic version, apparently with allegorical intent, in the 'Golden Ass.' This novel is greatly expanded from a simple tale of the adventures of a man magically transformed into an ass (a well-known Oriental motive), by the insertion of all sorts of extraneous matter, notably a number of fabliau-like stories, which crop up again in the later Middle Ages, for instance in Boccaccio, presumably not from Apuleius but from Italian oral tradition.

The essential point is that there must have been a considerable body of folk-tales and fairy-tales current in classical times of which there is not the slightest trace except for one or two literary rehandlings and a few chance references*; a portion probably survived by oral tradition, but the greater part of the tales which re-emerge in the Middle Ages came from written Oriental sources—largely *via* Spain. That the Crusades played much part in their diffusion does not seem very probable.

With the Alexandrian age Greek literature enters on an entirely new phase. In place of the small city-state, with its intense communal life, with education confined to the comparatively small body of citizens, with women as a

* Cf. Friedländer, 'Life and Manners under the Early Roman Empire': Appendix.

rule very much in the background, we now find powerful monarchies on a modern scale, with great cities, industry, and amusements organised in something approaching modern fashion, teeming populations of half-hellenised, half-oriental artisans, peasants, soldiers, and sailors; we get a mixture of cultures, religions, and superstitions; the old gods and old ideals which for centuries had been the inspiration of Greek literature now count for very little. Above all, with the largely increased supply of papyrus in Greek lands, we now first get cheap production and publication on a large scale.

This new semi-literate public was able to make its demands for literature felt, and what new types of literature arose to satisfy the demand we are now becoming able to see from the rich papyrus finds of the last few decades. Most of this new material is in a very fragmentary state, but its variety is bewildering.

The really interesting and important thing is that now for the first time we have available for study a purely fortuitous cross-section of the literature of all grades current in a given part of the Greek world for the space of some five centuries (about 250 B.C. to A.D. 250). All other extant Greek literature has undergone a rigorous sifting: for instance in epic we have Homer and Hesiod; in lyric, Pindar; in tragedy the three masters in representative selection (that we have as many as eighteen plays of Euripides is due to a lucky accident, some of the best plays having barely escaped destruction); in short, our extant classics are, roughly speaking, what the Byzantines decided was good teaching material; it seems to be true that Sappho and Menander, widely read till Byzantine times, were allowed to perish because they were considered unedifying.

The papyri, on the other hand, coming mainly from Egyptian rubbish-heaps buried under the sand of two thousand years, have preserved the bad with the good, the edifying with the unedifying; and it is a fortunate chance that our finds should belong to the centuries when the volume of written popular literature was largest owing to the spread of elementary education. The result is that while our conception of classical literature has undergone only slight changes and readjustments as a result of the new discoveries, the history of Alexandrian literature has

had to be almost rewritten. With the artistic literature we are not now concerned, instructive as it is to have specimens of second and third-rate poets, once famous but for two thousand years mere names; but it may be interesting to cast a glance at some of the types of popular literature now available for study.

In the first place there arose in Alexandrian times what was virtually a new literary genre—the novel. It is possible that the prototype was Xenophon's 'Cyropædia,' an imaginative narrative of the life of Cyrus, the founder of the Persian Empire. The framework is historical; romance and adventure are mostly lacking, and prominence is given to moral discourses, which are indeed the *raison d'être* of the book. This is as different as possible from the later Greek novel, in which the main ingredients are romantic love and amazing adventures. It seems more probable, however, that the starting-point of the new genre was the increasing tendency, stimulated by Alexander's campaigns in the Far East, to embellish historical and geographical works by entertaining traveller's tales and accounts of monsters and marvels, of which one of the earliest and most popular purveyors was Ctesias in his accounts of Persia and India. It is not unlikely that Egyptian influence also may have helped: a number of ancient Egyptian tales are extant which show all the elements of the Greek novel in embryo, including the henceforward predominating love-interest.

At any rate the discovery of extensive papyrus fragments now shows that the Greek novel goes back far beyond the Christian era, and that it was originally of a far more popular character than we find it in the sophisticated specimens previously extant, which are all the work of professed rhetoricians. The new papyri, like Xenophon, deal with historical characters, the main interest lies in adventurous journeyings, while the love interest seems to have been less prominent than it afterwards became.

Another striking innovation of the Alexandrian age was the complete change in the form of theatrical entertainments. Tragedy and comedy both disappear, to be replaced by branches of what may generically be called the mime. These seem to have been shorter than the old plays. Sometimes the interest centred round a definite plot, sometimes the plot was subordinated to the presenta-

tion of single situations. Particularly prominent were plays which gave grotesque parodies of the old mythological tragedies.

Some of these plays had literary pretensions, as for instance the mythological travesties of Rhinthon of Tarentum—of which the 'Amphitryo' of Plautus, to say nothing of those of Molière and Dryden, gives us some idea. Others depended chiefly on buffoonery: of these we have a fairly complete specimen in the play 'Charition,' which seems to have been a sort of parody of the 'Iphigenia in Tauris.' The play, except for a scene of gross impropriety, is not without merit, and is of especial interest in that the barbarian natives of the coast where the hero is shipwrecked speak a dialect which has been identified, somewhat doubtfully, as a form of Canarese, as still spoken in southern India.

Most of this dramatic literature was quite ephemeral; the authors probably never looked for literary fame, and it is unlikely that their works came into the book market in the ordinary way. They are never quoted, even by lexicographers or by that *helluo librorum* Athenæus, although he shows great interest in what we may call the music halls of the Alexandrian Age—for which he is the chief authority. The fragmentary papyri which have survived are probably private copies, perhaps professional copies. These sketches would receive their first performance at Alexandria, and if successful be taken 'on tour' to smaller towns by the companies of actors, whom we know from inscriptions to have been very numerous in Alexandrian times; as they lost their novelty, they would be gradually dropped. They were considered unworthy of the attention of scholars, and so it is to the merest chance that we owe the preservation of the few specimens we possess.

Of these the most striking is undoubtedly what was published by Grenfell as 'An Alexandrian Erotic Fragment' and subsequently known as the 'Fragmentum Grenfellianum,' or in Germany as the 'Mädchens Klage.' It is now the subject of a considerable literature, partly owing to its intrinsic merit and partly to the many tantalising questions it raises. It is the complaint of a deserted girl, highly emotional both in language and rhythm. It is particularly interesting as showing that

when the dramatic lyric dropped out of the legitimate drama, it emerged as a separate form, akin to the mime, on the 'halls.' Perhaps the nearest modern parallel would be the little sketches of Yvette Guilbert—although there is nothing flippant in the Greek, while the 'action' would be far more violent and realistic—counting, in fact, with the Greeks as dancing.

This kind of stage performance spread over the whole of the Greek world, including south Italy, and it is perhaps here that we are to look for the origin of the elaborate and puzzling lyrics, always solos, of Plautus and the old Latin comedy—there was certainly no prototype in the Greek models—which sometimes make a play of Plautus more like revue than comedy.

This same levelling-down and popularisation which we have noted in drama applies to nearly every other branch of literature. In place of the nobility and universality which is characteristic of classical Greek literature, we find realism carried to extremes. Instead of the wide sweep and leisurely dignity of the old literature, we get a narrower range and search after concentrated forms; it is an age of *petits genres* and miniatures; we pass from grand passions to hectic feverishness, from the portrait to the caricature. We have reached the first age of Realism; the name *βιολόγοι*, now applied to the writers of mimes, may indeed well and exactly be translated by 'realists.'

The descent of philosophy from the heights of pure speculation to the street and the market-place, from the scholarly calm of the Academy and Lyceum to the urgent proselytism of the Cynics, is typical of the times, but the activities of the popular philosophers were chiefly oral; and it is to this oral teaching, normally a kind of lay sermon on some definite moral theme, that we owe things so different as the Satire of Horace and Pope and the Christian sermon, both *sermones*, informal talks, or in Greek 'homilies'; but in so far as they were reduced to writing and published they tended to lose their popular character.

A more definite bid for popularity was made by a new school of poets, corresponding to the new schools of philosophers, in which the ethical or satirical element preponderated according to the temperament of the poet—

the ethical in the interesting, and in spite of its eccentric metre and humorously polysyllabic vocabulary, earnest and impressive quasi-socialist propaganda of Cercidas of Megalopolis; the satirical in the virulent diatribes of Sotades, another metrical innovator, who carried the Cynic disregard of decency to the limit, and in the gibes of Timon the Sillographer, directed against all philosophic schools alike.

There seems to have been a demand for a new popular poetry, which should not, like that of the 'high-brows,' lean on a dead classicism, but adapt itself to the far-reaching changes which had come over music and speech alike. The music-hall song has been already mentioned. In other fragments we may trace many other forms of metrical and sometimes musical innovation. How prevalent was the love of song may be inferred from the number of popular un-scholastic anthologies and song-books which have been found (they are not unlike the German *commersbuch*) and above all from the fact that one Seikelos (second century B.C.) chose to have a song (his own composition?) inscribed on his tomb, words and music; its burden is the Epicurean 'live while you live,' so common on tombs of the time.

And just as the people had their own song-books, so they had their own prose-anthologies—for no literary ends, but for pure enjoyment. We learn from Plautus of the existence of joke-books, according to him the sole stock-in-trade of the Parasite, and we are lucky enough to possess one in a late Byzantine form—the once famous 'Philogelos.' How old was the original it is impossible to say; it is the surest mark of a chap-book that its matter and language are constantly being brought up to date, like our own Joe Miller, to whom the ancient analogue was perhaps that much travelled musician and maker of bon-mots Stratoniceus. Porson undertook to trace all the jokes in Joe Miller to their originals in 'Philogelos,' and truly the conservatism of popular humour is remarkable*; no doubt the germ of 'Philogelos' was already in 'Margites'—in both cases the hero is a well-to-do simpleton. Here he carries about a brick as a specimen of

* The writer has heard village jokes and sayings to be found in Swift, Bonaventure Despériers, and Petronius.

the house he wants to sell, or peeps out of the window and asks the passers-by, 'How does my new house suit me?' Usually he is the Scholasticus (student? pedant?), sometimes an Abderite (from the ancient Gotham), and surprisingly often that butt of ancient wit the 'herniosus' (the man with a rupture).

Then there were the story-books. The rise of the novel and the romantic historian has been referred to. From about the beginning of the Christian era they underwent a two-fold development: in the hands of the rhetoricians and professional historians they assumed a stilted and stylised form, exemplified in the '*Scriptores Erotici*' (Achilles Tatius, Heliodorus, etc.) and the pseudo-Callisthenes and his followers, satirised by Lucian in his pamphlet '*On Writing History*' and parodied by him in the '*True History*.' Latin was more fortunate; the literary novel, crossed with the realistic and cynical Milesian Tale, passing into the hands of two men of genius, Petronius and Apuleius, succeeded in avoiding the feeble sensationalism and sentimentality of the Greek Rhetoricians.

Of the popular fiction no Greek specimens of the continuous narrative survive: what we have are 'frame-stories,' i.e. the main narrative is merely a peg on which to hang a number of independent short stories—no doubt an Oriental invention, as in the very ancient romance of the sage Ahikar, referred to above, which after being transferred to Æsop, eventually ended up as the story of the 'Seven Wise Masters.' But what Latin specimens we have are clearly derived from Greek sources. Their popular origin can be seen in their vulgar dialect and the widely divergent forms which the tradition assumes. The most famous examples (apart from popular versions of the tale of Troy) are '*Apollonius of Tyana*,' from which, ultimately, is descended Shakespeare's '*Pericles*' and that form of the Alexander romance which was attributed to Julius Valerius. Both of these had enormous vogue down to the Renaissance, appearing in such collections as the '*Gesta Romanorum*,' but then gradually gave way to the sophisticated charms of Heliodorus and Apuleius.

Quite apart from the work of the professed story-tellers, the appetite of the people for wonders and miracles was insatiable. Our '*Apollonius of Tyana*' is a literary com-

position, the work of a professional stylist, but there were other lives of him written for popular consumption with no pretensions to literary merit. Then there were the ἀρετάλογοι tellers of the ἄρεται, mighty works of some god to whom they were devoted (as the sophist Aristides to Asclepius after his cure) who became ultimately indistinguishable from the tellers of stories at street corners for coppers—'assem para et audies fabulam auream.' In the same class we may put the apocryphal lives of wise men and magicians, like Pythagoras, Abaris, and Anacharsis, parodied, once more, by Lucian in the 'Lover of Lies.'

Another type of sub-religious literature is represented by Philo's account of the tribulations of the embassy (of which he was a member) of the Alexandrian Jews to the mad emperor Caligula. This is now seen to be an isolated artistic example of a type of partisan literature immensely popular in Egypt, arising from the constant riots which took place in Alexandria between the Jews and their persecutors, and based on the ensuing judicial proceedings—of which we have now many specimens in the papyri. We can now see that they are akin not only to Philo's 'Legatio' but to the 'Acts' of the early Christian martyrs—in fact, it is becoming increasingly clear that the Christians originated little, if anything, in the way of literature. The Gospels themselves, in their multiplicity and diversity, in their vulgar dialect, and no doubt in their cheap format, take their place among the other semi-devotional popular lives of magicians and philosophers. It is fortunate that no professional rhetorician appeared to do for Jesus what Philostratus did for Apollonius of Tyana; but here we have one more reason why a cultured heathen, like Origen's Celsus, would find it hard to take Christianity seriously; to him its literature would reek of the gutter and the Ghetto. This class of literature spread with extraordinary rapidity, and there is no occasion whatever for surprise that Gospel papyri of the early second century should crop up in the sands of Egypt.

So far all the types enumerated bear some sort of relation to literature. But there was an enormous mass of material which Lamb would have classed among his 'biblia a-biblia.' The tastes of the uneducated and

ill-educated change little through the ages. Highly-spiced romance we have had, devotional literature, religious partisan-literature, literature of the police-court, the popular song, the music-hall sketch. But the Greeks had also their dream-books, fortune-telling books—'Napoleon's Book of Fate,' still sold, is a simplified version of the ancient sage Astrampsychus 'translated from ancient Hieroglyphics'—astrology (Old Moore), oracles (Mother Shipton), pseudo-medicine, farriery, cookery, veterinary books, books of alchemy, and all the varieties of catchpenny publications with which we are familiar to-day.

W. B. SEDGWICK.

Art. 6.—THE TOURIST IN ANTIQUITY.

'NEW-COMERS, who are you? Where do you come from, sailing the paths of the sea? Are you traders? Or do you wander at random, like pirates, roving at risk of life, and bringing ill to strangers?' ('Odyssey,' III, 71, and IX, 252.) This candid salute, the ordinary formula for accosting travellers in the Homeric age, may serve at once to introduce the subject of the tourist in antiquity and to define it. Tourists are all travellers who travel as consumers; spending money on their travels, that is, without making it. Neither traders, therefore, nor pirates are to be reckoned as tourists, because both are money-makers. But Odysseus on his wanderings was a tourist; Solon was, when, according to Herodotus, he went sight-seeing to Egypt (*θεωπλῆς εἵκεν*: I, 30) after his labours with the Athenian constitution; the Queen of Sheba was, when she went to visit Solomon in Jerusalem 'with a very great train, with camels that bare spices, and very much gold, and precious stones' (I Kings x. 2).

If the treatment of strangers is a sound index of the health of any given society, then the Homeric age must obviously stand high. Guests in that age were called sacred, and they were specially attended upon by Zeus:

'To Zeus their cause, and their revenge belongs,
He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs.'

These particular words were in fact addressed by Odysseus to Polyphemus ('Odyssey,' IX, 270-1), and they might perhaps be regarded as suspect on that account. Special pleading they may indeed have been for an admittedly embarrassing occasion, but the attitude which they convey is typical. Nothing horrified Homeric man like the violation of hospitality. The Trojan war itself was undertaken to avenge the treachery of Paris, guest of Menelaus, towards his host; and whenever the Achæans in the field inclined to pacifism, the sovereign tonic was to remind them that the high principle of hospitality was at stake. Friendships were sometimes hereditary merely, but they were respected none the less: so, in the 'Iliad' (VI, 145 ff.), when Diomedes and Glaucus of Lycia met as enemies on the battlefield, and discovered that their

grandfathers once upon a time had been host and guest, they refused to fight any more, and exchanged arms as a mark of their mutual affection. But of course the supreme and the loveliest illustration of the Homeric attitude to tourists is the story of Nausicaa and Odysseus : a princess receiving an utter stranger thrown up from the sea, and treating him, first on the sea-shore and then at her father's palace, with a simplicity and a courtesy which have been a lively inspiration throughout the centuries. And Nausicaa's conduct is represented as quite normal : to be hospitable was nothing ; to be inhospitable would have been an outrage, involving the obloquy of men and the vengeance of gods, of Zeus Xenios especially, the Strangers' God.

It is sometimes said that hospitality is not a sign of health in a society at all, but is simply a virtue among barbarians ; that, on the contrary, it is the decline of hospitality which indicates an advancing civilisation at any given time or place. By this argument, every stranger is merely a potential enemy, as the two senses of the Latin word *hostis* suggest : and if we are friendly to strangers, it is not because we would, but only because we must—lest worse befall to ourselves. Certainly, when we move from the Homeric age to classical Greece, we find that the general attitude to tourists has become, if not unfriendly, at least quite unfriendly enough to qualify as civilised. It is true that some tradition of hospitality still remained. Wealthy individuals could still be found who entertained strangers liberally : like Miltiades, in the story told by Herodotus (vi, 35), sitting at his front door at Athens, shouting to a group of strangers from the Chersonese who happened to be passing and telling them to come in and make themselves at home. Or like Callias, in Plato's 'Protagoras' (315), whose house was crammed with people, some friends, some invited guests, but mostly foreigners touring the country at the heels of the great sophist. And the lavish entertainment of strangers was definitely enjoined as a duty by the author of the Xenophontine treatise on estate management ('*Œconomicus*,' II, 5).

But the old tone was gone. Foreign travel was discouraged and tourists from abroad were, at best, a nuisance. What wonder ? Who that listened to the

speeches of Pericles, as Thucydides gives them, could have been expected to preserve a sane outlook upon foreigners? What defence more grotesque or more significant could a man have offered at his trial than the defence of Socrates that he never travelled? 'Of all Athenians,' Socrates makes the laws of Athens say to him in the 'Crito' (52),

'you have been the most constant resident in the city, which you never leave and therefore may be supposed to love. You never went out of the city, either to see the games, except once when you went to the Isthmus, or to any other place unless you were on military service; nor did you travel as other men do. You had no curiosity to know other states or their laws: your affections did not go beyond the laws and the polity of Athens.'

Plato was presumably more enlightened than the bulk of his contemporaries. Yet his attitude to foreign travel and to foreigners was such that much of it might still wring rounds of applause from a Nuremberg Rally. 'The intercourse of states with one another,' he says in the 'Laws' (949-51), 'is apt to create a confusion of manners; strangers are always suggesting innovations to strangers. And it is when states are well governed by good laws that the mixture causes the greatest injury.' So Plato's first enactment on travel was stringent: 'No one is to be allowed in any circumstances to go anywhere (*μηδαμὴ μηδαμῶς*) into a foreign country who is under forty years of age; and no one is to travel in a private capacity, but only publicly, as a herald, or on an embassy or a sacred mission.' Official delegations should be sent to take part in ceremonies or games, at Delphi, Olympia, Nemea, or the Isthmus; the delegations being as large as possible, and the best—and also the best-looking—that could be found. 'And when they come home,' he writes, 'they are to teach the young that the institutions of other states are inferior to their own.'

So also, *mutatis mutandis*, with regard to travellers from abroad, whom Plato divides into four categories ('Laws,' 952-3): first, summer business visitors, who are 'like birds of passage, taking wing in pursuit of commerce, and flying over the sea to other cities, while the season lasts'; these should be allowed any necessary

intercourse provided that it is 'as little as possible'; second, mere spectators, who 'should not remain more than a reasonable time' and should leave again 'without either doing harm or receiving it'; third, strangers who come on public business; and fourth, serious students of Platonic institutions, provided they are over fifty years of age. This last class is naturally accorded the best treatment of the four. Plato's views on inns and inn-keeping were of a piece with his general contempt for trade ('Laws,' 918-9), but there were in Greece other more worldly observers who were well aware of the economic advantages of a strong tourist movement. Xenophon, for example, in his 'Public Finance' (III), and the author of the 'Athenian Constitution' (16-17), both discussed at some length the contribution made by foreign residents and visitors to the prosperity of fourth-century Athens. And Xenophon anticipated the practice of certain tourist countries to-day by recommending that the State should devote public money to the building of hotels (*δημόσια καταγώγια*).

We pass from Greece to Rome. 'Germanicus set out for Egypt in order to study antiquities—*Germanicus Aegyptum proficiscitur cognoscendae antiquitatis*.' This sentence from Tacitus ('Annals,' II, 59) is familiar to every schoolboy; not for its intrinsic interest, but because (such is the twist often given to classical study by its teachers) these five words happen to enshrine one or two grammatical curiosities which may at any time be useful for examinations. The fact is, of course, quite apart from grammarians, that any reference to Germanicus' tour of A.D. 19 is bound to be exciting; recalling, as it does, the last days of that romantic scholar-tourist and giving us a glimpse into a spacious world alive with the movement of travellers.

For under the early Roman Empire, as all the evidence suggests, both the facilities for travel and the use made of them were such as were not to be seen again until the nineteenth century. Rome itself, which even under the Republic had been described by Cicero as a community fused of all peoples ('*civitas ex nationum conventu constituta*': 'De Petitione Consulatus,' 14, 54), came more and more to be a hive of tourists—jumping-off place for

Romans and journey's end for travellers from every corner of the known world. Juvenal or Martial might satirise the decay of manners and ascribe it to this intercourse with foreigners. Lucan might regret that Rome was now stuffed with the world's dregs ('mundi fæce repletam,' VII, 405). But there was no denying the facts. The greatest of Rome's spectacles was now the population of her crowded streets: Moorish slaves leading elephants about, as Friedländer describes ('Sittengeschichte Roms,' I, 21—a book to which all students of this subject must be deeply indebted); fair-haired Germans of the Imperial Guard; Egyptians with shorn heads carrying an Isis in procession; a Greek professor, his scrolls in charge of the Nubian at his heels; Oriental princes with coloured, impassive suites; wild men from Britain, staring their eyes out. Seneca, trying to comfort Helvia in her exile, assured her that foreigners exiled in Rome made up more than half of the city's population ('Consolatio ad Helviam,' VI).

A world at peace is likely to be a world that travels. And the Empire, after all, gave the world two and a half centuries of peace, only occasionally and locally interrupted; a condition not realised since. No wonder that tourists were lyrical about this majestic gift. No wonder that Aristides of Smyrna, in the latter half of the second century, could compose his 'Encomium Romæ,' exclaiming (225):

'Now Greeks and barbarians alike can travel at ease where they will, with their baggage or without it, as men merely passing from one home to another. No longer is there any terror in the Cilician Gates or the narrow sandy tracks that lead through Arabia to Egypt; in impenetrable mountains or endless wastes of river or wild barbarian tribes. For security, it is enough to be a Roman; or better still, a Roman subject. What Homer said, that the earth is mankind's, the Romans have accomplished; they have measured it all, bridged the rivers everywhere, cut roads through the mountains, peopled the deserts. They have set everything in order and place.'

So too, Tertullian, a few years later, critical though he naturally was, as a Christian, of much of Roman civilisation:

'The world,' he wrote in the 'De Anima' (30), 'is more cultivated and better equipped than ever before. Every corner of it is now accessible, and known, and busy. Smiling farmsteads have blotted out the savage wilderness, corn-fields have mastered the forest, cattle have put wild beasts to flight. Sands are made fertile, rocks broken, swamps drained. Cities now are as numerous as once houses were. No more are islands a jungle, or rocks forbidding; everywhere are homes, people, government, life.'

And even at the beginning of the fifth century, when the Goths had crossed the Alps and the Empire was crumbling, Roman glory could still inspire a tourist, Rutilius, returning to his home in Gaul along the newly devastated coast, which he describes, to address Rome as queen and goddess whose grandest achievement was the spread of order and law ('De Reditu Suo,' written in A.D. 416).

In the early Empire Roman roads were so efficient and the network of posts so thorough, that the speed of travel was remarkable, especially, of course, for travellers on official business. The 750 miles from Antioch to Constantinople, for example, apparently took under a week; Baiæ, on the Bay of Naples, 140 miles from Rome, could be reached in the day; and, according to Valerius Maximus (v, 5, 3), as much as 200 miles in twenty-four hours were covered on one occasion—by Tiberius when he rode from Ticinum, the modern Pavia, to visit his brother Drusus on sick-bed in Germany. With such lively temptations to travel by land and with fairly regular services by sea also—100 knots a day apparently being quite a normal speed for ships—where did Roman tourists go, and why? To ask why at all is, of course, almost impertinent, since tip-toeing to be off is usually its own explanation. 'Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote, The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote, . . . Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages'; the 'then' is temporal, obviously, not your 'then' of the philosophers. 'Iam ver egelidos refert tepores, Iam mens prætrepidans avet vagari': for Catullus (XLVI), as for Chaucer or Browning, or indeed anyone in his senses, there is no room for 'why,' once April's there.

But if we must have reasons for Roman touring, the author of 'Ætna' can give us them (567 ff.). In his analysis,

history and legend came first. To see stately temples with their ancient treasures, he writes, men braved the sea, greedily hunting out the old tales from people to people; visiting Thebes, perhaps, where travellers became the privileged partakers of a life not their own ('*felicesque alieno intersumus ævo*'); or the Eurotas and Sparta; or Athens, with its tales of Theseus, Philomela, Procne. Or they gazed on the ashes of Troy and saw 'the little mound where great Hector lies.' After history and legend, there was art as motive: Greek pictures and statues kept visitors rooted to the ground ('*Graiae fixos tenuere tabellæ, Signave*')—the Anadyomene, or an Iphigeneia, or a 'living glory' of Myron. And, thirdly, the author of this poem about a volcano very properly adds a plea that tourists should study nature: 'Behold the massive work of nature the craftswoman,' he says ('*Artificis naturæ ingens opus aspice*'); 'you will not find its peer among the sons of men.'

As this reference to the poem '*Ætna*' suggests, Greece was a principal goal for Roman tourists, in imperial as in republican times. In Greece, Rome revered the cradle of her civilisation; every foot was hallowed ground; and though the country had never recovered materially from the ravages begun by Sulla, her very desolation acted as a magnet to Roman visitors. Where a town had been, sheep now fed in front of the Council Chamber, as Dio Chrysostom describes ('*Orat.*, vii, 106 M.); the gymnasium was now a cornfield, with a few marble statues jutting out, or mere pedestals, inscribed with the name of the lost figures. Most travellers, however, visited only cities which were rich in relics of the past, or had preserved and even increased their grandeur under Roman rule: Corinth for the worldly (St. Paul found that); the shrine of Æsculapius at Epidaurus for invalids; above all, and for all, Athens, which seemed, Plutarch said, to have kept the glory of Pericles undimmed after five hundred years ('*Pericles*,' 13, 3).

Roman tourists to Greece commonly visited Asia Minor also, and some of the islands; Rhodes especially, which headed the list of famous places in Horace's 7th Ode (Bk. I: '*Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon*'), and had become by Vespasian's time the most populous and prosperous city in Greece. On the mainland the chief

resorts were Smyrna, famous especially for its schools (Galen was there at one time); and Ilion, mother-city of the Julii and hence the recipient of special privileges and immunities from successive emperors.

No doubt Roman tourists enjoyed their trips to Greece and no doubt many of them profited greatly by them. But their interests were often superficial, their interest in art especially. To have seen a statue or a picture, rather than to see it, was the tourist's objective, Tacitus suggested ('Dialogus De Oratoribus,' 10); and even the curiosity of an Atticus seems to have been very largely for anecdote: 'My own darling Athens,' Cicero makes him say in the 'De Legibus' (II, 2), 'delights me not so much for her splendid buildings or the masterpieces of her ancient art, as by the remembrance of her great men—where they lived, and sat, and talked. I even gaze with earnestness upon their graves.' Guides and guide-books are some indication of the interests of contemporary travellers, and by this test the standard expected of tourists under the Empire was not very high. Presumably not all guides were as tiresome as those who showed Plutarch round Delphi ('de Pyth. Orac.,' 2), mouthing out every syllable of the official patter and refusing to listen to Plutarch's entreaties to stop. But even Pausanias, whose 'Description of Greece' stands peerless among ancient guide-books, is often prolix and uncritical, in the first book especially; and no doubt there was substantial truth in Lucian's dictum, in the 'Philopseudes' (4), that 'if legends were banished from Greece, guides would starve.'

After Greece and Asia Minor, the two chief countries, outside Italy, to which tourists went were Egypt and Sicily—the countries which, with Greece, the younger Pliny described as 'nearest to the learned' ('Ep.,' VIII, 20). Egypt, which had been taken over in 30 B.C. on the death of Cleopatra and Anthony, had at first been treated as the private property of the *princeps*, and closed to ordinary traffic. But with the growing dependence of Rome upon the Egyptian corn-supply, Egypt became opened up more and more. Good grain-ships plied regularly between Puteoli and Alexandria—one of them picked up St Paul at Malta on his journey to Rome (Acts xxviii. 11)—taking tourists to a country utterly

unlike any other which they had ever seen or could see : the light-house at Pharos, one of the seven wonders of the world ; the Nile, with the mystery of its sources and its floods ; the animals and the vegetation ; the customs of the people ; Thebes ; the vocal statue of Memnon, seen by Germanicus, and to many visitors the most attractive object in all Egypt ; the monuments at Memphis ; the pyramids, upon which tourists, then as now, scribbled their names. Of these many tourist inscriptions, perhaps the most beautiful is the one of Trajan's time, in which the sister of Decimus Gentianus laments with tears her brother's absence from the trip, beginning :

' Vidi pyramidas sine te, dulcissime frater,
et tibi quod potui lacrimas hic maesta profudi.'

And then there was Alexandria, the capital, comparatively modern, a place exotic even for Egypt ; with its mixed population of Egyptians, Greeks, Jews, and half-castes ; a city famous for its turbulence and its wit, as Vespasian, Titus, and other emperors had reason to know ; with its bustling commerce ; its library ; its schools (Galen recommended the medical school at Alexandria on the ground that, there, students were given actual limbs to handle) ; its pleasure resorts, especially along the three miles of canal lined with house-boats to Canopus, a place notorious (*famosus* Juvenal calls it : xv, 46) for its dissipation.

For short excursions, outside Italy, the nearest place, of course, was Sicily. The attractions were what they are still : the beauty, the history, the legends of its cities and its countryside ; the winter climate ; Etna, which tourists frequently climbed—Hadrian was up at the summit in time to see the sunrise. Sicily had already become a favourite resort in republican times. There are many references to this tourist traffic in the Verrine speeches, for example, where Cicero in one place declared : ' Most of you ' (he was addressing ordinary jurymen at Rome) ' have seen the quarries at Syracuse for yourselves.' And Ovid in a letter from exile at the Black Sea (II, 10, 21 ff.) recalled to his friend Macer the happy Sicilian tour which they had had together—*te duce*—visiting Etna, the lakes at Enna, the Anapus, Cyane,

Arethusa ; finding, as Heraclitus and his friend had found also, that the day was often too short for talking : ' sæpe dies sermone minor fuit.'

Tourists who did not care to go abroad, could find in Italy itself an abundance of delightful excursions. Under the Republic as under the Empire, the hills near Rome were thickly studded with country houses, like Cicero's favourite near Frascati or Horace's at Tivoli. (What two place-names could one find anywhere more mercilessly tourist than these ?) And the long coast was lined with resorts almost continuously from Ostia down—past Antium, beloved of emperors, home of the Apollo Belvedere and many another masterpiece ; Anxur, where Martial once spent the spring with his friend Faustinus (x, 51, 58) ; Formiæ, which had the attraction, according to Martial, that fish could be caught from the bedroom window (' Sed a cubili lectuloque jactatam Spectatus alte lineam trahit piscis ' : x, 30) ; on to the Bay of Naples, where lay Cumæ, Capri, Naples itself—a city ' to leisure born,' in Ovid's phrase (' in otia natam ' : ' Met.,' xv, 711). It was to Naples that Silius Italicus and many another retired after active life ; it was there that Virgil found the peace in which to write the Eclogues and the Georgics, as the closing lines of the Fourth Georgic gratefully acknowledge.

But the principal resort in the Bay, for health as for pleasure, was Baia. In antiquity, Friedländer writes (' Sittengeschichte Roms,' II, 122 ; cp. Becker's ' Gallus,' p. 85 ff.), nature and art vied to make Baia unique. The incomparable beauty of its position, the magnificence of its palaces and gardens, the abundant luxuries of every kind which it offered, the climate, the deep blue of sea and sky—everything was an invitation to enjoy the moment and forget the world. Carnival followed carnival ; the sea and the Lucrine lake were dotted with countless brightly-painted boats ; from daybreak to sunset and far into the night the whole neighbourhood rang with the songs and music of garlanded merry-makers (' fluitantem toto lacu rosam, canentium nocturna convicia ' : Seneca, ' Ep.,' LI). As a result, the reputation of Baia was mixed : Varro devoted a special satire to it ; Cicero was afraid of being seen there at a time of public anxiety (' ad. Fam.,' IX, 2) ; Propertius implored his

Cynthia to leave it (I, xi). But for five hundred years its pre-eminence as a tourist centre was undisputed.

Biblical sites, in Palestine and elsewhere, were commonly visited by pilgrims—the remains of Noah's ark, for example, and of Lot's wife as a pillar of salt were shown to visitors in Josephus' time ('Ant. Jud.,' xx and 1)—and this sketch of the tourist movement in antiquity may close with a reference to the earliest considerable account of a Christian pilgrimage, the narrative of the Abbess Etheria, discovered in a manuscript in Arezzo fifty years ago. About the year 385 the Abbess set out from Southern Gaul to visit the Holy Land. The first part of her story is lost, but the fragmentary words with which the manuscript happens to open, give the spirit of the whole: '... were pointed out according to the Scriptures' ('... ostendebantur juxta scripturas'). Beginning with an ascent of Mount Sinai, and a visit to the burning bush ('which is alive to this day and throws out shoots'), she crossed the desert under military escort to Goshen, and went from there to Pelusium and along the coast to Palestine and Jerusalem. From Jerusalem she made some long excursions, including an ascent of Mount Nebo, then went by way of Antioch to Edessa in northern Mesopotamia, and, finally, returning to Antioch, passed through Asia Minor to Constantinople, being away from home altogether for four years. In itself the 'Peregrinatio' of this fourth-century Christian tourist is a work of beauty and high value. Historically it is part of the wealth of evidence which suggests that the widespread practice of touring under the Empire contributed materially to the spread of Christianity in its early centuries.

F. W. OGILVIE.

Art. 7.—THE ADVENT OF LABOUR.

1. *Memoirs*. By the Rt. Hon. J. R. Clynes. 2 vols. Hutchinson, 1937.
2. *An Autobiography*. By Philip, Viscount Snowden. 2 vols. Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 1934.
3. *My Story*. By the Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas. Hutchinson, 1937.
4. *Men, Movements and Myself*. By the Lord Snell. Dent, 1935.
5. *My Life*. By George Lansbury. Constable, 1928.
6. *A History of Labour Representation*. By A. W. Humphrey. Constable, 1912.
7. "*England, Arise!*" By Godfrey (Lord) Elton. Cape, 1931.

'THE General Election which . . . took place in January 1906 was one of the most disgraceful ever held in my lifetime. . . . The stories of Chinese Slavery and indentured labour were worked up to convey the impression that such conditions were unknown till introduced into the mines of South Africa. I have often felt ashamed of my own part in this campaign of gross distortion and misrepresentation.'

Those words expressed the unanimous view of the Tory Party of that day and might well have been written by one of the many Unionist politicians who went down in the débâcle of 1906. They were, in fact, written by an eminent Socialist—Mr George Lansbury.* But men of all parties have now come to see that the real portent of that Election was not the scattering of the Unionist host, nor the return, after twenty years' wandering in the desert of Opposition, of the Liberals—no fewer than 377 strong. Nor was it the return of 83 Irish Nationalists, whose numbers had hardly varied since 1884 when the Franchise Act of that year had first given them their ascendancy in Southern Ireland. The portent of the Election unquestionably was the advent to the House of Commons of a new Fourth Party.

The new Party had run 50 candidates, of whom 29 were successful. Elected under the auspices of the Labour Representation Committee they were pledged

* 'My Life,' p. 202.

to act independently of any other Party, under their own leaders, with their own Whips and Party organisation. These 29 members had polled in the aggregate 337,573 votes ; but they did not represent the whole force of 'Labour' in the new Parliament. In addition to the Independent Group there were 10 Liberal-Labour members as well as 14 miners' representatives who, though accepting the Liberal Whip, were generally to be found in the lobby with their new allies. One Liberal-Labour member, Mr John Burns, was admitted to the Cabinet as President of the Local Government Board, and soon proved himself, to the dismay of his former associates, to be an exceptionally strong administrator. Among the 29 Labour-Socialists returned to Parliament for the first time were Arthur Henderson, F. W. Jowett, G. N. Barnes, J. Hodge, Stephen Walsh, J. R. Clynes, and Philip Snowden, all destined to attain Cabinet rank.

Lord Snowden tells of an interesting *rencontre* with one of the policemen when he first appeared in the lobby. 'I've been looking for this day coming,' said the officer, 'for many years. We police ain't expected to have politics, but I can talk to you, sir. Your Party's needed here.' 'They may need you for us before long,' suggested Mr Snowden. 'Oh well, sir, if it comes to that,' retorted the officer, 'you will find that we shall carry you out very gently.' 'In the smoke room and the inner lobby, wherever members congregated,' adds Snowden, 'the topic of conversation was the new force in Parliament. The surprise and curiosity so evident in the country at the return of the Labour members were manifest in the House of Commons too. There seemed to be a general feeling among members akin to that which one experiences before an impending great change. Old members confessed that they did not expect things to go on as before ; that for weal or for woe we were beginning a new era in Parliamentary history.' The prescience was justified ; a new era had opened.

When the history of the new era comes to be written the chronicler will not lack an abundance of 'original authorities' to lighten—or complicate—his task. To those 'authorities' the first five of the books prefixed to this article will assuredly make for all time an important, an indispensable contribution. All are autobiographies,

and evidently to that species of literature Labour leaders have, quite naturally, a special inclination. For the list might be almost indefinitely extended. To mention only a few. In 1901 Henry Broadhurst, stonemason, Trade Unionist, Member of Parliament, and the first manual worker to hold Ministerial office (1886), published the 'Story of His Life, told by Himself.' Robert Smillie, miner and Member of Parliament, published (1924) 'My Life for Labour.' Mr Will Thorne, M.P., who has represented West Ham continuously in Parliament ever since 1906, and still, happily, does so with all the vigour of an octogenarian, published 'My Life's Battle' in 1925. J. Keir Hardie, pioneer of independent Labour representation in Parliament and the first Chairman of the new Party in 1906, has been the subject of several biographies and published (N.D.) a collection of his 'Speeches and Writings.'

Special interest, however, attaches to the five autobiographies prefixed to this article. They relate the life stories of men whose personal careers are nothing short of romantic, and whose contribution to the history of English politics is definitely important. Two of them held office as Secretaries of State, a third as Chancellor of the Exchequer. The fourth was Under-Secretary of State for India and until recently combined the functions of leader of the Labour Party in the House of Lords with those of Chairman of the London County Council. The fifth was First Commissioner of Works, and for a short time led the Opposition in the House of Commons.

Mr Lansbury stands, if not quite by himself, somewhat apart from the other four. Though always a poor man and sharing the life of the poor, he has been for the greater part of his life not an employee but an employer, and has made his contribution to the Socialist Movement rather as local administrator than in Parliament. Pre-eminently associated with what is known as 'Poplarism,' he has been defiant both of the bureaucracy and of Parliament, for which, as at present organised, he has little use. His Socialism, though of the most advanced type, is without bitterness, though not without scorn, and plainly proceeds from the heart, not the head. Politically he inclines to Direct rather than Parliamentary Democracy; he would introduce, on the model of Switzerland, the Popular

Initiative and the Referendum, and even, following the disastrous example of some American States, would adopt the principle of the Recall. He would abolish the Prime Minister and all other Ministers and, after the manner of the London County Council, would give various Parliamentary Committees the control over the permanent officials. In fine, he is not, in our English sense, a Parliamentarian. But Mr Lansbury is *sui generis*. His career has not lacked a romantic element, but it is romance of a somewhat different order from that of his four colleagues.

They all started life in the humblest circumstances. J. R. Clynes is the son of an Irish labourer who migrated to Oldham and worked for a wage which never exceeded 24s. a week. The father could neither read nor write, but in the son were planted the seeds of a literary gift which he has cultivated with admirable results. The lad started his industrial career, at ten years of age, as a half-time piecer in an Oldham mill. He worked from 6 a.m. until noon for 2s. 6d. a week, and spent the afternoon at school. Having managed to save sixpence, he spent it on the purchase of an old second-hand dictionary! That was 'the key that was to unlock the treasure-house of the world for me.' The passage in which Mr Clynes tells the story of his purchase is the most beautiful in the whole two volumes of his 'Memoirs,' and the temptation to quote a few sentences from it is irresistible:

'How I pored over that dictionary! . . . I skipped all the ordinary words. The rest I wrote down and repeated over and over again, syllable by syllable. I worked through the dictionary for months from *A* to *Zymic*. Some of the words I loved, and these I wrote down far more often than I need have done, because of the pleasure they were to the eye, and the caress of the syllables to the ear. Each time the roll and rush of them delighted me more. Merely words, and the beautiful sound of the best of them; the swinging rhythm of perfectly balanced sentences that grew out of them; the emotions they could call forth—it was with these intangible playthings that I spent my evenings during one of the happiest periods of my life.'

That was the beginning. A further expenditure of eightpence gave Mr Clynes possession of 'Cobbett's Grammar,' and to its merits he pays a tribute in a Preface

contributed to a recent edition of that famous work. But he soon felt the need of guidance in his studies, and he obtained it by reading to three old blind men for three-pence a week. That helped to more purchases of books, and the lad read much in Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin, and Renan. From reading he passed to writing and speaking; thence to Trade Union organisation; and so in 1906 to his amazing victory in the Miles Platting Division of Manchester. Mr Clynes's political career has been eminently successful, though not unmixed with some measure of disappointment. After the War he had every reason to expect that if ever a Socialist Ministry took office he would be at the head of it. That expectation was shared by all his colleagues of all parties in the House of Commons. It was not to be. Mr Clynes does not conceal his disappointment, a disappointment accentuated by Mr MacDonald's subsequent career. But no one could have accepted it with greater dignity. 'His loyalty,' wrote MacDonald, 'has been magnificent, and has set for everyone an example so conspicuously fine that no one can fail to be moved by it.'

The future Chancellor of the Exchequer, unlike the future Home Secretary, was never a manual worker or a Trade Unionist. But his origins were hardly less humble. Born in a two-roomed cottage in a moorland village in the West Riding, Philip Snowden was descended from a long line of Yorkshire weavers and was himself a Yorkshireman to the marrow. His parents were staunch Radicals and Non-conformists, and the son inherited much of their fervour. Apart from his parents, both of whom were of high intelligence, Snowden got his education at the board school and the Sunday school. He escaped the weaving shed by becoming a pupil teacher, but when his parents moved into Lancashire he became a clerk in an insurance office. The wages, he tells us, were good and the hours were short enough to give the ambitious lad leisure for study. To such good purpose did he use it that he passed a Civil Service Examination and became a 'Gauger and Surveyor of Inland Revenue.' While in that Service a cycling accident crippled him for life, and though his post was kept open for him during two years' slow convalescence, he could not resume his work, and turned instead to journalism and political propaganda. The

reading and reflection facilitated by his long illness had converted him from his hereditary Radicalism to Socialism. His enthusiasm for his new creed developed rapidly, and as journalist and lecturer he devoted himself to the movement for the independent representation of Labour in Parliament. Snowden himself stood for Blackburn at the 'Khaki' Election of 1900, and though two Conservatives were returned, polled no fewer than 7095 votes—'by far the biggest [vote] which up to that time had been polled by a Socialist candidate in Great Britain.' He became Chairman of the I.L.P. in 1903, and in 1906 was returned for Blackburn.

Lord Snell's 'autobiography' is in some respects the most interesting of all. His writing reaches the same high standard as his speaking, but the outstanding feature of his book is its large charity. He rarely, if ever, speaks ill of any man. His attitude towards the crisis of 1931 is typical.

'I did not,' he writes, 'accept without qualification the explanation that, in order to gratify his personal vanity, Mr MacDonald determined at all costs to betray colleagues with whom he had worked for two generations. Neither could I join the ignoble chorus of those who asserted that Mr Henderson, Mr Webb, and Mr Lansbury and others whose record of service was as long and honourable as that of the Prime Minister himself had "cowardly run away" from their responsibilities. . . . The separation of these old and tried servants of the Labour Cause occurred during a crisis which was not of their making, a crisis which required hurried decisions on matters that were as yet obscure, and about which not only the ablest minds, but also the oldest friends, might reasonably differ. The result was separation, and lamentably bitter speech on both sides' (pp. 251-2).

Yet this large-minded and tolerant man might well have been embittered by the struggles of his early years. His parents were agricultural workers living in the Trent Valley, where Lord Snell was born in 1865. He himself started work in the fields at eight years of age. His first tasks were 'the care of grazing cattle and the frightening of rooks and pigeons from near-by sown fields of corn or peas or from the ripening crops.' The child's wages for a day of from ten to twelve hours or even longer varied from fourpence to sixpence. Before he was ten he began

to work as a regular 'day-lad' on various farms, where he started work at six a.m. after a two-mile walk. At the age of twelve he left home, being engaged at the annual 'hiring' fair as an indoor servant at a farm near Southwell. That place he presently exchanged for employment as an 'amalgam of groom, potboy, and ferryman' at an inn near Nottingham. Then followed his 'first experience of the misery associated with prolonged unemployment,' ended only by an engagement at 14s. a week as a potboy in a public house. The only happy result of that employment was to make Lord Snell for the rest of his life a total abstainer.

Such leisure as the lad of fifteen enjoyed he devoted to open-air meetings, where he listened to addresses for the most part from Radicals and Secularists. Among the speakers was Charles Bradlaugh, of whom Lord Snell became a devoted if not uncritical disciple. 'I have never,' he wrote, 'been so influenced by a human personality as by Charles Bradlaugh, the most imposing human being that I have ever known.' As a result young Snell joined the Nottingham branch of the National Secular Society. He read its literature eagerly, with an ever-deepening interest in the Bible, which he knew well. He then joined a Unitarian Chapel and School, but was requested to leave the school as his 'advanced opinions' were regarded by the authorities as dangerous. He was deeply hurt; and thereupon said good-bye to 'Institutional' religion, retreating into 'the sure and quiet comfort of my own soul.' He needed all the comfort he could get, for unemployment and hunger were his frequent lot; but 'the spiritual depression and moral agony' he endured, though 'indelible,' have left no bitterness. The Mechanics' Institute at Nottingham and the University College gave him the opportunity of learning French (in which he became so proficient as to act, later on, as a guide to travel parties) and of reading widely—Herbert Spencer and Mill, Darwin and Huxley, Lyall and Tylor, Tyndall and Lubbock, Tom Paine, Renan, Strauss, and others. Membership of a debating society deepened his interest in philosophy and politics, and stimulated by William Morris and Henry George he became a speaker for the Social Democratic Federation. He worked hard for John Burns when in 1885 the latter stood as a Socialist

for West Nottingham, polling only 596 against 6639 for the Liberal and 3797 for the Tory. But that represented a triumph. Of the two Social Democratic Federation candidates one polled 32 at Kennington and the other 27 at Hampstead. But the resentment of the working-class Radicals against the intrusion of the independent Socialists was, says Lord Snell, 'almost unbelievable.'

Friendship with a Nottingham curate, the Rev C. H. Grinling, led, on the latter's promotion to Woolwich, to Lord Snell's removal to London (1890), where he became Assistant-Secretary to the Woolwich C. O. S. at a salary of 25s. a week. His fortune was made. He read much of economic history and theory, ethics, and anthropology. He trained himself as a speaker, lectured in the Park every Sunday, and four or five times a week all over the country, for the Fabian and similar societies. The pay was 15s. a lecture, with travelling expenses. When Mr Hewins was appointed first Director of the London School of Economics Lord Snell became his secretary. Of Mr Hewins he says that 'he provided the Protectionist Party with most of the facts and nearly all the brains at its disposal.' The first half of this statement is true; the second is untrue and perhaps the only trace of malice in a book remarkably free from it.

In 1898 Lord Snell became a lecturer and organiser for the Ethical Society, work which interested him even more than politics and economics, and led moreover to a 'Sabbatical year' spent at Heidelberg. He had already visited France and Switzerland, and subsequently he went on Parliamentary business to Palestine, British Guiana, and South Africa. His first attempts to enter Parliament were made at Huddersfield, where he was defeated at both Elections of 1910 and 1918. In 1919, however, he was elected to represent Woolwich on the London County Council, and in 1922 entered Parliament as a member for that constituency. In the House of Commons he quickly and quietly distinguished himself.

Mr Thomas's story is in many respects parallel with that of his colleagues, but he touches more lightly on his 'beginnings.' That may be partly due to a cheerful temperament or to the fact that though he started as a nine-year-old errand-boy to a Newport chemist at 4s. a week, he soon got his feet on the lowest rung of a ladder

that led directly to power—industrial and political. The railway service is no blind alley, and though Thomas started at the bottom as an engine cleaner, his progress was uninterrupted. Membership of the Swindon Town Council gave him administrative experience; zeal on behalf of his mates, combined with conspicuous courage and ability, led to his rapid advance in his Trade Union. Ultimately he became General Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, a position in which he wielded immense power and used it, on the whole, sagaciously and to the common good. All the more deeply did he feel the compulsory severance of his connection with the Union and the insulting manner in which his pension was refused. 'Throughout the whole of my life,' he writes with touching simplicity,

'I have never done anything but work on the railways and for railwaymen. My life was dedicated to their interests. I had seen the Union grow into the most powerful organisation in the world. I had seen wages doubled, official recognition obtained, and the eight-hour day secured. In fact, from being the often quoted poor, downtrodden railwaymen of thirty years ago, they had become the most independent, self-reliant body of organised workers in the country. . . .'

How much of political adroitness and real statesmanship Mr Thomas had himself learnt from his industrial experience was brilliantly illustrated by his treatment of the difficult problem of the Ulster boundary. All who heard the speech* with which, as Colonial Secretary, he wound up for the Government in the debate on that question, Oct. 1, 1924, would agree that it was one of the most impressive to which they ever listened in the House. And it was eminently characteristic of a man whose influence has almost invariably been thrown on the side of accommodation and peace.

The autobiographies of these Labour leaders have been treated in some detail partly by reason of the remarkable personalities they reveal, partly because they throw much light upon the extraordinarily rapid progress made by the Party which their authors have done much to create, and not least because they suggest a question of

* 177 H.C. Deb. 5 s, pp. 269 ff.

great psychological and political interest. The question may be formulated thus. Suppose these men had been born not in the middle 'sixties (Mr Thomas is ten years junior to the rest) but half a century later, would their personalities have been so impressive or their careers have developed along the same lines? That Mr Clynes, Lord Snowden, and Lord Snell were endowed with exceptionally good brains is evident. But had they been born since the War, how would their careers have shaped? Some hardships their birth might have entailed on them, but they would have known nothing of child-labour, they would in each case have gone from the elementary school to the secondary school, and almost certainly have proceeded with scholarships to the university. What then? They might possibly have become Trade Union organisers, as do many Ruskin College students, and by that route have found their way into Parliament. Or, with an assured 600*l.* a year in prospect, they might have gone, as brilliant university graduates, direct into politics. More probably, with their keen literary appetites, they would have become teachers in a university or a school, or, likeliest of all, they would have gone into the higher division of the Civil Service. But assuming—and the assumption is not quite safe—that the purely scholastic training had improved or at least not impaired their brain-power, they would certainly have lacked the discipline which, hard as it was, developed such remarkable characters. These speculations, interesting though they are, cannot be pursued. Having safely landed all five leaders in Parliament, it is time to turn from the men to the movement they served with such devotion and success.

All five autobiographers had this in common: they were all ardent Socialists and all were convinced that the Socialist Utopia would never be realised unless and until the Socialist Party cut itself clear from any association with the Liberal Party and established itself as an independent Party in Parliament under its own leaders, with its own Whips and its own Party organisation. Two dangers threatened the embryo Party: one from within, the other from without: one from the wage-earners themselves, the other from the Liberal Party. The older Trade Unionists were by no means politically solid:

some voted Liberal, many voted Conservative, and on the question of wage-earners in Parliament they were less than luke-warm. Yet no sooner had Disraeli, in 1867, 'shot Niagara,' than a demand was raised for direct Labour representation. At the General Election of 1868 three working men, W. R. Cremer, George Howell, and E. O. Greening, went to the poll; but though they all stood as Radicals, they polled in the aggregate only 4012 votes. Not one of them was elected.

The Labour Representation League was formed in 1869, and at the Southwark by-election in 1870 George Odger was nominated as a 'Labour' candidate. The result was to let in a Tory. At the General Election of 1874 fifteen working men stood, but with one exception all as Radicals. The exception was Thomas Burt, a miner, who was returned for Morpeth. Another miner, Alexander Macdonald, was elected for Stafford. Both men were paid by their Unions, but in the House accepted the Liberal Whip, as did Henry Broadhurst, a stonemason who joined his two colleagues in 1880 and in February 1886 was appointed by Mr Gladstone to an Under-Secretaryship. He was the first working man to attain Ministerial rank, but, though he remained in Parliament until 1906, he never joined the Socialist Party. Like Burt, Broadhurst had no stomach for the class war advocated by the more fiery Trade Unionists. Thomas Burt held minor office in Mr Gladstone's last and Lord Rosebery's only Ministry (1892-1895), and in 1906 was sworn of the Privy Council. Until his retirement in 1918 he continued to sit for Morpeth, having become the 'Father of the House.'

The enfranchisement of the farm labourers in 1884 opened the doors of Parliament to Joseph Arch, a skilled hedge-cutter who had successfully organised the Agricultural Labourers' Union. With several other 'Lib-Labs' he lost his seat in 1886, but, in the same company, was returned in 1892, and remained in Parliament until 1902. The Election of 1892 was memorable for the return of two independent Socialists, James Keir Hardie and Mr John Burns, an engineer who had become prominent in connection with the Dockers' Strike of 1889. Mr Burns, though a Socialist, acted generally with the Liberal Party and ultimately (1906) entered a Liberal Cabinet. Keir

Hardie was a Scottish miner who in 1886 became secretary of the Scottish Miners' Federation, and in 1888 stood as a Labour candidate against both the Liberal and Conservative at a by-election for Mid-Lanark. He polled only 617 votes out of 7381, but the contest is regarded by all historians of the Labour Movement as the most momentous that had, up till that time, been fought. When, four years later, Hardie was elected, his arrival with friends in a wagonette at Westminster was accompanied by a cornet-player on the box, and he himself continued to attract attention to his unique position by ostentatious singularities of costume. Yet the blaring escort and the cloth deerstalker cap had a real significance. They announced the advent of a new Parliamentary Party, the opening of a new chapter in the history of English politics.

Nor were prescient Liberals blind to its significance. 'By 1885 the Liberal Party,' writes Lord Snowden, 'had seen the necessity of admitting Labour representatives and they allowed the Trade Unions a clear run in a number of constituencies' (I, p. 55). But Keir Hardie's independent candidature at Mid-Lanark alarmed them. Sir George Trevelyan personally interviewed him and on behalf of the Liberal Party promised him a safe seat and a salary of 300*l.* a year if he would withdraw. He indignantly refused, and Lord Snell characterises the incident as 'an affront for which [the Liberal Party] was never forgiven' (p. 145). He adds, however, characteristically, 'Sir George Trevelyan was a gentleman and he did not mean to be offensive, but his proposal revealed the sort of relationship that was desired between Labour representatives and the Liberal Party.' The relationship was not established. On the contrary, the Labour Party, ever increasing in independence, went from strength to strength.

For the formation of that Party Keir Hardie was mainly responsible. It was formally inaugurated at Bradford in January 1893 at a conference attended by 115 representatives of Trade Unions and Socialist Societies. Keir Hardie was elected chairman, and among the delegates were Mr Bernard Shaw, representing the Fabians, Tom Mann, Ben Tillett, and Robert Smillie, who could speak for the new Unionism, and Robert Blatchford, at that time editor of an influential Socialist newspaper

'The Clarion.' The new Party was frankly Socialistic; its primary object being to finance Parliamentary candidates and members, pledged, in complete independence of existing Parties, to work for 'the collective ownership of all the means of production, distribution, and exchange.' The Trade Unions were very far from unanimous in support of the new Party and the new policy. But the Trade Union Congress of 1899 resolved, in spite of strong opposition from two important Unions, to summon a special conference to devise means of increasing the number of Labour members. That conference met in February 1900, and from it Mr Ramsay MacDonald dated the birth of the Labour Party. Of the Labour Representation Committee, there and then appointed, Mr MacDonald became the first secretary.

The Committee had a hard struggle to maintain its existence. Only about 5 per cent. of the Trade Unions affiliated themselves to the new Party; the Social Democratic Federation soon withdrew from it; the Fabians looked somewhat askance at it; and the miners, definitely hostile, continued to run their own Liberal-Labour candidates. In 1900 the new Party claimed a membership of only 375,932 persons. At the General Election of that year its candidates polled, in the aggregate, only 62,698 votes. Fifteen candidates went to the poll, but only two were successful, Keir Hardie and Richard Bell, a railwayman who was returned for Derby. At the Election of 1906 the Party ran 50 candidates, and, as already mentioned, 29 of them were returned, the aggregate vote having risen to 323,195. What had increased their vote fivefold since 1900? Unquestionably the most powerful impulse came from the judgment of the House of Lords in the famous Taff Vale case. The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants had to pay 23,000*l.* in damages and an almost equal amount in costs. But that was not the worst. The judgment meant that Trade Unions were deprived of the immunity which they had enjoyed under the Acts of 1871 to 1876, and were liable for wrongs done by their agents. This came as a great surprise to the public and caused nothing less than dismay to Trade Unionists. If that was the law the law must be altered, and altered it was by the Act of 1906. That Act was a triumph for the new Party.

In 1909, however, the Party once more found its progress obstructed by the Courts. The Party had been financed mainly by means of a weekly levy on the members of Trade Unions. Mr W. H. Osborne, the secretary of the Walthamstow branch of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, sought to restrain his Union from applying funds subscribed for industrial benefit purposes to the support of members returned to Parliament to advocate views opposed to those of himself and many fellow members. He obtained judgment in his favour both from the Court of Appeal and the House of Lords. His Union expelled him. Again he appealed to the Courts, which decided that his expulsion was *ultra vires*. Osborne's victory was followed by numerous injunctions against expenditure on political objects. Consternation spread through the ranks of the Labour Party. But fortune favoured them once more. The Elections of 1910 made the Liberal Party dependent on the votes of the Irish Nationalists and of the Labour Party, who in December 1910 returned 42 out of their 56 candidates.

In order to meet the immediate difficulty caused by the Osborne judgment the House of Commons in 1911 voted a salary of 400*l.* a year to all its members. Two years later it passed an Act commonly known as the Political Levy Act. Briefly, that Act authorised a Trade Union to form a political fund, provided that the fund was a separate one, that its formation had been approved by a ballot of the members, and that any member was entitled, without sacrifice of benefit, to claim exemption from contribution to the fund. Admittedly a compromise, the Act did not work well; to 'contract out' demanded more courage than could be expected, for instance, from a Conservative collier living in an isolated mining village. Consequently, in 1927 an Act was passed which, *inter alia*, reversed the process prescribed in 1913. 'Contracting in' was substituted for 'contracting out,' and the onus was placed upon those who wished to subscribe, not upon those who refused to do so. The general effect of both judicial decisions and legislative enactments has, however, been to identify the fortunes of the Labour Party with those of the Trade Unions. Down to the time when the Labour Party first took office (1924) the Trade Unions

supplied nearly nine-tenths of the Labour Party membership and a very large proportion of its funds.

The Election of 1923 had reduced the Conservatives from 347 to 259, but left them still the largest Party in the new House. The Liberal groups, temporarily reconciled and uneasily reunited, returned 158 strong; the Socialists numbered 191. Mr Asquith held the key position. Had he been willing to unite with or even promise consistent support to the Conservatives, Mr Baldwin might have retained office. Or Asquith might himself have taken office, relying on Conservative support which could hardly have been withheld. He decided, however, to combine with the Socialists to turn out the Conservatives, and to give Labour its chance of showing what it could do in office. 'If a Labour Government is ever to be tried in this country, as it will be sooner or later, it could hardly be tried under safer conditions.' So he justified his decision at the time, and to the end of his life he maintained that it was the right one.

But there was another alternative. The King might have insisted on a dissolution and (in effect) have asked the country for a clearer verdict. To that solution of the difficulty there were obvious objections, but Mr Asquith maintained that had the King taken that course he would have been well within his Constitutional rights. I respectfully agreed with Mr Asquith at the time, and in the teeth of some learned criticism I have steadily adhered to that opinion. The result of Mr Asquith's decision was to put the Socialists into office for the first time. But it was a Government on sufferance; and the sufferance only lasted nine months. In October 1924 the Liberals combined with the Conservatives to turn the MacDonald Ministry out. Parliament was dissolved; and the Election returned the Conservatives in overwhelming force (413). The Socialists lost 40 seats, but the outstanding and somewhat paradoxical feature of the Election was the rout of the Liberals. In the new House they could count only 40 members, having lost no fewer than 118 seats. Asquith himself was defeated at Paisley and with him went down almost all his old colleagues.

Mr MacDonald at once resigned. Mr Baldwin took office, and having held it for more than five years, appealed in 1929 to an electorate based, for the first

time, on adult suffrage. The emancipated young woman showed little gratitude to her emancipators. From a rather confused Election the Socialists emerged as the largest single Party in the House, with 287 members against 259 Conservatives and 59 Liberals. For a second time Mr MacDonald took office, but again without a clear Parliamentary majority. And again he was dogged by misfortunes. Hardly was he in the saddle before an economic tornado swept through the world, completely dislocating international trade, flinging into chaos national currencies, and reducing international exchange to a gamble. A minority Government could not stand up against the blizzard, and in August 1931 it gave place to a National Government headed by Mr MacDonald and containing members of all Parties. Twice, subsequently, the Country endorsed with emphasis that arrangement.

This bald survey suggests more than one question. One must suffice. What effect has the advent of the Labour Party produced upon the House of Commons?

The camaraderie of the House, its happiest characteristic, remains unimpaired; all its members mingle as freely as ever on equal terms, but they mingle as colleagues in a Legislative Assembly, not as members of a club. It is, indeed, commonly said that as a Legislature the British Parliament is a factor of diminishing importance in the economy of the State. True it is that during the War Parliament counted for little and that the Executive inevitably gained ground at the expense of the Legislature. True also that, *vis à vis* the Executive, the French Chamber exercises greater power than the House of Commons. But to describe the English Parliament as legislatively impotent is grotesquely untrue. On the contrary, indications multiply that its influence, so far from waning, is waxing. The Coal Bill and the Population Bill supply two recent and striking examples. The drastic alterations in those Bills were effected by the House of Commons after their introduction. What few people realise is the influence exerted by the House on draft Bills *before* they are submitted to it for criticism. Every competent draftsman is alert to discover the line of least resistance. And it is at this stage that the influence of minorities is most potent. No one who con-

templates the content of recent legislation can doubt that the presence in the House of a compact body of Socialists, even though a minority, has exercised and will exercise an immense influence upon legislation.

Should that minority be converted into a majority it is to be presumed that similar conditions will apply, and that the influence of a Conservative minority, if unperceived, will not be negligible. But that presumption depends upon the fulfilment of a condition. The condition is that all Parties in the Country remain constant in adherence to the forms, to the methods, and to the spirit of Representative Democracy and refuse to make obeisance to the idols of Direct Democracy. The impatience of left-wing Socialists with the 'dilatory' methods of Parliamentary Democracy is, indeed, manifest. Nevertheless for England to adopt the machinery of Direct Democracy would not only make her false to her own age-long tradition, it would forfeit the admiration of the many peoples who still look to her to act, in domestic no less than in international affairs, as *la puissance médiatrice*; repudiating, with equal emphasis, the methods of Communism and Fascism:

'Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes.'

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

Art. 8.—‘DON ROBERTO.’

1. *El Mogreb al Acksa*. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Heinemann, 1898.
2. *A Vanished Arcadia*. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Heinemann, 1901.
3. *Cunninghame Graham*. By Professor H. Faulkner West. Cranley and Day, 1932.
4. *Don Roberto*. By A. F. Tschiffely. Heinemann, 1937.

I HAD ridden across the sands from ‘Tanja of the Nazarenos,’ as the Moors call Tangier, to the palace that Walter B. Harris, the far-travelled correspondent of ‘The Times,’ had built a few miles from the town. He welcomed me with words good to hear—‘Come in and meet Cunninghame Graham.’ A quarter of an hour later we three were at table, talking of the state of the interior, the rigorous rule of Ba Hamed, the Sultan’s black Wazeer, the growth of French influence, the indifference of the British Government, and all the other stock political topics, spiced with references to the riding feats of Bibi Carleton, the hunting exploits of Pepe Ratto, and the craft of Sid bu Bekr, Government agent in South Morocco. Cunninghame Graham wanted to see Morocco left to the Moors ; I, who had sat at the feet of Sir Robert Drummond Hay, son of our greatest minister to the Moorish Court, wanted to see Great Britain dominant ; Walter Harris favoured France. But we found agreement in hunting and horsemanship and listened with delight to some of ‘Don Roberto’s’ stories of his imprisonment in South Morocco by the Kaid of Kintafi. When we had left our host, he and I rode back to the city together and arranged to meet again. It was the beginning of a friendship that lasted to the year of his death.

A fortnight before he left for South America we lunched together for the last time. ‘Don’t go, Don Roberto,’ I pleaded ; ‘you are old in body, even if you are young in spirit ; the body can’t endure great fatigue, and if you are ill you cannot have the advantage of doctors who know you. Many of your friends feel as I do ; don’t leave us.’ He caressed his beard with a familiar gesture, then brushed back the thinning hair from his forehead and raised his glass, ‘I shall be back again in the spring,’ he

said gaily; 'have no fears. I'm glad you liked the preface. I didn't have leisure or it would have been a better one. Let us walk down Regent Street together: I have the time.' He had just graced a book of mine with an introduction, the last essay he wrote in England if I am not mistaken. At the Circus we parted for good and all. Between the first encounter and the last there was a space of nearly forty years. Sometimes one or more would pass without a meeting, but there might be months in the London season when we would have several evenings together at Covent Garden, for we were both devoted to grand opera. Now and again he stayed with me in Essex or I visited him at Ardoch, and there was that in his outlook on men, women, and life so stimulating that any occasion shared partook of the nature of a memorable event. Thirty years after I had dedicated my first country book to him, he wrote that introduction to one of its successors. From time to time he sent me long letters in the strangest handwriting in the world; indeed, he said that some ladies who kept a secretarial bureau in Glasgow were the only people who could read it accurately. Always kind, his reviews of forgotten books of mine on Morocco and Spain were most generous; he put me up for his club, admitted me freely to his philosophy of life and allowed me to see a large number of the facets of his personality.

Now in the latter day, sitting before his photograph, re-reading his books and letters, I take what comfort remains for the loss of that stimulating friendship. He will live in his books and sketches long after the last of us who were his companions have followed him; for those who know how to look for it, there is something of 'Don Roberto' in every book he wrote, something of his pity for suffering, something of his appreciation of the tragedy of the inarticulate. Aristocrat to the finger-tips, he was essentially democratic. I have been with him in the company of a shepherd and a Prime Minister, and there was nothing to suggest that he felt greater deference was due to one than to the other; indeed, his comment on the shepherd was the more flattering. He passed through life the friend of all classes, a man possessed of every social gift, a well-read student of affairs, a linguist, a fine story-teller, and the master of a style that was as intensely individual as that of Anatole France. With such a man

modesty must have partaken of hypocrisy, but in all the long years of our association I never heard him talk of any achievement other than horsemanship, and then it was largely technical, designed to explain how men who love horses should handle them and how horses that love men respond. He would not hunt, after the South American days and a brief experience of pig-sticking in Morocco ; he would not shoot. When he came to stay with me on a small moor I rented in the Border Highlands, I laid the gun aside for the term of his visit, and so did two friends who were with me at the time ; this was not premeditated, it was a tacit compliment. I think he included fishing among blood sports, though his home at Ardoch near Dumbarton had been built for a fishing lodge by his grandfather and salmon were to be found then in those rather turbid waters.

Whether in South America, the country he loved best, or Morocco and Spain, of which he wrote with so much sympathy and discernment, or in London, where he was fêted but unspoiled, his work was always the expression of a fundamental attitude towards life, sympathy with the underdog, contempt for the idols of the marketplace. He could dream of a Paradise for horses—

'a great prairie with the wind sweeping over the perennial grasses till they roll like waves. Pasture shall never wither there, nor lose its succulence. Water shall never fail. . . . All shall be fresh and green. . . . All (the horses) shall be sweet, harmless, and innocent, as they were in their Calvary on earth. Justice, deaf, blind, and futile as she has always been in this world, there shall recover sight and hearing, and the perception of the meaning of her name.'

He was old in years when he wrote those lines and had, I think, despaired of fair play for the animal world, but he could and did set an example, denouncing with tongue and pen the lack of imagination that made their calamities of so long life. He rode to the last and he never owned a motor car ; that was his tribute to horses. In the days of his youth, in company with William Morris and Hyndman and John Burns, he had been active for socialism both in the House of Commons and in Trafalgar Square ; imprisonment followed when he defied the police, and though he made light of the experience, his mother told

me in later years that it had left an indelible mark. By the way, there was nothing more noticeable about him than his devotion to his mother, the Hon. Mrs Bontine, who lived to approach her hundredth year and was mentally active when she was ninety-five. In her pleasant home in Chester Square all manner of men and women gathered, great ladies of the old régime, poets, artists, men of letters, of music, pictures, and books; and she could speak to all with quiet authority. Sometimes in the morning or afternoon, whenever he was in London, 'Don Roberto' would be announced and her happiness would be complete. She had lost one son, Malise, in the days of his youth, and she spoke of him to me, only a year before she died, with real emotion, asking if I thought that in the time so near to her now she would see him again. A second son, Commander Charles Cunninghame Graham, gentleman-in-waiting to King Edward and King George V and keenest of keen sportsmen, died tragically. I was chatting with him one night towards the end of a London season in the foyer of the opera house. 'Congratulate me,' he said, 'I shall be on duty at Balmoral next month, and that will mean some deer-stalking.' He was a fine figure of a man, vigorous, athletic, a musician, and no less genial than Don Roberto himself. He went off in the best of spirits and on the Highland hills overstrained his heart, and was condemned to nurse an aneurism until it killed him. His son, a distinguished naval officer, and his daughter, the wife of another sailor who was equerry to King George and Master of the Duke of York's household, were Don Roberto's only relatives. But for one devoted friend who was with him to the end, I think the last years must have been a little empty. He had been a widower since 1906; his wife Gabriela had died at the early age of forty-five; she was a girl when they met and married, and she lies by his side on the Island of Inchmahone. Many of the old friends had drunk the cup a round or two before, and though he knew everybody and everybody knew him, there was an inner man very hard to reach.

In the years when we met first, he was struggling hard to save the family estate of Gartmore with the mansion-house where Sir Walter Scott wrote a great part of 'Rob Roy.' He and Gabriela, poet, mystic, theosophist,

strove valiantly side by side, as she had done during hard times in South America, where she had even served with him in a store. But the struggle was vain, the estate passed. Years later he said to me : ' I'm a rich man now and will be richer still, for all my land round Dumbarton is growing in value ; but it doesn't mean anything. If I could have taken my wife back to Gartmore before she died, if she could have enjoyed my good fortune, I'd have valued it.' He might have claimed the earldom of Menteith—Gartmore was the family seat—but he had no wish to be a peer save *de jure*. ' So long as nobody seeks it, I'll leave it alone,' he told me ; ' I should never feel at home in the House of Lords.' His belief in the Philistine spirit of the average Englishman was unbounded. We were walking together near Ardoch one morning when he pointed to a ruin on a hill-top. ' That's mine,' he remarked ; ' it did belong to Robert the Bruce. I've often thought of giving it to the nation. But I can't.' ' Why not ? ' I queried. ' Well, there's a difficulty in the way,' he replied. ' If I did, I feel sure they would make an easy path to the summit, turn it into a public house, or set one up against it, and advertise " The Bruce Arms—Best Beer and Spirits." I don't think the ruin would like that. There are things even a ruin must resent.'

Though his books reveal virtues that were lived rather than professed, he did not appear to follow any definite line of orthodoxy. He could find the best in Christianity, Judaism, and Mohammedanism ; he had a definite respect for the Jesuits, witness his ' A Vanished Arcadia.' Buddhism did not make a like appeal. We discussed these questions many times, and I realised that his was the religion of all sensible men, the name of which no sensible men tell. His singular sympathy with Roman Catholics was not only expressed in ' A Vanished Arcadia,' but it peeps through his wife's ' Life of Santa Teresa,' in which I trace his hand ; but there was no expression of personal conviction underlying his respect for the beliefs of others.

He had enjoyed certain natural advantages. His mother, Anne Elizabeth Fleeming, was the daughter of Captain Charles Elphinstone Fleeming by his Spanish wife, and married William Cunninghame Graham of Gartmore in 1851. Robert, the first child of the union, was

born in the following May and talked Spanish with his grandmother as a child. 'I have always felt that my outlook on most things in life has been and is Spanish,' he said once. His fluency and a certain natural gift as a linguist stood him in good stead when, at the age of sixteen, after leaving Harrow he went to Entre Rios in the Argentine, where he tried to drive horses from one country to another, travelling among gauchos, savage Indians, and negroes, living on jerked beef and orange juice, passing long hours in the saddle beyond even the outposts of civilisation, and acquiring a certain contempt for great cities and over-nourished humanity. His experiences in South America were as varied as they were amazing; he endeavoured in so many ways to achieve the financial independence that would not come. But he never forgot the extraordinary qualities of the men of the plains, the gauchos with whom he worked. They could see tracks invisible to European eyes and tell what had been happening on the ground they travelled over as surely as though they had been clairvoyant. He realised what man could achieve in the wilds, and this knowledge gave him the suspicion of civilisation that clung to him through life and made him abstain even in the midst of plenty. Though he was overwhelmed with hospitality, his figure at eighty was as spare and erect as it had been when he was half that age. He was only twenty-seven when he married Gabriela de la Balmondière, who was only just out of her teens; the two travelled from Texas to Mexico City through the country of the Indians of the Rio Grande, where they were attacked by Apaches. Both have left descriptions of their adventures. In Mexico 'Don Roberto' gave fencing lessons, and then resumed his cattle trading. Experiences, often tragic—his touch with the most picturesque folk in the great continent, his long association with a life that was passing rapidly into the limbo of forgotten things—were building up the power of the pen, though he knew it not, for in those years authorship lay remote.

When you read his books or sketches, one of the first qualities noted is his frequent use of effective and unfamiliar similes, they give an extraordinary colour to what he writes. He could turn for an illustration to the Argentine, Uruguay, Paraguay, the Chaco, Mexico, and

the wilds of Morocco, and give the impression he sought with a few deft words. His observation remained very keen; it had been trained in the Gran Chaco, where a man's life often depended upon sure sight and quick deduction. All he saw then was new to him; but it was in truth the last of certain life phases. He can have no successors, for none can see what he saw sixty years ago. His similes are not within the reach of any other writer. Joseph Conrad and W. H. Hudson, his friends, had been great travellers; the latter, too, had known gauchos, the fearless offspring of white men and Indian women; but neither writer could summon a past experience to light an allusion: I believe that South America was the cradle of 'Don Roberto's' art and the moulder of his predilections.

Doubtless he would have spent many more years in the wilds, for the life appeared to satisfy both him and his wife, but when in 1889 his father, Robert Graham of Gartmore, long an invalid, died on the Perthshire estate, the young couple turned back from South America to take up the burden of a heavily encumbered property. 'I, who am none of these things, was farmer, land agent, business man,' he told me once, 'and my wife kept the estate books.' But Gartmore passed into the hands of a wealthy industrialist, and I think it is correct to say that 'Don Roberto' only visited his old home once again. It is, at least, a reasonable conjecture that this fight against entrenched positions, this hopeless effort to regain his own, crystallised his vague sympathies with the helpless and made or helped to make him a Socialist. Only a few years after his return, he aided Keir Hardie in establishing the Scottish Labour Party; he was associated with John Burns and Bernard Shaw, H. M. Hyndman and William Morris, and, elected by Lanark in 1886, he sat in the House of Commons till 1892. It was for him an assembly on which his gifts were wasted. Victorian in essence, tradition, and upbringing, the House as constituted then could have no feeling for the underdog. The social conscience was still generally unknown; when it appeared in the House, members espied a stranger. 'Don Roberto' spoke his mind with an utter fearlessness; 'an aristocratic demagogue' was the description given to me by the daughter of a man who was on the Treasury Bench when

Don Roberto was bringing home-truths to the attention of those who had never heard of them. 'Aristocratic socialist and dandy,' said 'The Times.' He did not like the House of Commons, though he contested and lost an election after the War, and he refused to return to it when a Labour party was in power, or perhaps it would be more correct to say in office. He told me later of several invitations he had declined.

It is quite certain that he could never quite forget Pentonville, and for long years after his trouble he gave freely to 'down and outs' who claimed help because they had been with him 'in the cruel place.' He was not a real revolutionary; he was merely a lover of mankind. While he offended public opinion, he stimulated it. Perhaps there is no real reason to regret his departure from Westminster; immersed in politics, he must have been unable to travel and to write, and his was a voice crying in the wilderness, a voice out of tune with the notes sounded by the Mother of Parliaments. Look at the situation fairly and one sees that 'Don Roberto' could have done no other, and the response of the House was equally inevitable; at least he carried away from it the respect of many who detested his doctrines while admiring the skill and courage with which he presented them. The man who had ridden a wild zebra when challenged to do so by Mulai-abd-el-Aziz, Sultan of Morocco, would have felt scant concern for those who at worst could laugh or jeer.

Three years after he had left Westminster, never to return, he wrote his first book, a small pamphlet, 'Notes on the District of Menteith.' 'Father Archangel of Scotland' followed a year later, his wife Gabriela contributing four of the thirteen stories. She had been travelling in Spain for years past, gathering material for the 'Life of Santa Teresa' as she followed her tracks through wild, untravelled country; it is a book to read and re-read, the finest tribute to the saint extant. Then came 'Aurora La Cujini,' a sketch written with a feeling for Seville, where the story is laid, that must bring it back to countless lovers. All this was interesting work, in which there was nothing that would have survived alone. But 'Don Roberto' had gone to Morocco to visit the sacred city of Tarudant and been taken prisoner by the Kaid of Kintafi. He wrote to the 'Daily Chronicle' about it:

'This house, an immense castle built of mud, is situated in an amphitheatre of hills all capped with snow, a branching river runs past our huts, goats wander in the hills, tended by boys wild as their ancestors whom Jugurtha led against the Romans. Horses and mules are driven down to drink by negro slaves, prisoners clank past in chains, knots of retainers armed with six-foot guns stroll about carelessly pretending to guard the place; it is, in fact, Arcadia grafted on feudalism or feudalism steeped in Arcadia. The call to prayer rises five times a day; Allah looks down, and we sit smoking cigarettes, waiting for you to turn your mighty lever on our behalf.'

A typical letter, painting a picture that none who know the Atlas country as it was then can forget, showing the capacity to jest in circumstances that might have made smaller men dry-mouthed. The book is an amazing piece of work, over 300 pages of fairly close type with hardly any story—and not a paragraph that can be overlooked without loss. In the end you know the country he has travelled over and the people he has met just as if you had seen them on the films.

I remember asking 'Don Roberto' how 'El Mogreb' had fared, and he replied, 'So far as I can remember, it brought me in seven shillings.' Since then I think it has been recognised for what it is, a masterpiece. He was very slow coming into his kingdom; it may be that he has not entered it; but, on the other hand, he would, I think, have shrunk from a popular success. In all the long term of our friendship he never spoke voluntarily of his own writing, but he would speak generously of contemporaries and of the younger men, and would read their work from cover to cover if it appealed. He had a natural critical faculty, but he inclined to Swinburne's dictum that nothing should attract men to the profession of criticism unless it be the noble pleasure of praising. His interest in the life around him persisted to the end; at the age of eighty-two his faculties were, to all outward seeming, unimpaired. Mr Tschiffely says that he enjoyed sadness and took delight in watching the beauty of decay, but this is no more than a half truth. He wrote steadily through forty years, and if he wrote no best-sellers he must have written much work that will be regarded as part of our national literature. Yet he could speak of 'those rules of grammar that I have disregarded

as freely as a democratic leader tramples on the rights of the poor taxables who put him in power.'

For his remarkable story of the Jesuits of Paraguay 'Don Roberto' penned a revealing dedication to his wife.

'I dedicate this short account of "A Vanished Arcadia" to the author of "Santa Teresa, Her Life and Times," being certain that the life of all saints is to them and us an Arcadia; unknown to them and to us, vanished with their lives, yet still remembered, fitfully as are the Jesuits in Paraguay, by a few faithful, when the Angelus wakes recollection in the Indians' hearts. But, then, the Angelus (even of memory) is to the most part of mankind only the jangling of an antiquated bell.'

Here one notes an outstanding attitude of mind. All round him in his travels, whether in South America or North Africa, he saw change, the passing of the picturesque old in obedience to the commercialised new. He watched romantic figures fading into a past of which he had been a witness, and in the place of the men with primitive virtues, whose cruelty was redeemed, in part at least, by fine courage, sound horsemanship, and fidelity to friends, for him the *trinoda necessitas*, he saw a generation of commercial travellers bringing the products of factories where men, women, and children were the lifelong slaves of the machine. He could see little more and little better than that in the much-vaunted progress of late Victorian days, and as his eye dwelt lovingly on the past, its faults, though they were many, were forgiven because it had lived so robustly. He wrote 'A Vanished Arcadia' without any natural bias in favour of the Jesuits, but because he recognised heroism in any guise, and he knew that the Jesuit Fathers who went into the tropical jungle and established thirty missions in and round the Gran Chaco carried their lives in their hands and their faith in their hearts, glad to die if death should be their portion. 'In all the Mission towns, unlike most other parts of South America in those days, a man was perfectly safe both as to life and property.' Here again Don Roberto felt that 'progress' was the enemy. The Franciscans did not love the Jesuits, who were opposed to the slavery of the Indians; the Jesuits worked while others schemed; they were driven out by order of King Charles III of Spain, and they left a territory as large as France and a population of 150,000 without resistance at the bidding of

the King's envoy. He concludes his story with a sentence that won the unstinted praise of his friend Conrad, who spoke of the 'exquisite last lines' and promptly dedicated 'Typhoon' to him.

'Indians and Jesuits are gone from Paraguay, the Indians to that Trapalanda which is their appointed place; and for the Jesuits, they are forgotten, except by those who dive into old chronicles, or who write books, proposing something and concluding nothing, or by travellers who, wandering in the Tarumensian woods come on a clump of orange trees run wild among the urundéys.'

It is this description of far-off things, given with so much simplicity and sense of the colour of words, that leaves a lasting impress. Just as he sums up the scene he sums up the work, recognising the intensity of conviction that made it possible, writing not as an orthodox believer but as a sympathetic observer of an effort that demanded unswerving faith and fine courage. For the most of his readers the Jesuit Mission in Paraguay must have been as 'a garden enclosed, a fountain sealed,' but he opens the garden, the fountains play, and we see that for a time, at least, there was progress of a kind he did not resent. It is well to remember that South America, with all its enchantments, came to him when he was a young man, his most impressionable years were spent on horseback there with gauchos and Indians, so that his eye for natural beauty was dilated and the charm of the wild, free life lingered even down to the end. In those swift years of his youth he was a revolutionary soldier by compulsion, a gaucho, a rancher, a horse and cattle dealer, prospector, road mender, frontiersman, store assistant, buffalo hunter, explorer, student, and historian. He had even travelled in a 'slaver' from Mogador to Mossamedes and seen the skipper snapping up unconsidered human trifles. He had run a fencing salon in Paris and suffered expulsion from France for airing his socialism too noisily. New ventures appealed to him though their fruit was but labour and loss, whether he traded in livestock or laid out a maté plantation or prospected for gold in the Spain he loved so well. We have only to think of the rider through the Tarumensian woods leaving the comparative seclusion of Ardoch to visit friends in Glasgow. I was with him once

on such an excursion and could see how he flinched from Scotland's greatest city, how happy he was on the following morning when we trod country roads together and stayed to speak to one or two middle-aged or elderly countrymen, whose response, often beginning, 'Weel, d'ye ken, laird,' bespoke their sense of an equality that he was the first to recognise.

He was a master of the sketch and the short story, and he could present a picture with a very minimum of words. I asked him once to turn to his own uses a pitiful incident to which I felt he alone could do justice. I had been walking towards San Biagio from Mentone on a fine, warm January morning and saw a young shepherd playing on a pipe as his little flock walked peacefully along, one or two pausing now and again to crop a mouthful of herbage and then hurrying on. The scene recalled the *Idylls of Theocritus*; it might and should have been set in Sicily. Then, suddenly, round a corner some fifty yards away, I saw a building dominating the valley; it was the municipal abattoir, and to this the shepherd was leading his sheep while he piped so merrily. 'Don Roberto' transferred the scene to Morocco. During the Great War he served the Remount Department, collecting horses from Uruguay and elsewhere, and hating his job. 'I hold that war can be subdued by reason,' he persisted, in the face of all the evidence. He would recall the senseless struggle between dictators and insurgents as he had watched it in Uruguay and Paraguay and could tell of vast tracts of country from which the men had disappeared. To him all the waste of life was evidence of human insanity.

His stories were published in small volumes; 'The Ipané,' 'Thirteen Stories,' 'Success,' 'Progress,' 'Faith,' 'Hope,' 'Charity,' 'Brought Forward'; for about fifteen years he gave the most of his time to them, and they must be more to the liking of many than later books, 'Hernando de Soto' and 'Bernal Diaz del Castillo.' It is not easy to bring conquistadores into repute, and I am not sure that there was not a certain sense of duty to the valiant dead in this particular work. 'The Portrait of a Dictator,' dealing with General Lopez, the tyrant of Paraguay, helps us to understand some of the sinister shapes that have appeared on the stage nearer home

and lends colour to the suggestion that this planet is the lunatic asylum of the stellar system.

He had an intense loyalty to his friends. When that well-known figure in Morocco, Bibi Carleton, passed, 'Don Roberto' wrote a brief book about him, the edition limited to 250 copies. It would have been possible to criticise the dead man; it would have been easier to say nothing; but he was a fine rider, a good sportsman, and nobody's enemy save his own. There were many stories about Bibi and his brother. When cholera broke out in Tangier and holiday-makers were in flight, the two went down to the port, with revolvers conspicuously in evidence, to demand and receive help for the poor natives who could not run away. On another occasion, when a friend of mine, suddenly benighted, was staying with Bibi at Alcazar and had a couch in his study, he woke up in the small hours to see his host lying on the floor poring over a big book. 'That must be the Bible,' he said. 'No, not quite,' laughed Bibi; 'confound you for not being asleep. It's an English dictionary. What with Arabic and Spanish, a man is in danger of losing his own tongue, so when I can't sleep I come in here and light a lamp and read the dictionary.' Such a man would make instant appeal to 'Don Roberto,' though he was always very temperate and never the servant of alcohol. It is well, as he would have been the first to point out, to consider a man's failings in the light of his surroundings. He could look at any man and decide unerringly if his strength was greater than his weakness, if the virtues he prized outweighed the transgressions he regarded as venial, and he was the last man in the world to apologise for his friends. He could recognise only two classes, the genuine and the humbugs. In Morocco his most intimate friends were the Duke de Frias, Grand Constable of Castile, and a cobbler who was also an ex-convict; at his funeral among the eight chief mourners were a duke and a blacksmith. His sense of colour and drama gave the enduring quality to his style. Reading 'El Mogreb al Acksa' for the first time, with wonder that any man who desired to sell his work should burden it with a title in Moghrebbin Arabic, I was struck by the number of small slips, and then by the obvious truth that they did not matter in the least. His pen had the quality of a fine

voice, and just as he had been a man of action in the days of his youth, venturing far and daring greatly, so he became with advancing years a man of letters given to spells of solitude in his Scottish home where he could possess his soul.

Much was written of him through his long working day, and there are a couple of excellent biographies, the first by Professor Faulkner West, and 'Don Roberto' by Mr A. F. Tschiffely, a work nearly twice as long as the first-named and one in which 'Don Roberto' collaborated. Mr Tschiffely had made his famous ride of 10,000 miles from Argentina to Washington and 'Don Roberto' had written a preface to the book, which was called 'The Southern Cross to Pole Star.' They met in the restaurant where 'Don Roberto' so often entertained his friends in the latter days, and it was clear that he was best fitted to set down the full story of the man whose happiest hours were spent in the saddle. By the way, his favourite horse Pampa, on which he sat to Sir John Lavery, was released from a Glasgow tramcar.

The 'Saturday Review' was the recipient of most of his favours; he wrote more than a hundred sketches in its pages, many of them now housed more accessibly within book covers. Long years before he had written, 'I think I have no literary ability whatever.' His powers of invective were of the very first order, but it was noticeable that he did not attack people so much as policies. He would not find a good word to say for Liberalism, though I think he liked Asquith personally and always spoke well of Campbell-Bannerman, but 'all Tories in disguise' was the best he could say for the Liberal leaders. Later he was equally critical of Labour; indeed, he disliked party politics. When his mind was made up, argument was wasted. If he had possessed or even cultivated what is sometimes called worldly wisdom, he might have travelled far in fields most men desire to traverse, but he would not have crossed the easiest stile to enter them. His convictions found scope in the written word, and it is reasonable to look upon him as a crusader, as one who pleaded for justice on behalf of the oppressed whether they moved in the skin of man or beast, and it is the fierce pulse of protest beating through his pages that gives them life. This awareness of the

failure of our social system to fulfil its function kept his armour on. He fought in his long day for the poor chain-makers of Cradley Heath, the pit ponies, the animals overcrowded in cattle ships, the railway workers whose daily toil lasted for sixteen hours or more. His public speeches lent power to his pen. I remember once, when he was denouncing a trouble that was due to causes past prevention, quoting a comment made by Thomas Carlyle to a man who wrote complaining that the world was out of joint. 'Be honest, friend,' he wrote, 'and the world will mend.' 'I know several honest men, amigo,' he answered, 'but it doesn't happen.'

His books were undoubtedly enriched by a delicate, discriminating taste in art and music; though he never wrote on these subjects, the eye that looked on life was that of an artist and it had a delicate perception of fine shades, whether in nature, on canvas, or in the orchestra. Life was for him a banquet, but the full enjoyment was lacking because there were so many decent folk who could win no place at the table. 'Don't you find it a little difficult to maintain Socialism on a large income?' I asked him once. 'If people had sense, I shouldn't be enjoying it,' he replied; 'but I see no purpose in suffering for their foolishness.'

His friendship was one of the privileges of my life; he enriched it, and I knew that even if we had not met for a couple of years, as happened sometimes, we could take up our association where we left it. There was always the common ground of travel in an older Morocco and an older Spain, where his wife had searched successfully for the footprints of a Saint and he had searched without success for new veins in a worked-out gold mine. Often we followed the lure of quiet country roads and lanes along which it was possible to hold communion without speech. A fine figure of a man, Cervantes created him, always ready to fight giants and tilt at windmills, always 'the pal to take the vermin's part,' courteous and loyal, he will live as a writer. It may well be that in those last days in Buenos Aires, 'when the bonds of the body were breaking and all came in sight,' he glimpsed the long road he had travelled and knew that he had borne himself gallantly to the universal goal.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

Art. 9.—THE SHORTAGE OF ARMY OFFICERS.

ON Feb. 1 this year the Army was 799 officers short of the establishment of 10,876, and this included an intake of 304 from all sources in January. With a normal wastage during the next few months, a wastage which may be increased by causes to be discussed later, the shortage may reach four figures, as it did last year. This is no sudden drop. On April 1, 1910, out of an establishment of 10,525 there was a deficiency of 94 in combatant arms alone; on the same date in 1914 the deficit was 141. In 1910 the Artillery and Infantry were short; in 1914 a lack of officers in the Infantry, Royal Engineers, Army Service Corps, and Ordnance more than cancelled a surplus in the Royal Artillery. Neither of the two sister Services is suffering or has suffered in the same way; their combined establishments at present barely equal the Army's. Very soon after the War the shortage in the Army set in, and has continued. It is now chronic: an ominous symptom of a serious defect in an institution of which the nation was at one time proud. The causes are well known to the officers and to others, but the patient has not been able to afford the drastic remedy prescribed. The alternative is an army with a defect—one that will not be up to the standard of the force which took the field in 1914, justly claimed to have been the best we have ever sent to war.

Were it not that a committee, of which Lord Willingdon was the chairman, was appointed to inquire into the causes of the lack of candidates for the Army, the curve illustrating the diminishing numbers might now be plunging off the paper, and we should have found ourselves with nearer 50 per cent. of our minimum requirements than the 90 per cent. of to-day. Hope, nearly exhausted, is being revived among the officers, and this, no doubt, will go some way to prevent a bad situation from developing into an expensive disaster. Not that the cure will be cheap. The disease has been allowed to take hold for too long to allow for anything but a long and expensive treatment. Although to the outside observer the shortage of 10 per cent. may not seem very serious, it marks the relegation of the Army as a profession to the place it occupied not long before the Crimean War—a profession almost com-

pletely neglected, in which nothing really useful could be accomplished; where pleasant days were passed on a nominal pittance until war brought its defects to light and neither the glamour nor the bravery and fortitude of the officers and men could hide them.

Few realise what a shortage means to those who have to do the work. The peace establishments are fixed at a figure in the calculation of which finance is a main, often the dominating, factor. There is no margin. A scarcity of officers and men does not diminish the work to be done at the various headquarters and the War Office; sometimes the effect is the reverse. The staffs must be filled if the machine is to work at all. Therefore the shortage finally appears in the units, the battalions, the batteries. In a unit it takes the same number of individuals to administer the men, be they up to strength or not; and so eventually it is the wretched sub-unit, the infantry company, for instance, that has to bear the final shortage. Sickness, probably less in the Army than elsewhere, and other natural causes for temporary absences turn the shortage into a never-ceasing source of worry to commanding officers and their harassed adjutants, who are continually exercised in transferring captains and subalterns from this company to that or temporarily to some post in the administration of the unit. The reaction on the training of the young officer and the men is serious and only realised in the Army. This is in peace-time. In an emergency—and there has been a succession of emergencies since 1927—the situation is far worse. In Palestine to-day units arrive short. Within a few days of landing there many odd posts not catered for in establishments must be filled: town-majors, camp-commandants, camp-adjutants, officers for military courts.

It cannot be helped. Commanding officers have to endure it; but the machine is working with a defect and the result is not what should be. Only an attempt can be made to picture the effect of these conditions in war. Doubtless units would take the field with sufficient officers; but a number of these would be untrained or only partly trained. The point that more than ever depends on the subordinate leader in modern war has been emphasised again and again and need not be amplified

here. General Fuller in one of his books stresses the necessity for sound tactical knowledge in commanders as an essential to the security of troops. Where would the security of a company of highly trained infantry be in the hands of an untrained subaltern who in the course of a week or less might find himself in command? Actually at the moment the shortage is mainly in officers of between three and ten years' service, which often has an unfortunate effect on the Foreign Service roster, creating many cases of hardship which would not have occurred if the numbers had been complete.

The unpopularity of the Army as a profession is not new, and the shortage of officers and men some years before the War caused anxiety at the War Office and not a little amusement in Paris, Berlin, and St Petersburg. Some authorities think that it will take the best part of a generation to counteract the effects, having removed the causes; others, hopefully remembering that at one time not too long ago the Navy was as unknown as the Army (though not so definitely unpopular), consider that with the causes gone the Army will resume its place with the other Services as a profession wherein the best talent in the country can be employed.

So long ago as 1902 a committee under the chairmanship of Mr Akers-Douglas sat to go into the questions of the education and promotion of officers of the Army. Of the many interesting points in its proceedings, two are worthy of note at once. The first was a recommendation without compromise that all promotions should be by merit alone. The second, which did not enter into the report or deliberations of the committee, was the ominous suggestion (among others), in an anonymous memorandum submitted, that commanding officers should be furnished with particulars of the private incomes of all their subalterns and that this information should be included in the reports submitted to inspecting generals with a view to keeping in check the expenses of young officers. So it appeared to be recognised that the Army was no longer a place for a man who would not work and that it was becoming necessary to supervise the expenses of young officers, although King's Regulations laid down certain rules governing the question of extravagance.

In 1910 Sir Ian Hamilton, then the Adjutant-General,

said : ' We are coming to the end of our tether as regards candidates from the limited class which has hitherto supplied the commissioned ranks. . . . ' It was noted that families of householders were smaller ; there were more claims from business. In short, certain economic factors were discernible and beginning to have effect. Germany, whose challenge to the world was being realised, was feeling the same thing, particularly a shortage in the class of man she relied upon for her non-commissioned officers. In 1914 we went to war with a well-trained Expeditionary Force, in which the regimental officer held a high place ; and he is the standard to which all those whose memories go back so far automatically work. The material from which such officers can be made exists in the country to-day, but is not coming into the Army. There has been a steady decline from shortly after the War until about 1935, when the shortage became more determined, and in spite of a considerable widening of the modes of entry this has continued. The truth is that the material is ready, but from another source and without the inclination or the means to make careers in what must become a life of comparative penury. The squires are driven out and the new rich take their place ; in their turn to be forced to leave by more new rich just as they had begun to take on the traditions of the squires. The changes are becoming more rapid, and there is less money for the children and a greater necessity for each to work for himself.

For a young officer not to have a car of sorts is a hardship comparable to the case of his father who, thirty or forty years ago, could not afford to share a couple of ponies. Some of the material is not where one would have looked for it half a century ago ; it is growing up in the secondary schools. The change that was hinted at in 1902 and openly referred to in 1910 as imminent was an accomplished fact in the years immediately after the War. The limited class had shrunk. The Air Force was in existence as a small but potent rival. No longer could six or seven hundred young men be found whose parents were ready to meet an expensive education, a considerable initial outlay on uniform, and an allowance sufficient to keep them free from care, and—here we come to the important point—who were fit to become officers

in the Army. There are thousands of young men, no doubt, with all the financial qualifications but not the last. The standard has gone up ; the limited class from which sufficient brains, character, and money had been available has shrunk.

To meet this condition the pay was raised in 1919 to what was to be a sufficient wage for a young man. Candidates came forward ; but in 1923 it was found necessary to make inquiry into the system of supply of officers, and, particularly into the character and scope of the education given at the Military Colleges and immediately after commissioning. The vast complications of modern warfare had been realised, and it had become necessary for the Army to get for its use some of the best brains in the country. These men were not coming in, or, if they were, could not be found ! An officer's business had now become more arduous than ever. Simultaneously with the Government's efforts to do away with war altogether, military thought searched here and there for the surest way to win the next one. The growing-pains of the world's armoured armies were creating fresh problems. The multiplicity of weapons turned the young officer into an ever-increasing encyclopædia, while the internal administration turned him into an ever-ready nursemaid ; as he grew older he found himself grappling with masses of paper, signing hundreds of forms, balancing cash-books and ledgers—the results of a tightening control by what is vaguely called ' Finance ' on an increasing and complicated equipment.

The name of Lord Haldane is well enough known, and it is not necessary here to emphasise the importance of the report which his committee produced in the summer of 1923. In its first part the warning was sounded : ' The evidence that has been submitted to us makes it clear that the present mode of supply cannot be relied upon as likely to prove sufficient in the future.' The report then gave in detail causes that appeared to be diminishing the number of candidates. They have a familiar ring. The frequent moves of regiments involving long separation from families and service in unsettled and expensive stations ; the unpopularity of service in India ; the cuts in establishment, with the consequent compulsory retirement of officers ; the reductions of

pay then imminent ; the reaction after the War ; the anti-militarist attitude of some teachers in schools ; and heavy expenses at the Military Colleges. The final recommendations of this committee opened wide the doors of the Army and put the education of the cadet and young officer on sound lines. Many of the recommendations were put into effect. Some could not be, owing to the cost.

There were no final recommendations other than opening the door and raising the pay by additional remuneration for educational, professional, and technical ability. The report stated the opinion quoted above and left it at that. It took some time for the recommendations that were accepted to take effect. The entry through the Territorial Army, the ante-date to university candidates, for instance, began to add a certain number to the meagre flow of candidates for commissions. The months passed and turned into years ; still the flow of the right sort of candidate to the Military Colleges showed no appreciable increase. The pay went down with a figure called 'the cost of living.' The shortage of officers continued.

About 1930 the War Office consulted the headmasters of public schools and certain authorities at the universities on the subject, and the opinions received left no room for doubt. They referred both to parents and to those boys who were old enough to decide for themselves—the university candidates. The conclusions reached were formed after careful study and contact with hundreds of parents and, in the case of the universities, with young men about to go out into the world, and they were that the life was too expensive, offered poor prospects, and for the ordinary man was merely a pleasant channel by which at forty or thereabouts he would pass out into a new and unknown world with his best years behind him, probably with a wife and children dependent on him and with no work, but a pension of about £300 a year.

Both parents and young men were shying at the Army, in spite of the advantages that could now be claimed for the profession as a career ; and the chief reason was insecurity. This was in 1930, which was hardly the time for any reform that must increase expenditure. To this fundamental cause must be added others as serious and

in their effects probably more lasting. For if we could, to-morrow, eliminate somehow the perfectly legitimate complaint of the officer who by the present system is forced out of the Army at about forty, with no job and an inadequate pension, it would not take long to collect a formidable waiting-list—if the other causes did not exist.

Within the twelve months that followed the Armistice a flood of literature was let loose which apparently has not yet ceased. Books on the War, personal reminiscences, novels, stories, and articles, with perhaps one or two exceptions each in some form or another had its smack at the Army. From generals to privates; civilians who had fought and those who had not—all had their shot at as good an 'Aunt Sally' as could be found anywhere. Politicians climbed down from their control boxes and, mixing with the crowd, added their testimony. The Army was a 'rotten show' altogether; it was by the greatest good fortune that the blockade, propaganda, and the Air Force won the War before the Army could lose it!

Here and there in this mass of post-War literature on the Army are also works by intelligent men which contain sound criticisms, and there is little doubt that they are even now having effect. But the other stuff, full of ill-digested thought, has been served out in small doses by a daily Press that circulates to the millions and often forms their opinions for them. Boys back from school remarked: 'Well, anyway the generals and staffs were pretty rotten, weren't they?' There was the clamour for an Air Force and nothing but an Air Force. Wars would in future be won in the air, and armies as such were out of date. This sort of thing, added to the question of pounds, shillings, and pence, turned hesitation and doubt on the part of a wavering parent into certainty. There was no doubt that the Army was not the place for a boy with brains. If this was the sentiment outside the Army, the feeling inside among the officers was at last beginning to reflect those views, while officers who by their own lives and testimony should have been able to correct the alarming and increasing unpopularity of Army life have not done so.

Year after year they saw their great institution starved for money. They saw the complete failure of the authori-

ties to deal with the man-power problem. They watched the Government's well-meant efforts at ending wars by negotiation, and carried on as best they could with an out-of-date equipment and a handful of men. They saw their pay being steadily reduced with the fall in the cost of living, and noticed that the expenses they had to meet—school fees, servants' wages, rents, taxes, etc.—showed if anything a tendency to go up. Those with money hung on, as they could afford to do, though even a few of these left the Army to work in commerce or with the professions, and are still doing so. Those without money, and there are many, also hung on for as long as they could because they were obliged to. They lived and still live under conditions of acute discomfort, and hope for something to come of the various committees of which from time to time they hear. But there is a blatancy about it now. They do not pay calls because they do not want the trouble of refusing an invitation to dinner; an invitation they must refuse because they could not return it. A point untouched in previous deliberations, but which, it is expected, has been examined by the Willingdon Committee, is what may be described as the constant irritation suffered by all grades as the result of what one must call faulty administration, due possibly to the present system of the parliamentary control of finance. It would be difficult to find one married officer in three who at some time or another has not suffered financial loss on account of some duty ordered by higher authority. Not until 1930 were the Allowance Regulations amended to give a married officer financial assistance in moving his furniture from one station to another. Sixpence per ton per mile will go a long way to pay the cost of a move from, say, York to London; but 3*l*. will not go very far to move five tons across country for forty miles. The loss is only a few pounds, but why lose at all? The deliberations of the Willingdon Committee will let in light. It is not too much to say that the morale of the Army is not what it was; it is low, and a large number of officers are developing an inferiority complex—so that the best recruiter, the officer himself, fails when called upon.

During the last three years a determined effort has been made to introduce a system of promotion which

will ensure that only the best men reach the position of command of a unit at a reasonable age. There has been a noticeable drive in this direction since the taking over at the War Office by the present Secretary of State, Mr Hore-Belisha. There have been more cases in which officers have skipped the bottle-neck at the top of their regiment and gone straight from the rank of major to a post as full colonel. A good sign, for it means the widening of the field and gives the hope of command of his unit to the regimental officer. All this makes for efficiency, but one must have something with which to be efficient. Without the regimental officer that is not possible.

One naturally wonders whether the other Services are feeling the pinch in the same way. At present they are not, although with the expansion of both there is some reason to expect that they will not get their requirements so easily as before. The Navy, for instance, with an increasing establishment at present at about 5500, takes in yearly something over 300 from Dartmouth, the public schools, and a small number into the Engineering Branch from the universities. They have now to embark on short-service schemes to get officers for the Air Branch. The competition at the special entry is four to one and there is never difficulty in filling Dartmouth. Apart from complaints sometimes aired in the Press on the subject of marriage allowance, one meets very little evidence to oppose the view that the Navy provides a fine career and training, and if one should not be among those to clear the first fence—i.e. from Lieutenant-Commander to Commander—one can leave at a reasonable age, with a reasonable pension and a training that gives one a good chance of getting a job. It is interesting to realise that the immense popularity of the Navy in this country is comparatively recent, and that before 1882 little was known of the Service that in a short time was to become the darling of the public and remain so. Here is something the man in the street cannot understand: the management of a ship, the complications of naval gunnery. There is a comfortable mystery about it all, and an air of quiet efficiency that appeals to the ignorant landsman when he visits one of His Majesty's ships of war.

The R.A.F. has an establishment of over 5700 officers, including their short-service officers, who form about 65 per cent. of the whole. The establishment is, of course, changing almost weekly with the expansion going on. The intake for permanent commissions is now about 125 a year, and there is no difficulty in getting either these or the now increasing number of short-service volunteers. The reason is, of course, not far to seek: the lure of the air to youth; the undoubted advantages in pay and promotion; and, of course, the many posts in all quarters of the world waiting for men who can add to the normal qualification of British officers the fact that they know all about flying and the business connected with it. The number quoted is that for 1937 and is far higher than that for, say, 1933, when it was about seventy. Both the Navy and the Air Force expect to improve on the present figures. At present neither feels the pinch, and both can find with ease officers of the quality they want. As in the case of the Navy, the British public feels and respects the mystery surrounding this force of men trained to pilot the latest air-machines produced by the brains and hands of men.

Early last year the then Secretary of State for War, Mr Duff Cooper, was subjected to some close questioning on the state of the numbers in the Army. As regards the shortage of officers, he said that a committee of officers was being ordered to inquire into the causes. Later, after closer questioning, chiefly by Mr Lees-Smith, he stated that the committee would now consist of Lord Willingdon as chairman, Mr Will Spens, the Chairman of the Cambridge University Appointments Board, the Headmaster of Whitgift School, the Military Secretary, Sir Charles Deedes, the Director of Staff Duties, General Squires, and a secretary from the permanent staff of the War Office, Mr T. J. Cash. The terms of reference were: 'to inquire into the causes of the present shortage of officers in the Army and to recommend measures to remedy it, and also to consider whether the present system of promotion from the ranks is working satisfactorily and whether it can be extended.' That announcement was made on May 27 last, and it was added that the committee would get to work immediately. That such an important committee was appointed showed that at

last it was realised the situation had become serious. The following figures will give some idea of the task which confronted the Willingdon Committee. The deficit at the beginning of 1937 in combatant arms alone (the non-combatant arms were about 200 short) was something over 400. During the year establishments have gone up, as they will continue to go up in accordance with the defence plan, which partly accounts for the large increase in the deficit during one year—for the shortage on Feb. 1, as has been seen, was in combatant arms nearer 600 and included an intake.

The rate of intake for the year 1936-1937 was 626, of which there were 94 from universities, 69 from the Territorial Army and Supplementary Reserve, the remainder coming from the colleges, including 7 from Canada. In addition to these, there were 121 for the Indian Army; this number is apparently not enough, but is all that can be spared. One day—it is difficult to say when—this number will be available for the Army at home. The annual wastage, so far as can be calculated and including the retirements of those majors who are not selected for command, is something over 500: a 'something' which might well increase. So that at the best the annual gain in officers towards the deficit is a little over 100. But this is not taking into consideration any increase in establishment. The least one can expect is about 550; not, of course, at once but spread over a number of years according to a plan. If we spread this over the present popular term of five years, it just about cancels the small increase of intake over wastage, so that in order to catch up arrears the annual intake must be increased.

But it is not so much the solving of the problem sketched above that has exercised the Willingdon Committee. Finding sufficient officers during the next few years can be done in a variety of ways. The Royal Engineers, for instance, in which Corps alone the promotion has been maintained at an even and reasonable rate, take in temporary or retired officers to do the technical work connected with the upkeep of buildings and the like, and are able to adjust their entry so as to avoid a block in promotion at any given date. Another way, which it is understood may be adopted, is by

reducing the number of junior officers all round. This will entail an increase in the duties and responsibilities of warrant officers and senior N.C.O.s. It is, of course, an admission that we can no longer afford to provide the Army with the best type of regimental officer and is a cheap way out of the difficulty for the present.

The main problem, as set out in their terms of reference, is the important question of finding the malady and prescribing a remedy. There was a time when officers would have been unwilling to give evidence before such a committee. That time has passed and there were few who were not eager to explain precisely what was wrong. At the time of writing the report of the Willingdon Committee is in the hands of the Secretary of State, and is to be studied by the Cabinet. It is impossible, therefore, to refer to its recommendations or even to hazard a guess as to how they will be received by the Cabinet. Of one thing we can be certain, that if the recommendations are necessary and feasible they will be driven through by the present Secretary of State.

It is certain that the evidence examined by this committee is such that has never been probed before. What the officer wants can be briefly outlined as, first and foremost, improved pay and prospects. This does not mean an increase in what looks like a fair rate already ; it means the final killing of a system which adds a considerable sum of money every year to the necessary expenditure of a married officer. In other words, if, owing to the exigencies of the service, an officer is out of pocket after practising reasonable economy, he should be reimbursed at once. Next, he wants to know security : that he will be employed at a living wage until he has brought up his family and seen them into the world. In this connection there is a suggestion which may have occurred to the committee : that there should be some form of contract between the officer and the Government setting out definite terms of promotion and service. On both the major points mentioned the committee will no doubt have valuable recommendations to offer. The former is already being attacked by the younger men at the War Office, and the latter will require a far more definite and energetic plan to place junior officers as soon as they have to retire. It will be interesting to see if

any of the present staff appointments which are not important enough work for a trained staff officer will be opened to retired officers. The number is so small and once filled would yield such a tiny yearly opening that this course is not likely, though it is possible.

Promotion will, of course, be dealt with at some length, and it seems probable that the measures which have long been discussed will be put into force as being the only way. These are shorter terms of command and certain appointments, and earlier retirement for senior ranks. For those with brains who have come in to make a career, and have the ability, there must be certainty of advancement for merit to good posts. Earlier brevets carrying pay may help towards this. Incidentally, with regard to the higher posts, the expenses that go with these posts should be abolished. Many high appointments could not be held by a man without private means, and it is questionable whether there is a regular brigade commander at any good-sized garrison who could get on without them.

No one is more anxious for the Army to be put in order than its officers, and there is little doubt that the whole system of administration requires drastic overhauling. Only when this is done and the man-power and equipment questions are settled will it be of any use to try to win back the young men who are starting their professional lives elsewhere. An Army League has been started, and one can only hope that it will be as successful as the Navy League. There must be misgivings in the minds of many senior officers in these days. The motto of the British officer has been 'Service,' which includes efficiency and other virtues equally essential in war. There is a danger that the motto may become 'Efficiency.' It would be a bad day for the Army and the country were this change of ideals to take place.

W. WILBERFORCE.

Art. 10.—THE POOR WHITE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

TO-DAY, when the world is full of wars and rumours of wars, every nation is arming and taking stock of her man-power. The present total European population of the Union of South Africa is 2,000,000, of which approximately one-sixth are Poor Whites. The report of the Carnegie Commission on the Poor White Problem, which was published in 1932, gave the then European population of the Union as 1,800,000 and estimated 300,000 of these as being 'very poor'; and the ratio is about the same to-day. It is difficult for anyone who has not lived for some considerable time in South Africa to visualise and understand the Poor Whites there, yet so tiny are the Permanent Forces there and non-existent the Fleet that it must surely be of interest to Great Britain, who in the event of an invasion of South Africa by a hostile power would rush to its assistance, to consider seriously what are the weaknesses and what the potential strength of those unusual people.

According to the Carnegie Commission nearly all the Poor Whites there are of Dutch-French-German extraction and Afrikaans-speaking; but a few of them are of British or Irish extraction. The main reason for this seemingly curious fact is that Poor Whiteism has largely been caused by the Roman-Dutch law which laid down that each child had to receive a legitimate part of the estate at the father's death. This estate was of course the farm, which became split up into smaller and smaller portions until the heirs were receiving a few acres each on which it was impossible for them to make a living. Although this law has for many years been repealed—in the Cape since 1874, in Natal since 1863, in the Free State since 1901, and in the Transvaal since 1902—the practice persists. This custom has also been responsible for many marriages of cousins in order to keep the land in the same family, and these marriages of near relations have produced many defectives in the race. When Mr Bernard Shaw visited South Africa he suggested two solutions of the Poor White Problem: one was to draw them all up in a line and shoot them; and the other to prevent their propagating their species by sterilisation. These are extreme views which provoked much unfavour-

able comment in the country ; but although every mother dislikes to hear her own cripple child criticised, what is South Africa's own opinion of these unhappy people ?

Mr J. van Bruggen, the celebrated Afrikaans author, has given us a classical picture of a bywoner in his "Aampie." Aampie, who is typical of every bywoner, lives in a one-roomed stone hovel. He has one friend only, a grey donkey. The ass is his inspiration and he has no ideas of his own until he has talked every matter over with his pet. One day Aampie's drunken, dissolute father sells the donkey to the farmer on whose land they squat and Aampie is heartbroken ; he cannot even form a plan to recover the animal until he has gone to the place where the farmer has stabled it and talked the matter over with it. Then he goes to the farmer and offers to pledge himself as a labourer until he shall have earned the money with which to redeem the donkey. It is significant that the farmer would have agreed to this had Aampie been twenty-one years of age and able to enter into a legal contract.

When a man has abandoned his tiny portion of a subdivided farm in despair, he probably becomes a bywoner, a landless man farming on the share-system on the land of a rich farmer or a farm labourer. In either case he lives in utter misery. The labourer's wage on a farm may be 10s. or 1l. per month, together with a few buckets of coarse meal and one or two sheep for slaughtering. The bywoner has to work for the farmer, but receives in return a small number of sheep or cattle for himself and a little land which he may cultivate for his own use. He probably has to work very hard for the farmer, but he does just exactly nothing for himself. He does not even plant a few vegetables for his own use. The bywoner treats himself and is treated by the farmer practically as a Kaffir is treated. We see Aampie afraid to approach the farmer's front door 'because it looks so unfriendly,' and creeping fearfully to the back door. When the bywoner becomes tired of rising at four in the morning to do the farmer's work, he decides to go away ; but where is he to go ? He has a few beasts, he cannot trek with them unless he has some definite place to go to, and he has none ; he has no money, it is unlikely that he has even the most broken wagon. Still, sometimes he sells his few animals

or gives them to the farmer against the money he is almost sure to be owing him, and then he makes for the nearest big town.

There is a charitable society in Johannesburg called the Rand Aid, and this society has several times published notices in the Rand 'Daily Mail' urging the Poor Whites from the country districts not to come to Johannesburg, as it was swamped out with its own poor and the Rand Aid simply could not do anything for any further comers except send them back to where they had come from. Regardless of these notices they still poured into the town whenever there was a drought. They are at a great disadvantage in the towns, as they have not the habit of settled work; while many of them are the descendants of the trek-Boers and the roving instinct is still in them. Also, their language is Afrikaans and most employers of labour are English-speaking. They are unskilled labourers, for in the early days the Afrikaner people were not artisans—that was left to the Malays and coloured people, while the white man considered himself as far above doing any form of actual manual work, considering that to be 'Kaffir's work.' To-day things are slightly better in this respect. In 1907 the railways and harbours began to employ white labour on a small scale, and by the end of that year 300 white labourers were employed in this manner; in 1931 the figures had risen to 12,247. The great motor factories also employ them, such as General Motors and the Ford Company. The Boere Saamwerk, the great Wool Exchange in Port Elizabeth, employs only white labour; and, of course, in recent years much Government relief work has been done, and white men have dug trenches in the city streets side by side with natives. They do this work because otherwise quite literally they would starve, but they are not grateful for it; they consider it beneath them and revile the Government for making them do it and would infinitely prefer to live on any form of charity that they can get hold of. I have seen some curious things in this respect all over South Africa. In Johannesburg some years ago a Dutchman lived in Fordsburg who was suffering from miner's phthisis. He had outlived the compensation, which at that time was given in the form of a lump sum. He and his two daughters, young women of about twenty-two and

twenty-four years of age, were living in a hovel, none of them doing any work and eating mealie meal-porridge only. Horrified by their terrible poverty, for the man was really desperately ill, I offered to take one of the daughters as a general servant and to pay her 3*l.* per month wages and give her proper food and accommodation. The father replied with indignation, 'Why should my daughter work for another white woman? Can't you get a Kaffir to do your work?'

On another occasion I asked my husband, the manager of an insurance office, to give canvassing employment to a poor man who was out of work and had eight children. The request was granted and the poor white started out to canvass at a salary of 1*l.* 10*s.* per week and liberal commission. After his first appearance in the office he disappeared for three weeks. I visited his home to find out what had happened to him, and was met with the information that as it had been raining a good deal he had not been able to go out canvassing and thought the job was too difficult for him. Another point which adds to their difficulties is the habit of early marriage. President Kruger in his time certainly encouraged early marriage, because he wanted a population to occupy the Transvaal; but those days are gone, and to-day the poor white girl marries at seventeen or eighteen because her hovel or a home is so overcrowded and uncomfortable or because, in the towns particularly, she is allowed to go to cheap dances with boys and return when she likes, while more often than not marriage becomes necessary for her. Added to all this the Afrikaner of any class does not take kindly to the idea of any army as Europe understands armies, and therefore Mr Pirow, the Minister of Defence, is trying to revive the commando system, the one which Afrikaners like and are used to. This is well, for no Poor White in this country would be any success in an army where ordinary discipline, work, and respect to superiors were insisted on in and out of war-time.

This is the blacker side of the picture, but there is another. The white population of this country has only been established for some three hundred years, and the mere fact that the men who went out there, when to travel so far in the sailing-ship days was in itself an

adventure and when Kaffir wars raged and comfort was unheard of, proves that they were hardly the loafers or weaklings of their respective races. To understand what the Poor Whites are capable of one must look back and see what their grandfathers and great-grandfathers did only one hundred years ago, and realise that these seemingly useless people could easily rise to similar heights of dogged heroism were they given the opportunity to display it under conditions that they understand. Mr Pirow, in desiring to revive the commando system, has realised this.

We must bear in mind that according to the Carnegie Commission Poor Whiteism has only existed to any extent for forty years and the words 'Poor Whites' have only been used to designate a class since Inspector A. Haldane Murray used them for the first time in his Report of his educational survey of the Jansenville, Willowmore, and neighbouring districts, made in 1892. Therefore, the Afrikaner people who took part in the Great Trek of 1836 to 1838 were as much the immediate forbears of every poor white as they are of every prosperous and industrious Afrikaner of to-day. The Great Trek took place from the Cape towards Thaba N'chu, the Mecca of the Voortrekkers, Zoutpansberg, the Northern Transvaal, and Natal. They went because they were dissatisfied with British rule in the Cape in general and in particular because England had deprived them of their slaves and they had been cheated by agents in England out of the compensation that was their due. They went, and think how they went! They packed all they had on ox-waggons; they left their comfortable homesteads and sallied forth, driving their cattle and sheep before them, into an unknown land, filled with enemy savages. They went, old men of eighty jolting in the wooden waggons beside the women and children. Across the top half of each waggon leather *riempies* were stretched to support a mattress and on this the little children, the sick and the aged laid in the daytime in the shelter of the waggon's tented roof. At night the women and children slept in the waggon and the men slept on the ground under it or around the fire which they lit to keep off lions and other wild animals. Many a woman bore her first baby in a waggon, often without even the husband's assistance if

it chanced that he had gone afield to shoot a buck for food. Even to-day many an Afrikaner farm-woman is alone when her baby is born and within half an hour of its birth is sitting up in bed washing it in a basin of water fetched for her by some native piccanin.

The majority, however, travelled in parties in charge of a recognised leader, and when the natives attacked them stopped the waggons, unharnessed the oxen, formed them into a circle with the animals and people in the centre, protected by the waggons. The assegais of the natives rained over the tented roofs, but at least they were thrown without aim, as the Boers were hidden. The Boers had their guns, but they were the old muzzle-loading type and could only fire one shot at a time. The women reloaded as the men fired, each man had two guns, and when a husband or son fell, a woman took his guns and went on firing with another woman to load. Boys of eleven and twelve fought and died side by side with their fathers.

Sometimes, particularly in the case of the parties going down the passes into Natal, they found it impossible to drive the waggons down the mountain-sides, so they actually took each waggon to pieces and carried those separate bits, all their stores, their clothing, guns, ammunition, and little children down, mile by mile, to the bottom of the pass. There were also occasions when they had to scale a mountain to cross it, and then the same process was repeated, but this time they carried wheels and planks and stores up, instead of down. A people situated as they were, was in constant danger from the natives. Farmers living on the native borders were frequently murdered and their homesteads burnt. Not only was their daily life courageous on the farms and on trek, but in battle their deeds of heroism are worthy to be cited with those of the classic heroes of antiquity. In the battle of Blood River 400 Dutchmen withstood several thousand Zulus. This handful of white men actually killed 3000 savages, and only three Europeans were slightly wounded.

If we glance back cursorily at the origins of the Dutch in South Africa we find that they are descended from men such as those who came with Van Riebeeck in 1652 for the Dutch East India Company. These men were necessarily adventurers in heart and spirit, however much the

company may have listed them as peaceable officials on its pay-rolls. Now with such an ancestry, proximate and remote, why is the Poor White the despair of the modern politician and what use would he be in time of war? The cry of the politician and indeed of the social worker is that the Poor White won't work and that he expects the Government to support him by charity. Yet we find him working. The farm labourer and bywoner work for the farmer; the town Poor White labours in a factory, on relief construction or on the railway. It is bitterly hard work on miserable wages and the workers are undernourished. They are naturally unhappy, for they are longing for the freedom of the veldt, for sufficient food, for an escape from conditions of work which they feel is beneath them as white men.

That they cannot hope for better conditions until they have acquired more, much more, education and above all a sense of the dignity and necessity of manual labour is a *sine qua non*, but it is certain that if Mr Pirow revives the commando system which these people understand, they may well be the backbone of South African defence. It is said that the next South African war will be fought in the bushveldt. If this should happen what regiment of South African townsmen, clerks, lawyers, etc., could dream of competing with a commando of poor Afrikanders, to whom the country is perfectly known and to whom the rough life of a commando is second nature?

DOROTHEA RUDD.

Art. 11.—THE SHIFTING OF POVERTY.

THE Poor, of course, are always with us—we have the very best authority for that assertion—and so are those less happy people who are enshrouded with a continuous half-darkness through which only the worse side of things may be discerned. Everybody, of course, has his ups-and-downs, and naturally at times is able to observe in the workings of fortune, or of the markets, an annoying disinclination to bring about the most desirable things. Yet, on the whole, those darker or blinder seers may generally be regarded as mistaken, for it needs no mere easy optimism to recognise that in many respects the general material conditions of the world have improved and are improving; and that Mrs Gummidge's attitude towards the normal workings of life was less justified than that of Mr Micawber, whose irreducible gift for expecting something good to turn up was justified in the end.

But the poverty that is—the Poor that are—always with us, belong to a truism that yet is capable of modification under conditions. The wealthiest of nations almost necessarily has its ugly poverties: its slums, squalors, and frequent abject wants, endured by the sufferers with pain or with the indifference that might suggest an humiliating weakness of spirit. Such conditions are, or have been, bad enough in our own country, and seem to be worse, because on severer lines and a vastly more extensive scale, in the United States of America, where, five or six years ago and before the great slump came, wealth and its representative, the almighty dollar, as their orators called it, were not only accepted as among the chief sanctities of earthly existence, but were loudly boasted of. The power of the dollar is less confidently spoken of now. Yet in every country, from China to Peru, that happens not to be harassed by the wars and violent inward convulsions which bring a madness of destruction and even to the most innocent enormous deprivations in well-being and wealth, there is, we believe, a real improvement as compared with conditions in those countries at any time in the last half-century. We may as well take the solace which that thought brings.

Naturally the most interesting aspects of this change
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are best seen and most conveniently examined in our own country; and to emphasise the contrasts between the conditions now and as they have been, we may as well return briefly to those dark periods, the eighteenth century in the towns, with their innumerable social sinks and iniquities, and the 'Hungry Forties,' whose extreme severities after many agitations forced the repeal of the Corn Laws. As to the first of those periods, let us recall the cartoons of Hogarth, Rowlandson, and Gillray, with their scenes of degraded town-life in the days of the hulks and the stews and of Grub Street when the mainspring of literature often was crude gin. Squalor abounded then. Discontent rioted and many of the poor were starved to weakness and death. Humanity lived with the dregs and in many cases literally had gone to the dogs. Footpads infested the streets and highwaymen the main roads. Beggary was everywhere, and although such kind souls as Dr Johnson gave to those in need who passed and asked the pence of personal charity that ease a moment or an hour, there was little real public beneficence to mend the sharp consequences of poverty, and had not been since Henry VIII in his marital and reforming ardours abolished the monasteries with their systems of charity, which, however faulty and partial in their workings, were valuable to the unsettled poor of his and earlier days and left nothing behind them to take their places.

Bad as were the social misery and poverty in the towns (but not the rural districts) of the eighteenth century, there was almost deeper poverty and suffering in the thirties and forties of the nineteenth, because the very rapid growth and development of the industrial system had brought the poor crowding into the towns and, while it increased the wealth of the few and not the finest of the community, was diminishing the relative means of the multitude at the same time as it intensified the grimy squalor of the urban life and made it, even when not driven with starvation and want, worse, because disease now had its special opportunities. And there still was lethargy in the social conscience, while the Church was more than half-asleep and the penal system, through its shortcomings, cruelties, and effects, was almost as vile as ever.

Fanny Kemble, that fresh-minded and warm-hearted

actress, in her 'Records of Later Life' tells a story which reveals the frequent sufferings of the very poor in the old evil days. She was at Hull, and in walking to the station with the Mayor saw in a corner of the street what looked like a bundle of rags. 'On looking again, however, I perceived there was a live creature in the rags—a boy, whose attitude of suffering and weariness, as he crouched upon the pavement, was the most wretched thing you can imagine.' She knelt by him and asked what ailed him. His mother had re-married and his step-father, after beating and starving him cruelly, had gone away with her and abandoned him. Questions were asked, and even then it was more for the sake of his two-year-old brother, whom his mother had taken with her and, he feared, would not feed, that the child was troubled. 'The boy was not begging; he did not come to us with a pathetic appeal about his starving little brother; he was lying starved himself, and stupefied, with his head covered over, buried in his rags when I spoke to him.' Earlier he had stayed with his mother at the workhouse, but they had refused him admission there on this night 'because he had not a certain written order from a certain officer.' The Mayor and she were able then to secure his admission to the place, and the Mayor went off in search of a principal police-officer in Hull to obtain further information. 'Oh yes, the magistrate knew the child; he had sent him to prison already several times for being found lying at night on the wharves and about the streets.' 'So this poor little wretch was sent to prison because literally he had not where to lay his head!' Such an outrage and such heedlessness, hopelessness, and utter poverty are now impossible.

It is hardly necessary to emphasise the difference between the social conditions of those ugly years and now, a century afterwards; but as memory is apt to play tricks over social improvements, the old being forgotten as soon as the new is established, it is well to recall simple obvious examples of poverty as might be witnessed or heard of in everyday ways a good many years subsequent to that Kemble episode. There were the notorious conditions of the factories—Blake's 'Satanic mills'—with children working for long, unregulated hours and often falling asleep through excessive weariness in the monstrous

service of the wheels ; as was revealed to horrified humanitarians not only in debates of Parliament under the leadership of the philanthropic Lord Shaftesbury of that day and in the reports of State enquiries, but in the stunted limbs and broken lives of many who had been the workers. Also there were the dreadful evils of sweating, which found a voice of protest, passionate but not immediately effective (for is that ill cured even now ?), in Hood's 'Song of the Shirt.' And the 'poor Joes' of life, slinking into graveyards for a place to rest in, and those others of the workless, homeless, and hopeless poor whose fate it was to find shelter under the arches ; or if no arches or kindlier door-steps were available for sleep, when hunger allowed them to find that nepenthe of forgetfulness, then in a park or 'dormitory of the stars,' as the romantic who, never being other than healthily and temporarily hungry, have been pleased to name the often shrewdly chill and rainy open air. Even later than the nineties of the last century ragged children without shoes and stockings were to be seen roaming and begging in the streets of London and other large towns ; while sad and melancholy processions of unemployed workmen too often drivelled along the thoroughfares, moaning in a monotonous sing-song, 'We've got no work to do!' and calling to a pity and a sense of moral justice to which the social conscience even then was generally deaf, blind, and dumb.

Poverty is with us still, but now it is not like that. There have been ameliorations, due in large measure to the close scientific study and treatment of the subject of distress by practical philanthropists. The Charity Organisation Society was established to examine claims for relief and to repress mendicity, thereby enabling private beneficence to be more justly administered ; while such investigators as the late Charles Booth gave elaborate and valuable consideration to the wage-earning opportunities of the people and so shed light on what until then had been the baffling problems of pauperism. Others too, like Joseph Rowntree of York, with his social service, village, and charitable trusts, settled the conditions of his and other employees on healthier foundations and spread a more prudent spirit generally among the workers. Thrift schemes were formed and proved helpful in practice. The

Post Office Savings Bank gave an immense impulse and increasing encouragement to the right sort of self-help.

Such efforts and effects as those, widely and rapidly spread, led to a still more searching consideration of social science and duties; and many organisations, though often clogged with the mistaken good-will or vanity and silliness of their members, were set going, in the end greatly to strengthen the comfort and contentment of the people. Religion also awoke again to its social responsibilities, mainly through the efforts of the Salvation Army of General William Booth that somewhat noisily carried the gospel of redemption for the worst into the poorest and wildest places of the towns—places into many of which even the police would not venture except in couples. That led in turn to the foundation of the Church Army and a great spirit of social as well as of religious service in all the Churches was renewed and released. At last the community conscience was thoroughly stirred and the shifting of poverty received an enduring impetus.

The War then intervened indirectly to make extravagant alterations—and not only temporarily—in the conditions of the poor. That doubtful or misjudged or misunderstood contribution to personal means called the dole, for one thing, has made an enormous difference, if only in securing something to prevent the condition of stark despair which brought fears to haunt even the worthiest of the working poor of Victorian days. It was difficult then to save, as wages were meagre; and it is curious now, on looking back to the teachings of the pre-War economists, to discover how heartily they disliked and condemned the Old Poor Law and its effects, because it provided a dole for those who were chronically out-of-work and gave additional allowances in support or partial support of their apparently ever-arriving children. The larger the family the larger the dole and the deeper the denunciation of its ill-effects by the economists. Probably those philosophers were right in their pronouncements of the pure gospel of social science; but the principle they condemned and saw repealed is very like that which now prevails—and who, at the present day, dare seriously gainsay it? Many doubtless dislike it, its principle and the mischief it may indirectly do; but the disastrous effects of the Great War on the home-front, when the

many who had served overseas, fighting to save civilisation as has been said, returned to find their jobs gone and no security for the future, meant that some provision *had* to be made for their instant and honourable relief. The State, in spite of the fears of the wise men over the moral dangers of unearned grants to individuals, simply had to help those who had done their duty, and therefore it provided the dole for the decent help of the decent unemployed.

Through its application and the partial assistance it brings in tiding over ill days and preventing absolute want, we have this added advantage, that there is little or nothing here prevailing of that spirit of discontent that strengthens to agitation and revolt and has become an accepted opportunity to Communists and Fascists abroad. That instance also is sufficient to point the truth that poverty, if not eliminated from our community—as certainly it is not—has shifted its incidence and become modified. For precisely that spirit of discontent was rife in England during the eighties and resulted in riots in the West End, when shops had their windows broken and were rifled by mobs and there were angry scuffles between the proletariat and the police in Trafalgar Square and elsewhere. Out of such discords and discontents, the consequences of harsh conditions, the Social Democratic Federation was born, whereby a new force, Socialism, entered British politics to harass the old-established parties, until—*mirabile dictu*—the removal of the worst poverty and the increase of capital investments by all classes through the savings banks and other means resulted in its gospel becoming so pale that the modern Labour Party, with all its pretensions on platforms and at tea-parties, displays only a milder form of the old radicalism and shows that over the recent years there has been a shifting of other circumstances than poverty.

The causes of the changes in social conditions that have tended to remove or shift the direct pressure of poverty have been many; and political action, of course, has been the most important. The number of Health Bills alone passed by Parliament in the last forty years are hardly to be counted; and so vast an organisation of State help for the public welfare has been built up, especially in effect to help the former poor, that with free

education, Old Age Pensions, Widows' Pensions, the provision of meals for children, and much more, supplemented by the serviceable but costly influence of Home Office and other inspectors who put their authorised noses into all sorts of places, something like two-thirds of the total amount of the National Debt as it was before the War has been estimated as being spent in such ways annually. It is colossal. There is no other word for it. One can only imagine the amazement of any of the Victorian Chancellors of the Exchequer—Mr Gladstone, Sir Robert Peel, or even Benjamin Disraeli, whose imagination could tolerate most things—if brought from the grave to behold the vast structure of State and municipal finance and especially of that part of it which is directly applied to the protection of the poor, as it has come to be. There is little cause, then, for wonder that with such a mighty machine at work for their benefit, the general lot of the former poor has been either greatly improved or improved-away and that their real, as well as their nominal, wages have risen.

Increased mechanisation is the main cause of that acceleration and has been an essential factor in the shifting of poverty, as also it has been a cause of alterations in the processes of earning. Tinned goods—meats and fruits and cereals—are everywhere to be bought and consumed, and although their health effect can hardly be as valuable as if those commodities were brought to the kitchens fresh from nature, the cheapness due to their mass-production has raised real wages considerably and put on working-class tables comestibles which fifty years ago were not to be seen there. In those days meat was a rare dish for the working poor; but now it is generally the main family food on which wages are spent. It is much the same also with clothes and boots. How shabby and dingy, if not ragged, were the garments of the poorer girls and men in the later years of the last century! Ill-cut and shoddy, they looked cheap and were nasty; but nowadays, with efficient production, scientific inventiveness, manufacturing skill, selective taste, and the better wages which the workers get, it is possible for the daughters of the homes of supposed poverty not only to wear graceful frocks in dainty colours and synthetic silks, but to do so with something of an air, of which, doubtless, a good deal

is learnt from the films that they can afford to enjoy almost too frequently.

The fact that the clothes are machined goods and not home- and hand-made is almost bound to make a difference, not only to their lasting and, therefore, profitable qualities, for the trained and careful hand in the end is the more perfect instrument, but also to the character of the home-earnings. Their purchase from a shop implies a departure of income that otherwise would have remained so far in the home. In that respect an enormous shifting has taken place, for although home-production, as weaving and cloth-making, is not yet extinct, it is next to nothing as compared with what it was sixty years ago, when Ruskin was preaching his lay-gospel on that theme. Many a poor man was then his own master and good money was made, saved, and spent with the greater care, and an almost religious repudiation of wastefulness, because it had been earned by skill of hands, brains, and personal effort at home. It stood for a reality which the slips of Government paper, treasury notes, in a weekly pay-envelope in recompense for close attendance to a set routine cannot quite represent. There was enjoyment also in the application of those earnings, which cannot be positively realised now that the labours that produced them are so limited, partial, ordered, and exactly repetitive. The one was the result of the personal touch with something definite to show for it; while in the other the human element is transformed into that of a cog. Mr Gandhi, therefore, is not so wrong in regarding creative handiwork and the restoration of home industries which the machines have been capturing or destroying as necessary to the economic salvation of the peoples of India. His dream, however, is hardly likely to be realised where labour is so cheap and the markets are so enormous; and certainly nothing of the kind can be fulfilled in our islands, where the industrial system has become overwhelmingly powerful and complicatedly efficient.

In any case, as shown by the general rise in real and nominal wages, the wealth of the community has increased, while the extravagance in drink that led to widespread habitual drunkenness is almost gone, and although the poor are with us still and remain an evasive problem, their poverty is different from that of the

old days, when, apart from the many hardships and vicissitudes suffered, of which we have spoken, there was a large element of personal service available, as, to take one instance only, when young girls were glad to enter households as domestic servants, being not so disdainful of that decent estate as are their daughters, who generally prefer to be shop-girls, typists, waitresses, and attendants in all manner of enterprises so long as they may have many free hours for the enjoyment of recreations and the small luxuries they cannot be blamed for desiring.

Yet what a change this shifting of labour denotes as compared with the anxieties suffered by many of those young people's great-grandparents when they happened to have been agricultural labourers, earning a livelihood with difficulty by all but unremitting work in the fields through the daylight hours for a wage of seven or eight shillings a week, with possibly some small, uncertain privileges added. Happily that harshness of poverty also has been finally shifted. The agricultural labourer, thanks to the efforts over many years of his Trade Union and the increased sympathy of Parliament for those who have not, but are entitled to, a living wage, is now in good general respect and self-respect and decently paid, as also are the many other workers—hewers of wood and drawers of water, carriers and porters—who not so long ago were expected to live and bring up a family on about a pound a week.

With the privileges they now enjoy of free schooling, free medical attendance, and much more of the kind for their children and honourable relief for the aged who formerly would have been their dependants or left to the dreaded mercies of the workhouse, the condition of such persons has improved and is such that, compared with their old expectations, they may be counted as well-off—and well-off, too, when compared with that of certain black-coated workers, as they are called, clerks and the lesser professional men, who even if their wages, salaries, or earnings are more than those of labourers, nominally and in the lump, have yet in the sacred name of respectability to maintain appearances that call for personal deprivations and a struggle. If that independence be regarded by some others as an expensive and unreal form of pride, they are equally entitled themselves—and by

others as well—to accept it as a creditable expression of self-respect. It is, however, in such ways that the pressure of poverty has shifted. The old poor are now comparatively well-off, with their standard of living raised; while many of those who formerly could pay their ways with ease are handicapped through the higher prices and the general fall in the values of investments, at the same time as they have no corresponding increase of means to off-set those disadvantages.

The hardship is heavier still in the case of those who, belonging to families long-established on the land, in earlier days were very comfortably off, but are now the victims of 'democratic finance,' that forceful political instrument which, through its claims and especially the exacting death-duties demanded, have been forced to sell or break-up, to leave and lose their ancestral estates and live on incomes so restricted that their forbears would not have believed could ever have been possible to their descendants. Such as they, the children and grandchildren of the old-fashioned squirearchy, are perhaps the principal victims of the relative shiftings of wealth and poverty since the War; but there are others whose necessities, like theirs, are hidden under a sensitive pride and who would rather endure personal distress than sacrifice their guarded self-respect. Gentlefolk, descendants of the types met in 'Cranford' and 'The House of the Seven Gables,' and the countless elderly spinsters, born to cultured and prosperous conditions, who yet, having suffered the handicaps of these days, have found themselves penniless, untrained, and therefore incapable of earning a living, while hating almost beyond all things the inevitable dependence they must endure, are also pitiful victims of the changed conditions. And there are multitudes like them, spiritually and in blood of the best people, who deserve sympathy and yet are lost sight of, as already they have been for bleak and anxious years.

We may as well point the moral at once. The pressure of poverty has so shifted from the mass to particular shoulders, and in the process come to burden many worthy people unfairly and harshly, that far-reaching re-adjustments in the plan of national taxation are required. It is time that the maxims as laid down by the older economists,

from Adam Smith to Alfred Marshall, were really followed by politicians and the Treasury so that the burden might fall in juster and more particular proportions on all shoulders. The evidence of such a need with the considerable inequalities involved is clear to all with sympathy who can see, and is further suggested at the other extreme by the recent practice of one or two most admirable lords, temporal peers as well as peers of industry, in presenting to great institutions and noble causes blocks of wealth which their accumulated and invested capital-funds could no longer conveniently absorb. The question is, how can the requisite re-adjustments be made?

The State is now behind nearly everything and with its resources can do much, as has been shown in districts as desperately hopeless as were the depressed areas in the North of England three years ago. If hope has been newly quickened in those dismal deserts of the Black Country, surely it can be restored elsewhere, although the New Poor, including the less fortunate professional classes who are the first to be injured by a slump, are not so easily get-at-able as may be a definite industrial region that can be helped by transferred or new enterprises? Yet *they* are the problem now. Every other class of the community apparently has its resources or its sops; but what can be done for those whose cases are so different? The difficulties, of course, are tremendous and packed with uncertainties; but much of the sympathy felt for the once harassed working-classes—who, after enduring the inconveniences, have enjoyed the privileges of their poverty now for some years—might well be transferred to these others, who, though much in want, have not learnt how to draw attention to their needs by squealing. A general improvement of conditions throughout the country is imperative. Any reduction of taxation, of course, would help in reducing the pressure that is exacting and its more considerate incidence would help still more, and be encouraging as well as just. It is a case for statesmen.

As to the essential problem of the Poor—they, of course, in some measure, will always be with us. It is impossible to contemplate a time when human nature will be so fully restored to its perfections—as never were—that the slipshod and worthless, the drifters and utterly

idle, the weak and the determinately vicious can be eliminated from the community ; and so it is that chronic poverty somewhere, though it may be eased, is certain to stay. We know, or we suppose, as the psychologists repeatedly have told us, that such weaknesses are generally pathological, aspects of disease, the results of old causes, inherent and as ineradicable from the individual as a leopard's spots or an Ethiop's black skin. If that be so, then we must keep the closer to the world of reality and not make too fanciful excursions even into an economist's paradise or psychologist's Utopia, for the best of such wise men at times may grow over-fanciful and mislead.

The poverty of the New Poor, however, is no such pathological indulgence, but is absolutely real, and it should be the task of philosophers, economists, psychologists, humanitarians—all—co-operating with statesmen, to modify, if they cannot remove, the pressure on those, the worthiest of citizens—with the added understanding that in their case it cannot be done with a dole.

FRANCIS BURGESS.

Art. 12.—THE POLITICAL VALUE OF THE LEAGUE.

IN the last issue of the 'Quarterly Review' the attempt was made to appraise the non-political value of the League of Nations; and we found that the League, having in its earliest years contributed notably to the re-settlement of Europe after the upheaval of the Great War, was still performing over the whole world, with the co-operation of non-member States, several essential technical services—hygienic, charitable, economic, financial, sociological, statistical, and co-ordinative—services so indispensable in our modern complex of close-neighbour'd and inter-dependent communities that if the Geneva institution did not exist some other similar body, central and authoritative, would have to be created. Geneva is superbly equipped, by means of the international bureaucratic machine installed in the Palais des Nations, to direct the fight against some of the worst scourges of mankind. It is the world's Ministry of Health and its Charity Organisation Society; and in fulfilling those manifestly useful duties it has the help of Germany, Japan, Italy, and other States which politically abominate and avoid it. And other nations besides these three take no part in the purely political proceedings at Geneva. So the League has admittedly become, for non-technical business, a crippled and lop-sided organism. Let us now consider the question of what political value, if any, it still retains.

We can best begin the examination by recapitulating briefly its successes and its failures during the eighteen years of its existence—a longer period, it may be observed, than any idealistic conception of the same sort has ever lived. We will first deal briefly with some of its semi-political activities, such as Mandates, minorities, and administrative business. The League's supervision of the mandatory duties laid upon half a dozen Governments has survived all the stresses and strains of the last two decades, except in the case of Japan, which, having broken its connection with Geneva, keeps its individual hold over the islands which were only committed to its care internationally. For the Mandates system is essentially international. The States administering the territories do so in the name of the League; and they acknowledge their responsibility to it every year, when they report to

it and subject their labours to its observations, appreciative or critical. The annual reports are made both in writing and verbally to the Mandates Commission, which is an advisory, not an executive body. But its recommendations to the Council of the League are almost invariably adopted, and have in many cases brought about modifications in the attitude or the policy of the Mandatory Power. The authority of the Mandates Commission stands very high. It consists of experts who are taken from non-mandatory as well as from mandatory Powers, but who may not be government officials and in no way represent particular Governments. They represent all the nations composing the League, and are responsible directly to the Council. The consent of the Council is required for any modification of a Mandate, from whatever source the request for modification may come. Mandatory Powers still, therefore, fulfil the original function of the League in governing these backward territories as 'a sacred trust of civilisation' and with a view to training their inhabitants to be ultimately capable of self-government. Iraq and Syria have already discarded the tutelage of Great Britain and France respectively, with the full consent of those Powers and of the League. Since a Mandatory State has full powers of legislation and administration, though at the same time it accepts the collective supervision of the League, the system is a happy combination of national rule with international control.

More definitely international has been the administration of the League in the Saar and in Upper Silesia, as well as its control of the Danube and other European waterways. In the Saar territory the League fulfilled its rôle to perfection. A Commission of Five governed this entirely German-speaking district in the name of the Council and on the principle that its sole interest was the welfare of the inhabitants. Quarterly reports were sent by the Commission to all members of the Council and were published in the League's official Journal. Thus even when Germany was not a member of the League (which she was during the greater part of the period), the methods of the Council were plain for all the world to examine and to criticise. On the whole the administration of the five commissioners of different nationality gave satisfaction

in the Saar and abroad, in spite of the special strains caused by successive depreciations of the mark and the franc, by the establishment of a temporary Customs régime, and by frequent Franco-German dissensions. Public feeling in the district grew in intensity as the day approached—fifteen years from the ratification of the Versailles Treaty—when the plebiscite was to be taken for deciding its future destiny. With the support of France—though France retained to the end a hope that the Territory would vote for the maintenance of international rule—the plebiscite was carried out with absolute impartiality by the League. Its representatives prepared the most admirable technical arrangements for the maintenance of order during the voting, and were able to make them effective because Great Britain, Italy, Sweden, and the Netherlands placed troops at the disposal of the Commission to act as international police. Each inhabitant could fill in his voting-paper exactly as his secret wishes prompted him. The vast majority voted for union with Germany, and the transfer was duly carried out within two months of the taking of the plebiscite. The success of the League was undeniable, and was not denied even in Nazi Germany. It was obtained because the League was firmly supported by well-armed but impartial Powers, and its technique could therefore be freely and fairly applied to a political problem, which at one moment—just before the plebiscite—seemed likely to cause a perilous clash between Germany and France.

Minority questions are still among the most refractory in Europe, and are likely, in a greater or lesser degree, to be permanent; for human ingenuity will never be able to devise frontiers which will leave no groups of alien nationality more or less isolated among a dominant race. The excellent purpose of the system set up by the Peace Treaties was to secure that rights of full citizenship, education in their own language, and freedom of worship should be safeguarded to these nationalities, without giving them the slightest encouragement to become disloyal to the State in which they resided and to which they legally belonged. A long list of quarrels which were settled by the Council could be enumerated—in the first ten years of the League's existence about 400 petitions were addressed to it by members of minority populations

—and it is incontestable that the League did an immense amount of quiet pacificatory work in this respect. With the growth of the sentiment of nationality in many countries, however, and the decline in the authority of the League for reasons unconnected with the question of minorities, its usefulness as a friendly mediator between alien groups and their masters has greatly declined. It is therefore not worth while at this moment going into the details of this intricate problem. The problem itself is still acutely felt in thousands of households. Nothing human is more stubborn than the racial and cultural consciousness of Europeans in Europe; and the League solution of maintaining cultural rights while discouraging political ambitions remains infinitely preferable to the alternative, according to which the dominating people tries to assimilate or extirpate its minorities. The influence which the League can exercise will depend upon the growth or decline of its political authority. If its position should be re-established the conciliatory offices of the Council will almost certainly again be frequently required.

The case of Danzig belongs more definitely to the past, as far as the League is concerned, than that of other minority populations. The City of Danzig is a purely German town, situated among a predominant Polish-Slav people, to which a special autonomous status was given. The town was considered in 1919 to be so important, as an outlet to the sea, for the new Republic of Poland that special rights were guaranteed to her and the city's constitution was placed under the protection of the League. The general position has now been changed, partly by the admirable energy of the Poles themselves, who have constructed an entirely new port on the Baltic at Gdynia, and partly by the Nazis' active pursuit of their programme of bringing all neighbouring Germans into the German Reich. This ambition was also entertained by earlier governments in Berlin, and the Danzig plan was one of the many which were imposed upon a weak Germany but could not be expected to be maintained when Germany became strong. There was a famous occasion, a year and a half ago, when Herr Greiser went to Geneva as representative of the Free City and denounced in violent language the artificial arrangement by which Danzig was separated

from the Fatherland. He shouted, banged the table, and finally cocked a snook at hilarious journalists as he left the Council Chamber. He was rebuked by Mr Eden (who was President) in the name of the Council. But in his own Teutonic fashion the man had come to the League to demand changes in the Treaty provisions. It was the proper place to come to for this purpose ; and the Council might at least have acknowledged that he had made out a case for revision, which he certainly had. Instead, he was told that he had exceeded the agenda and that he had behaved very badly. Herr Greiser not unnaturally went away disgusted with the institution which he had only approached much against his personal inclinations, and determined to achieve revision by other methods. The Danzig Constitution was in any case one of the chapters of the Peace Treaty which should have been made subject to subsequent reconsideration. No particular provision was made for the law of change, which forever challenges the stability of human affairs. But all these are among the lesser political activities of the League of Nations, and we must hasten on to a brief consideration of its conduct in major disputes between nations, three of which have, since 1930, led to large-scale wars.

It would nevertheless distort the perspective if we discussed the League's manifest failures in Manchukuo, Abyssinia, and China proper without recalling first the impressive series of inter-State disputes which it settled by peaceful arbitration. Some of these may appear to have been small. But most international disputes are small at the start. The essence of good diplomacy is prevention. There is no adage which the statesmen of international affairs should bear more constantly in mind than the old English saying that a stitch in time saves nine. Some of these apparently minor disputes solved by the League might have become the cause of fighting if they had not been promptly submitted to arbitration by the countries concerned. Forty purely political differences have been submitted to the League up to the end of 1937. Among those amicably settled were the disputes between Greece and Bulgaria after Greek troops had actually invaded Bulgarian soil, between Sweden and Finland over the Aland Islands, between Hungary and Rumania over transferred property in Transylvania, between Great Britain and

Turkey over Mosul, between Great Britain and Iran in regard to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, between Colombia and Peru over Leticia, between France and Switzerland over the Pays de Gex, between Hungary and Yugoslavia after the assassination of King Alexander at Marseilles, and between France and Turkey over Alexandretta. In addition, the League has determined at least half a dozen undelimited or disputed frontiers.

In the first of these cases—the Greco-Bulgar conflict—fighting which had already begun was stopped; and we may recall Mr Lloyd George's remark that if the League stopped a single war it would have justified its existence. Rumania invaded Hungary once after the War, and it is almost certain she would not have listened to reason in the so-called Transylvanian Optants question had not the Hungarian Government brought the matter into the open before the Council, where a brilliant dialectical duel between Count Apponyi and M. Titulescu forestalled and prevented a more violent encounter. Equally brilliant, and more immediately decisive, was the pleading of Sir John Simon in the case of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. That great advocate, representing for once the Foreign Office entirely in a capacity for which his life-training qualified him, completely demolished the case of the Iranian Government. In the quarrel between France and Switzerland over the French district lying behind the city of Geneva, M. Poincaré had already acted in a most high-handed manner; and I am convinced that Switzerland would not have obtained justice if French support of the League had not logically compelled her to listen to the voice of Geneva. After the murder of King Alexander feeling in Yugoslavia was running dangerously high against Hungary, which was accused of harbouring professional assassins. The other members of the Little Entente, Rumania and Czechoslovakia, associated themselves with Yugoslavia. Hungary lay at their mercy. But the public consideration of the matter at Geneva allowed time for passions to cool, and after six months it was possible to declare the question closed.

All these instances were straight disputes between two States (the Little Entente liked to be reckoned as one State for purposes of foreign policy), in which the arbitral function of the Council was successful. Its solutions,

moreover, differed widely according to the nature of each case. In the quarrel which broke out between Colombia and Peru, for instance, the disputed territory of Leticia was for a whole year taken over and administered by the League itself. It was obviously easier for Peru to hand over its booty to a corporate institution than to its rival; and after a decent interval the League recalled its Administrative Commission and handed the territory back to Colombia. An interesting point about the Mosul dispute between Great Britain and Turkey is that the legal arguments were in favour of Turkey. Great Britain on behalf of Iraq could not argue that its client State had a legal title to the province of Mosul; but it could argue that it had the strongest racial, political, historical, and moral claims to it. These claims were eventually admitted by the Council, but only after most obstinate opposition, especially from its Swedish member, M. Unden, whose legalistic objections were hardly to be overcome. Only when the League Commissioners who were sent to Mesopotamia to investigate had reported in a sense favourable to the British case and when some Turkish soldiers had perpetrated a local massacre of Christians, at a peculiarly ill-timed moment for their government, were the waverers in the Council finally determined to award the district to Iraq.

The case of Mosul is extremely significant in the building up of a League *corpus juris*, for it affords the most signal instance of the Council having rendered a verdict based upon considerations of equity and justice rather than law. It was a favourite point of Sir Austen Chamberlain's that this ability to take political considerations into account constituted one of the most valuable assets of the Council, and qualified it above all other arbitral bodies for the settlement of political disputes. The Council consists of practising statesmen, each well versed in current affairs and each the responsible representative of his Government. He does not, therefore, give his opinion *in vacuo*. Idealists may hold that an arbiter's judgment can only be warped by the national predilections and considerations of policy which he and his colleagues naturally entertain, and that he ought sternly to expel them from his mind when he is sitting in an arbitral capacity. This counsel of perfection is no doubt capable

of being put into practice by the judges who consider the purely legal disputes which are brought before the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague. But it never has been, and probably never will be, put into practice by statesmen whose very *raison d'être* is the representation of their people's interests. Nor is it likely that any governments would accept the verdict of a body of dispassionate men of repute who might conceivably be constituted to act as arbiters in an inter-State dispute. Since the War there have, in fact, been set up over a hundred bilateral arbitration tribunals by various States of Europe. They are composed of distinguished foreigners—foreign, that is, to the two States appointing them—of whom Lord Cecil and Lord Macmillan are British examples. But so far as I am aware no first-class political dispute has ever been submitted to any one of these numerous arbitral bodies.

The Council of the League thus appears to be the best court yet devised for the hearing of political differences, for which it has indeed other notable qualifications. Because its members represent governments, they represent authority. And because the Council exists in permanence, it can be assembled at any moment. Arbitrators do not have to be appointed *ad hoc*—always an invidious procedure which may easily increase the misunderstanding between the disputants. And because the Council is fully constituted before the dispute has arisen, the probability exists that the greater number of its members are prepared to hear the case without inordinately strong national prejudice. While judging as politicians, most will judge without the partiality of having to defend their own country's position. In all these cases described above its solutions have in fact been accepted as just and executed even by the losing party.

The Council, however, has also had its failures, of which the world to-day is keenly aware and from which it is acutely suffering. Let us briefly examine the causes of the League's failures in the Far East and its inability to prevent or to shorten the Italo-Abyssinian conflict. The perfectly simple and perfectly obvious fundamental cause of failure in all three cases was that the aggressive State was prepared to go to war and the States which supported the verdict of the League were not

prepared to go to war. In other words, inter-State arbitration is only useful, in the circumstances of to-day, if both parties voluntarily resort to it. Arbitration cannot yet be expected to cover disputes on an issue which one or the other party believes or declares to be vital. It is true that an issue has not yet arisen in which both parties feel that the issue is vital and both are approximately evenly matched. In that case the advantages of arbitral procedure might conceivably be recognised by both. So far events have only proved that a stronger Power may defy the appeal to arbitration of a weaker Power and may also defy international measures in support of the weaker State if those measures are less than military in character. They have also proved that no nation is ready to go to war altruistically on behalf of a smaller nation (can anybody say that even in 1914 Great Britain would have gone to war, or indeed that she would in 1839 have signed the guarantee treaty, unless she believed that British interests demanded the independence of Belgium ?) ; and they prove that no nation is ready to go to war solely in order to uphold the principle of arbitration.

In the most recent aggression of Japan against China the League of Nations, disheartened by the collapse of its efforts in 1931 and 1935-6, has attempted nothing except the summoning of a conference of the interested Powers ; but in both the earlier invasions—of Manchuria and of Abyssinia—the League played a very active if unavailing part. As soon as the first bomb fell in Manchuria the Council, which happened to be in session, repeatedly invited Japan to withdraw her troops to the areas allowed by treaty, and as repeatedly obtained from Japan reassuring replies. The League then proceeded to the method which had served it well in so many disputes. It sent an International Commission to investigate on the spot and report back to the Council. Admirably led by Lord Lytton, the Commissioners drew up proposals which gave full value to the special Japanese interests in the region of China beyond the Great Wall and explicitly ruled out a mere restoration of the *status quo ante* ; but it would have maintained the nominal sovereignty of China and appointed other foreign officials, besides Japanese, to organise the autonomy of Manchukuo.

They were progressive proposals ; but they came much too late to be considered by Japan. By the time the Lytton Report was published a new Japanese Government—not the Government with which Lord Lytton had conferred in Tokyo before he crossed the China Sea—had not only instigated the declaration of independence by a puppet Manchukuo State but had recognised its sovereignty. Since Manchukuo itself thereupon repudiated the League's recommendations, nothing could be done except by force. And as has already been noted no country, neither the United States nor Great Britain nor any other, was prepared to employ force on behalf of China or of a League solution. The British Government was convinced that the threat of force, in the mood in which Japan was then (and in which she is again to-day), would have had the immediate consequence of the sinking of British warships and an attack on Hong-Kong.

The other most notable failure of the League, in Abyssinia, suggests somewhat different reflections. It is perfectly true, of course, that it illustrated no less than the other case the truism that force alone can meet force on equal terms. But its special lesson is provided by the circumstance that the very developments which occurred in the summer of 1935 had been foreseen by the old diplomacy and covered by a series of treaties. From the early nineties of last century, when British and Italian spheres of influence in East Africa had been defined by Lord Dufferin and Marchese Rudini, successive treaties between Italy, Great Britain, and France had been devised to ensure that, if the status of the Ethiopian Empire were to be changed, the change should not disturb the harmony of the three most interested Powers. The most important of these instruments were the Anglo-Franco-Italian Treaty of 1906 and the Anglo-Italian Exchange of Notes in 1925. The three Powers in 1906 undertook to respect the integrity of Ethiopia, but ' in the event of the status quo being disturbed ' it was agreed that the three Powers should act together for the purpose of maintaining first the interests of Great Britain and Egypt in the Nile basin, more especially the regulation of the waters of that river, which rise in the Abyssinian Lake Tsana ; secondly, the interests of Italy in Ethiopia, more especially with regard to the hinterland of her East African possessions (Eritrea

and Somaliland), and the territorial connection between them—which was understood to involve the construction of a railway across Ethiopian territory; and thirdly, the interests of France in Ethiopia, especially in the zone necessary for the construction and working of the railway from the French port of Jibuti inland to Addis Ababa. The 1925 arrangement between Great Britain and Italy—concluded, it is important to note, after the League of Nations had come into existence and Abyssinia had been admitted to membership—supplemented the tripartite Treaty by defining more closely the bargain between Great Britain and Italy. Italy was to support Great Britain in her application to the Ethiopian Government for a concession to control by barrage the waters of Lake Tsana; and in return His Majesty's Government was to support Italy in obtaining from the Ethiopian Government a concession 'to construct and run a railway from the frontier of Eritrea to the frontier of (Italian) Somaliland,' which should pass to the west of Addis Ababa—not to the east of the capital, as might have been expected; and it was further stipulated that Italy was to enjoy 'an exclusive economic influence in the west of Abyssinia and in the whole of the territory to be crossed by the railway.'

These Agreements were in fact drawn up upon the pre-War principle of 'spheres of influence' for foreign countries in the territory of a backward State. It was a custom that ran counter to the more enlightened principles of the League of Nations and shocked the post-War conscience. The Ethiopian Government lost no time in refusing to recognise the validity of the 1925 compact between Great Britain and Italy; and these two powerful neighbours on their part hastened to explain that no division of Ethiopian spoils was contemplated. Italy emphasised her protestations of good will by signing a separate Treaty with Abyssinia in 1928, which proclaimed 'continual peace and perpetual friendship' between the two countries and provided for the settlement of any future differences by the method of conciliation or arbitration. Nevertheless, within five years (as we now know from Marshal De Bono's book) Mussolini was beginning deliberately to plan the destruction of Ethiopia. Italy had by that time certain minor grievances to complain of; but she was impelled less by these than by the

Cæsarian will of her Duce, who saw in war and colonial expansion the certificates of national greatness. Mussolini's mentality derived from pre-War and not from post-War standards; and British policy, in spite of Sir Austen Chamberlain's bargain of 1925, was guided by the doctrines of the League of Nations. 'We ran great risks,' said Lord Cranborne afterwards in the House of Commons (May 6, 1936), 'not for any personal or national advantage, but just in support of some great principle in which we had genuinely believed.'

There is neither space nor need to narrate the unhappy course of events which culminated in the flight of the Emperor Haile Selassie, the occupation of Addis Ababa by Italian troops, and the annexation of Abyssinia by the King of Italy. Not only was the failure of the policy of Great Britain and the League complete; but it is also certain that far more satisfactory results would have been obtained if the methods of traditional diplomacy had not been so impulsively thrust into the background. The cynicism of those diplomatists of the pre-War period had in fact foreseen precisely the sort of position which arose in that part of Africa in the summer and autumn of 1935, when the status quo was threatened by Italy herself. Had the procedure indicated by them been followed, the probability is that there would have been no war—at the most a short, swift campaign on the borderland which would have entitled Italy to say 'Adowa is avenged'; Haile Selassie would have remained Emperor; Italy would have acquired economic concessions; and Great Britain and France would have secured the right to look after their special interests in the districts respectively of Lake Tsana and the Jibuti railway. The existence of the League aroused false hopes in Haile Selassie and led him on to his destruction.

These reflections no doubt savour of wisdom after the event, and I do not wish to imply that Mr Baldwin's Government were wrong to pursue the policy of sanctions against Italy. They were deeply pledged to a League policy; the renewal of the pledge had indeed been a big factor in their convincing victory at the recent general election. Many Conservatives who had misgivings about imposing economic penalties on a country with which we had no material quarrel felt in honour bound to give their

general support to the policy framed at Geneva. The criticism that may justly be made of the League action is twofold—first, that the League did not pursue its own policy with sufficient vigour at the outset; second, that it did not cease its policy at once when it had manifestly failed. In accordance with a sliding scale, which the Assembly had drawn up some years before, only the mildest sanctions (or economic prohibitions) were imposed at first, and they were gradually increased in severity. The Germans taught us in the War that it is best to open fire with the biggest guns. But the League had not learnt the lesson, and its gentler methods were disastrous against a gambler who had staked his political existence on swift success. The earlier sanctions served only as pricks of the goad which drove the Italian people on and did not seriously hamper them. If the League had placed an immediate embargo on lubricating oil Mussolini's army would never have been able to negotiate the mountains of Abyssinia. Again, at the end of his campaign, if the League had admitted frankly that sanctions had failed and had taken them off, Mussolini would almost certainly not have been driven into a pro-German and anti-League position. The sanctions obviously had to be taken off some time, and it was the period of two or three months that elapsed between the capture of Addis Ababa and their final removal that shattered the relations between Great Britain and Italy. Moreover, when Mr Eden for Great Britain and Mr Bruce for Australia at last urged their termination at Geneva (in July 1935), they both gave as a reason that their continuance would not restore the status quo—as if the League existed to keep Abyssinia the centre of corruption and slavery it had been before the Italians abolished slavery, extended education, and instituted modern public services. Further untoward results of the policy of sanctions have been to carry the sharp division of ideologies in Europe into the political arena, and to encourage countries to cultivate the deleterious habit of economic self-sufficiency.

Better results would have been achieved by the old diplomacy—for there is not the slightest doubt that under the menace of Italian invasion Haile Selassie was more than ready, in the autumn of 1935, to see the plan of 1906 put into operation. But, Great Britain and France

being champions of the League, the policy that best combined honesty and wisdom would undoubtedly have been to support the Geneva methods, while maintaining parallel efforts to obtain a settlement by diplomatic means. This was in fact the attitude which the British Government would have preferred. Mr Eden paid a special visit to Rome when the invasion of Abyssinia was imminent and proposed a compromise by which Italy would acquire a small portion of Abyssinian territory and Abyssinia would be compensated by receiving an outlet to the sea at Zeila—at the expense of Great Britain (Zeila being in British Somaliland). The proposal was unceremoniously rejected by Mussolini—between whom and Mr Eden a personal antipathy was then unfortunately created—and was also condemned by the House of Commons. Later, when Italian troops had advanced well into the interior but were still out of reach of the capital, Sir Samuel Hoare, in conjunction with the French Prime Minister, M. Laval, proposed a compromise settlement not unlike that outlined in the diplomatic treaties, but with the great advantage that the League of Nations would have played the leading part in the administration of the country under the sovereignty of Haile Selassie. Italy was to provide the majority of the League officials; and it is now generally known—as the British Government knew at the time—that Mussolini would have accepted the Hoare-Laval terms.

These really excellent proposals were rejected in an outburst of moral indignation by the British public, and Sir Samuel Hoare was driven from office. The instincts of the few were overwhelmed by the emotions of the many. Diplomacy was dominated by the crowd. Sir Samuel Hoare said at the time: 'The fact is that there are only two ways of ending the war, either peace by negotiation or peace by surrender.' These words of wisdom and of foresight were unheeded; and the event proved once more that if morality is a good compass by which to set policy, the diplomatist still has to find the best way across or round the difficulties of terrain, of which the compass takes no heed.

This conspicuous failure of the League has destroyed the belief of most of its members in the system of sanctions; and those countries which still adhere to the

strict interpretation of Article XVI really adhere to it as to a post-War form of alliance. A recent meeting at Geneva has shown that there is no longer general support for obligatory collective action. In the struggle between national sovereignty and subordination of immediate interests to an international ideal nationalism has won. 'The sanctions system,' said the Swedish Foreign Minister, 'has *de facto* ceased to operate.' The individual nation is still the unit in international affairs. When the next big crisis arises the action of every Government concerned will be decided by its own judgment in accordance with its own interests.

That does not, of course, mean that decisions will be made without consultation with other Governments. Nor does it necessarily mean that decisions will be made contrary to the spirit of Article XVI or the other Articles of the Covenant. It is indeed vitally important for the future of Europe that Article XVI should not be abrogated. So long as it stands, any State guilty of unprovoked aggression may legitimately be regarded by all members of the League as an outlaw. Other countries may justifiably regard themselves as liberated from all legal compacts with the offending State; and, while they are not entitled to help the aggressor, they will be perfectly free to render assistance to his victim—in other words, to attack the aggressor. But each member of the League will be free to decide just how far it will go in fulfilment of the intentions of the Covenant as expressed in its preamble and Articles.

Further discussion on these points would lead to the heart of the problem of League reform, which is not the subject of this article. In attempting to appraise the present political value of the League of Nations we have seen that it has proved itself the willing and useful handmaiden of the nations in matters of administration, supervision, adjudication, conciliation, and arbitration. There has not been space to dwell in any detail upon the valuable contacts regularly made at Geneva, and the minor political reconciliations which so often occur there—as when at the last September Assembly the Hungarian Foreign Minister conferred with the Foreign Ministers of Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia, whose meeting in any of their four capitals would not have been tolerated

by public opinion. In this and many other ways the League of Nations helped greatly to resettle Europe in the difficult years immediately following the War. It carried out the Peace Treaties. But it failed to modify them where they needed modification. Diplomacy still seems to be the best instrument of change ; and there is need for a clearer distinction between the functions of the League and those of diplomacy. They supplement and complement one another, and they may occasionally overlap ; but they are distinct. The chief political value of the League is that it still provides the best international arbitral body yet devised for the peaceful settlement of inter-State disputes, and it is still the nodal point where nations may properly concert action against an aggressor State.

Recent events, however, have clearly proved that neither the obligation to arbitrate nor the obligation to take action against a wrongdoer is accepted as still binding by a majority of the League States. The text of the Covenant does not inspire implicit obedience. The Covenant of the League is in fact as far in advance of international morality as the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount is in advance of the morality of individuals. There are, indeed, legal luminaries who argue that the Covenant is neither a contract nor a treaty. In any case it probably corresponds rather less closely to the mentality of nations than the teaching of Machiavelli and Treitschke. Those two great thinkers are very much alive to-day, and whoever would understand foreign affairs should make himself acquainted with their outlook. They knew Europeans better than Woodrow Wilson did. 'It is unquestionably very praiseworthy in Princes to be faithful to their engagements,' wrote Machiavelli ; but he went on to allow them much laxity in their fidelity because all men are not good and a Prince ought not to keep his word if he can only do so to the detriment of his patrimony. The teaching of Treitschke is healthier and more robust, but not very different. 'The limitations which States lay on themselves in treaties are merely voluntary ; all treaties are concluded with a mental reservation—*rebus sic stantibus*—so long as circumstances remain unchanged.' And he adds, 'The doctrinaire exponent of international law fondly imagines that he

need only emit a few aphorisms and that the nations of the world will forthwith, as reasonable men, accept them.' But Treitschke also wrote: 'The doctrine of pure might is a vain doctrine; it is immoral because it cannot justify its own existence'; and again

'We must consider the State as it actually is. . . . In so far as it is a physical force it has a natural tendency to grab as many possessions as may seem to it desirable . . . but prudent calculation and a mutual recognition of advantages will gradually foster an ever-growing sense of justice; there will arise the consciousness that each State is bound up with the common life of the States around it and that, willingly or unwillingly, it must come to terms with them as a body of States.'

Even in the mind of the German nationalist teacher we may thus discover the germ of a community of nations; and a renewed League will have a better prospect of vigorous life if it can be nurtured on the sternest realism—on political human nature as it is—and if its supporters do not imagine that a new heaven has arisen upon a new earth in which the spirits of Treitschke and Machiavelli have no place.

A. L. KENNEDY.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

- Burke's Peerage.**
Inside India. Halidé Edib.
Russia in Chains. Ivan Solonevich.
Observation in Russia. Sidney I. Luck.
Michael Bakunin. E. H. Carr.
The Good Society. Walter Lippmann.
Frontier Patrols. Colin Harding.
Florence Nightingale's Indian Letters.
Rome: Republic and Empire. H. W. Household.
Agricola. G. J. Acheson.
Three Roman Poets. F. A. Wright.
The Folklore of the Jews. A. S. Rappoport.
Twenty Centuries of Jewish Thought. Adolph Lichtigfeld.
Castilian Literature. A. F. G. Bell.
Mary Shelley. R. Glynn Grylls.
Richard Porson. M. L. Clarke.
William Shenstone. A. R. Humphreys.
Mightier than the Sword. Ford Madox Ford.
Locomotion in Victorian London. G. A. Sekon.
The Way that I Went. R. Ll. Praeger.
South Latitude. F. D. Ommaney.
Edward Wilson: Nature Lover. George Seaver.
Survey of London: the Strand.
Official Year Book of the Church of England.
The Citizen's Choice. Ernest Barker.
The Handbook of British Birds. H. F. Witherby.
Historical Studies of the Rosary. D. J. Pereira Andrade.
The Truth About Writing. Cecil Palmer.
For those Few Minutes. Eric Partridge.

'Burke's Peerage' (Shaw Publishing Co.), like the British Constitution, is impressively massive, sound, and workable, always changing in detail yet fundamentally the same. It might also be likened to the Court of Appeal, for in many matters 'Burke says so' is the final source of judgment. That is why to historical writers, genealogical students, editors and publishers who seek after accuracy, Burke is almost a necessity, and its brilliant red and gold cover should be an adornment to their shelves. So much for the use of Burke; but what about the pleasure which it provides? Indeed, Burke is a happy-hunting-ground not only for details of personal history but for interest and quaintness in arms and mottoes. It is the soul of discretion and abjures the lively and caustic personal comments of Cockayne. Even Burke, however, can be outspoken, though always dignified. What can be more so in referring to that mad murderer the fourth Earl Ferrers than that 'This nobleman frequently evinced strong symptoms of a constitutional violence of temper, and in one of the paroxysms of rage habitual with his lordship put to death

his own land steward, for which he was condemned to suffer death'—in other words was hanged at Tyburn.

Considerable entertainment can be sought among the mottoes, whether of the punning kind, as the 'Pie repone te' of the Pierreponts or 'Cavendo Tutus' of the Cavendishes, or the suitably anti-socialistic 'Let Curzon holde what Curzon helde' of that distinguished family, a motto which, alas, would be sadly unsuitable now, with so many old families in the general break-up of estates. Or again there is a pleasant aggressiveness, reminiscent of Highland raids, in the 'Furth Fortune and fill the fetters' of the Duke of Atholl, or the clever and apposite 'Faber meæ fortunæ' adopted by that most eminent of Smiths, the first Lord Birkenhead. Take again the ingenious adaptations of occupations introduced into arms, such as the rolls of paper of Lord Rothermere, the ships of Lord Inchcape, the sprigs of digitalis and the human heart adopted by the well-known specialist, the first Lord Ilkeston. It is possible to browse unendingly in such matters in Burke, and the temptation to do so is great. Where else can one get such widespread information of the families of the ennobled, even to distant degrees, and where else can one find that one's dear friend Mr X, while honoured by being in Burke at all, is somewhere about number 160,000 in the table of precedence! Burke is a godsend in research and a source of delight for an idle half-hour.

Madame Halidé Edib has earned her title to speak with authority so far as sincerity, careful thought, and a warm sympathy, especially with the poor and less honoured classes, bring such a title. Therefore, although no one, even among her own race of Moslem Turks, is likely to accept all that she says in her '**Inside India**' (Allen and Unwin), her past works and personality and its own evident qualities entitle the views expressed in this book to be considered with respect. That she sometimes is wrong is shown in her inconsequent reference to the General Strike here of 1926 as 'admirably organised and carried out,' whereas it was a prompt and elaborate failure, a mean effort beaten by a better organisation and a finer spirit on the other side, and ended in a setback to the objects for which professedly it was organised. Such slip, however, is as nothing in a work of high purpose

as this on the past, present, and future of India in its relations with the Hindu and Moslem races and the British Raj and in its sometimes strangling systems of caste and land tenure. Obviously, her sympathies are with a free and united India that have little or no European connection ; but she sees facts as they are and are likely to be ; and especially those as disturbing to her as are the deep racial animosities between Hindus and Mohammedans, while she recognises some of the good that Imperial Britain has done in India. The questions she touches on are vexed and not to be settled by the stroke of a politician's wand or anyone's fine phrases. Her account of visits paid to leading Indians, beginning with Mr Gandhi, whom she saw in their domestic life as well as in public work, is interesting ; but the whole book brings illumination, because in its accuracy or otherwise it is the opinion of a cultured, sincere, and trustworthy woman.

On its wrapper '**Russia in Chains**' (Williams and Norgate), by Ivan Solonevich, is called 'the most damning exposure of Sovietism ever written.' That is a bold claim and it is doubtful whether it can be justified in the case of any book the scope of which is so limited as this, strong as the case may be. Within its limits, however, the story is gripping and gruesome to a remarkable degree. The author, his son and brother after working for the Soviet for some years had the misfortune to fall out with the authorities. The result was detention in a labour camp, and judging from the conditions described a true name for it would be Hell on Earth. The squalor, filth, bestiality, starvation, official corruption, terror, torture, and blasphemy which characterised the camp-life are positively nauseating, and any Government or organisation which can tolerate such conditions stands convicted, without any possible appeal to leniency of judgment. This is not a book for the squeamish, but is a forceful and convincing indictment of Soviet methods.

A different and most considerate view of hopes and conditions in Russia is, however, provided by Captain Sidney I. Luck, one of the party of scientists who went from the University of Aberdeen to Omsk in Siberia to study the eclipse of the sun which occurred on June 19, 1936. With a fresh mind, freedom of movement, and a knowledge of the language derived from an earlier residence in

the country, Captain Luck was able to get to talk familiarly with all sorts and conditions of people in Russia; and when the work of the astronomers was done travelled long distances there and continued his free investigations. The result is '**Observation in Russia**' (Macmillan), an excellent book, unprejudiced and, because it sees all sides of the question, revealing. That Russia in many social and economic ways remains far behind other European countries is true; but it also is true that since Lenin's great experiment in making socialism and communism practicable was begun, she has made great progress, and eliminated many evils, like unemployment, if only for a time. He found the people willing to ask questions and talk, and while those who were too young to have experienced conditions under the Tsars were proud and confident of the system in being, many of the old ones deplored the heavy and fussy restrictions they suffer. The new Constitution promulgated by Stalin has yet to be tried; but because it represents a step towards a distant constitutionalism there is hope, especially as religion is tolerated now. As to the espionage and tyranny that certainly go on, Captain Luck is reticent, but he shows clearly the intolerable character of the bureaucratic interference that persists.

Professor E. H. Carr's revealing study of '**Michael Bakunin**' (Macmillan), forms a suitable contrast and complement to Boris Nicolaievsky's biography of Karl Marx; for those two great rivals and spirits of discord were like and yet unlike in their labours for social revolution or (to use an appropriate but detestable word) the boosting of the proletariats of Europe. Of the two, Marx was the greater in fact and in effect. His thoughtful, intense spirit as the philosopher of social discontent proved superior in its dark power to the drab monasticism, the megalomania and easy-going improvisations of Bakunin, who, as a co-worker described him, 'was a child, a barbarian, and a scholar all at once.' The characteristic in which those two chiefs of political and economic revolution were not unlike, however, was in their infinite capacity for sponging on the purses of their associates; in which respect the Russian was more light-heartedly persistent than the German-Jew. Yet one prefers Bakunin to Marx. The impulsive child

within that toothless giant was evident; and Professor Carr has skilfully used his lights and shades, gifts and the weaknesses of his subject to paint a living portrait. Bakunin's was a wasted life. Born the son of a Russian landowner and put into the way of securing a promising military career under the Tsar, he showed himself from the first as instinctively a rebel. He was bound, it seemed, through every fibre of his being to ally himself with disorder and the discontents, which, however, had justification, especially before '48. In hatred for the established rather than through sympathy with the oppressed he agitated and preached what became a series of gospels—of Slav revolt, of anarchy, and much else that altered from time to time.

Mr Walter Lippmann's is a voice crying from the wilderness. In a world oppressed by the extremes of Fascism and the Nazis on the one hand and of Communism on the other, he appeals for a renewal of that Liberalism, in spirit and achievement, which in the last century was the most reasonable and effective power among civilised nations, and the nostrum confidently recommended to the immature. His title '**The Good Society**' (Allen and Unwin) is little expressive of the fullness of this book which makes a wide survey of the political troubles that for the last few years have harassed mankind. In preaching his remedial doctrine he appears not too hopeful. That, however, may be only an impression consequent on the dangerous haste of the present times. In the last quarter of a century the world has overturned itself so absolutely, toppling down thrones and in haste or through the bankruptcy of democratic ideas setting up dictators who are compelled to maintain themselves by brutal force that the old mischief is worse. And for a time it must go on. As Mr Lippmann reminds us, a five-years' plan cannot be subject to anything so transient as a representative system of government and popular elections; and therefore we see nations who once paid homage to the idea of freedom, chained by fixed rules and governed by tyrannies. Meanwhile, confronted with the chaos and deep dissatisfaction which are bound to follow such transition, the democracies are startled, uncertain, fearful, and blundering; and so it is that Mr Lippmann's appeal deserves eager attention. But is its purpose practicable?

It may not be so for years to come ; but meanwhile, seeing what we have seen in Austria and elsewhere, it is certainly necessary—and once again the Voice from the Wilderness tells the truth.

Colonel Colin Harding's '**Frontier Patrols**' (Bell) is of wider significance than the title suggests. Nominally a history of the British South Africa Police and other Rhodesian forces, its author takes the opportunity given by the essential ubiquity of that fine corps to tell pretty well the whole story of the establishment and growth of the Union. There are omissions, but they do not amount to much ; as evidently Colonel Harding in the fascination of his subject could not resist any opportunity to tell the little bit more that might be easily brought in. The result is attractive ; not so much for the story itself, which after all has been often told, but through his considered sympathy and understanding with all sides in the long-drawn South African settlement—black, Boer, and British. His spirit of fairness and chivalry, added to the truth that he is an entirely honest historian, compels him to point out that Lobengula on the whole was mistreated, and shows how two dishonest troopers through a shameful theft of tribute money probably caused the trouble which led amongst other things to the wiping-out of Major Wilson's gallant force. On his broad canvas he brings the first and second Boer Wars and the campaigns in the Great War against the Germans in South-West and East Africa which assuredly cemented the union of the two white races in the Dominion, a condition that it is hoped may endure for ever.

The discovery, among the papers of a lawyer-politician in Calcutta, of '**Florence Nightingale's Indian Letters**' (Mihir Kumar Sen, 1 Dover Lane, Calcutta) that now are published by Priyaranjan Sen, the son of the recipient, throws light on their writer's eager interest in the welfare of the poorest as well as on some early aspects of the vexed question of land-tenure in India, which, although vastly improved since these letters were written between 1878 and 1882, still calls for reform. Elsewhere Miss Nightingale had written, 'What is the saddest sight to be seen in the world ? The saddest sight to be seen is the peasant in our own Indian Empire.' To strengthen the well-being of the ryot against the greed

of his landlord, the zemindar was, in spite of their concern over the Afghan War, a particular anxiety of the British Government of that time; and with an admirable grasp of the facts, pertinacity and humanity, Florence Nightingale set herself to discover the truths and to assert them in her vigorous and responsible manner. This little book has its value in testimony to her sound methods and goodwill and to those of the British government that strove amid great difficulties for the better conditions of the ryot.

A year ago we had the pleasure of reviewing with admiration the first volume of Mr H. W. Household's '**Rome, Republic and Empire**' (Dent). That instalment told the story of the Republic to the death of Julius Cæsar. The present one carries on from that point and follows the course of the Empire, its rise, establishment, and decline to the fall, which came through the natural failings that followed twelve hundred years of varied individual rule, through the inability to secure a continuous line of good emperors owing to the imperfections of the hereditary system of succession, weaklings and the vicious following the great, and through the ultimate conquest of Rome by the Goths and other wild races, combined with the revolt of subject tribes who had detected the weaknesses of their masters. In our review of the first volume of this lucid and compact history, we commented on the lessons helpful to our own Empire that might be learnt from the record of ancient Rome; and that truth, vigorously emphasised by Mr Household in his admirable Preface, is again enforced.

Mr G. J. Acheson has translated from Tacitus the passages relating to the life of '**Agricola**' (Macmillan) and produced a human study far removed from the saplessness of such old cribs as in our innocent youth we may have observed, let us say, in the hands of others. It is a great idea to retell the tales and to re-estimate the characters of some of the persons of classical times who, though important figures, yet were less to those who caught the full glare of the limelight of a doubtful fame and partiality. Gnaeus Julius Agricola, except from the opportunities and glare of office, was more important than Nero; and important in the history of Britain. He was no prancing pro-consul, but a soldier and statesman

who went considerably about his business: striking hard but mending as promptly as might be the conditions and healing the wounds that he had caused. He was an element of settlement and stability to Rome and to Britain; but unfortunately, measured by the values of so-called success, his qualities were elaborately overlooked by the envious and mean-hearted Emperor Domitian and he passed into the twilight. An admirable little book, it is the more attractive for its naïveté, as is shown in the knowledge of geography in those days. Hibernia, of which we have learnt something, lies, we are told, 'in the middle of the channel between Britain and Spain and is also conveniently close to the coast of Gaul.' What botherments we might have escaped if that had been so!

Professor F. A. Wright evidently enjoyed writing his '**Three Roman Poets**' (Routledge). He has chosen Plautus, Catullus, and Ovid as his subjects and described their lives, times, and works because, beyond others of Roman literary greatness who are generally more famous, they have the grace of humour and 'in some moods laughter seems the greatest gift of heaven.' Of the three, Ovid is the most familiarly known in England, because of the famous uses that Shakespeare made of him and of his '*Ars Amatoria*,' which gave to our poet and to his facetious contemporaries, as well as to great old Geoffrey Chaucer before him, opportunities for humorous play of which they made good use. Professor Wright further illustrates the close similarities there were between the ancient Romans and the English; in his case seen through the many Shakespearean characters, as we may call them, that Plautus introduced to the play-lovers of his time. His common folk with their shrewdly humorous views of the ups-and-downs, intrigues and dodges, of the low life they enjoyed, were surely the forefathers—and foremothers—of such as Dogberry, Juliet's Nurse, Froth, Elbow, and the Dromios, the last of whom were indeed as nearly as not his own creations. Catullus also, the Professor suggests, had his likenesses with Keats and Burns. The book opens up many and wide ranges of interest and stimulates, but the difficulty of fitly translating into English the characteristics of the verse of these Latin poets is not overcome.

A race so ancient and prominent in history as the Jews have been, with their laws and a culture that generally have withstood the disruptive effects of time, conquests, persecutions, dispersals, and wanderings, is bound to have a rich accumulation of folk-tales, legends and folk-lore, especially as many of those tales are not limited to themselves but are shared by other races. The Old Testament, of course, is so full of such beliefs and fantasies as comprise a people's natural wisdom that Dr A. S. Rappoport has accomplished almost an obvious task in writing **'The Folklore of the Jews'** (Soncino Press). It is a full volume, written with pains and brightness, touching the religious and domestic life of the Jews at all points, including their peculiar demonology, magic, and astrology, as well as what may be regarded as their normal love of nature and the mysteries of creation, of the creatures, the trees, the flowers, and the infinite else that comprise the wonders and curiosities of existence. Many of these beliefs and tales have pagan origins: some are shared with the Christians and the followers of Islam; but Dr Rappoport is justified in his assertion, repeated with emphasis, that always—or, let us say, nearly so—the instance of folk-lore has a religious purpose. He is proud of the religion of his race and its establishment of monotheism, and because of the thoroughness of the faith of his People in the oneness of God, as revealed in this mass of fable and truth in fanciful forces, sees a reason for the continuance of Israel in spite of the endless vicissitudes that have threatened that people.

Another volume of serious intent has concern with them. Wisely the Jews are answering persecution with culture, knowing that the material sword, though it can slay the body, is powerless against the spirit; and Dr Adolph Lichtigfeld's anthology, **'Twenty Centuries of Jewish Thought'** (Edward O. Beck), is a brief, compact expression of the religious and ethical culture of an unsubduable race which knows that its present persecutors will be forgotten two thousand years hence. Its interest, however, is wider than would be if it were merely a counterblast to the brutalities of their persecutors; for this collection of Hebrew thought, as it began with the first words of Genesis and continued to the deliverances of reformed Jews and Zionists, shows

how that thought has grown and broadened. Time was when Judaism—described in this book as a history, but surely it was more than that—was the narrowest of faiths and the Gentiles were encouraged to perish; but contact with other peoples and philosophies has so humanised the views of its thinkers that the religious unity of the whole world seems now to be a part of their dream. 'Judaism and Christianity are the messianic religions whose ultimate unification in the absolute eternity of the truth of God will bring the final stage in the history of religion.' That surely is a view different far from the thoughts of Jews, even half a century ago. It marks a change of great hope to the world; for with all the present sufferings of the Hebrews in Europe, they are not only an enduring people but have a message they do not hesitate to deliver and a spirituality that is re-quickened by persecution. The worst enemy to Zion is possibly not the Nazi fanatic but the Jew who has forgotten his own people.

It is well, amid the horror, din, and havoc of the civil war in Spain, to be reminded of the wealth and inspiration of her literature, which demonstrates the truth that armies can march, besiege, and bring ruin, and yet the fruits of the mind and spirit abide. Mr Aubrey F. G. Bell with his survey and analyses of '**Castilian Literature**' (Oxford: Clarendon Press) reveals the wealth of Spain in works of imagination and the inspired word, with Castile as the heart of that inspiration. Wisely he has not concentrated unduly on any outstanding figure. Even Cervantes and Saint Teresa are studied as parts of the whole, as should be; for the influence of such minds and pens is not limited to their own work, but is infused with that of their contemporaries and followers. Yet Cervantes in the persons of his Don and Sancho still must outstand, for the reason that Quixote, whose book was curiously regarded by Ruskin as the most mischievous ever written, is the greatest figure compounded of reality and idealism in the universe of printed romance. To more persons than should be the wealth and variety of Spanish literature is as an unopened mine, and therefore Mr Bell's informed volume should be valuable.

'**Mary Shelley**' (Oxford University Press) by Miss R. Glynn Grylls is a model of good writing, careful arrangement, ample notes, full references and useful appendices

giving supplementary information. The general reader who only cares for impressions and atmosphere and is perhaps indifferent to exact scholarship may find the ample notation and copious references forbidding; but if he does he will be mistaken. Miss Glynn Grylls presents her subject convincingly and attractively from the early years in the time of that high-preaching but dubious-living and unattractive philosopher and sponger, William Godwin, to the few happy but far from easy years with Shelley; the subsequent years of struggle to live by her pen, the slow but steady blossoming of her hopes in her son, and finally the years of comparative ease after he had succeeded to the family property. Byron, the Clairmonts, Trelawny, Hogg, the Hunts, Mrs Norton, the Shelley family and others make a curious and varied framework for a life that knew much toil, hardship and sorrow, yet was mellowed into serene and peaceful middle age and contentment. Much has been written already about Mary Shelley, but no one interested in the subject can fail to appreciate this attractive book.

It is clear that Mr M. L. Clarke has enjoyed writing his biographical essay on '**Richard Porson**' (Cambridge University Press) and with equal success brings enjoyment to his readers. It is at once a sincere and romantic piece of work, in the course of which he manages to make an acceptable silk purse out of something like a sow's ear. Byron loathed Porson—with some others—and regarded him as of all disgusting brutes, sulky, abusive, and intolerable, the most bestial; but others who knew him and his many faults well had good opinions of him; while his qualities in scholarship are not greatly to be questioned. Mr Clarke gives us vividly the real man, from his humble beginnings as an 'unwinning cub,' the son of a worsted-weaver of Norfolk, up through the fortunate mediation of unusually good friends to permanent distinction among classical scholars. Porson himself suggested that his outstanding position was due to hard work, and we know that at intervals he could work hard indeed; but, of course, there was much beside that. He was born with exceptional gifts and a prodigious memory, of which entertaining examples are given. Yet, the question must be asked; without his frequent indolence and the bouts of drunkenness that

beset him, how much more, and more substantially he might have done, including the edition of the comedies of Aristophanes which he was called to write, yet failed to produce. He can only be regarded as another of the many baffling might-have-beens.

Also from the Cambridge Press comes a 'portrait' of 'William Shenstone' by Mr A. R. Humphreys, which, except for attractiveness of treatment, is a suggestive contrast to the foregoing study of Porson. It is rather an appreciative synthesis of a cultured eighteenth-century mind than biographical. In that age of leisure, with long days spent by Shenstone mainly in the cultivation of his estate, the Leasowes in Shropshire, he lived, read, wrote his quiet verses—which, in view of his acceptance as a characteristic poet of his time, Mr Humphreys relegates rather cruelly to a few of his penultimate pages—received friends and visited them, studied the art of landscape and improved his property, artistically as well as practically, and paid small heed to the voices of distant London and the towns. It was leisurely, idle, narrowing; yet was it more so in any of those respects than much of the seeming activities spent in our present rush? That, however, is a question for social observers. For us it is enough to welcome this quiet and genial book, that with its disquisitions on that magic word, Sharawadgi, and the philosophy of gardens and their contents, wafts us far from the madding crowd to that Elysium in Shropshire that was often a little stilted, yet capable even in the barest contemplation of bringing a sense of repose. Admirable as is this study of ordinary eighteenth-century culture, it might yet have paid a little louder tribute to Shenstone the verse-maker.

'Portraits from Life,' the title of the American edition of Mr Ford Madox Ford's '**Mightier than the Sword**' (Allen and Unwin), is the more appropriate; as, with the exception of Mr Wells's, in this team of eleven prominent writers who are recalled and criticised, no pen among them really deserved the significance of the Lytton tag. Take the instance of Swinburne, of whose powers and peccadilloes Mr Ford makes his best and most amusing essay, no comparison of his pen with the sword can be rightly applied; and so with the others. But Mr Wells, having been militant in many fields for

a long while, still has before him, we hope, years with troubles and causes enough to challenge his fighting virtues. We have read no happier book by Mr Ford. It is entertaining and brightly considerate. The opinion given by Henry James to this reviewer as to the relative values in French literature of Flaubert and Du Maupassant differed from that quoted by Mr Ford, and it is difficult to believe that a quarter of a century ago James could have taken 'three precise, jaunty steps' to the rear and make a quick bow; but those are trifles. The impression given in this book of these prominent writers of the last generation is that generally their force is faded. Even Hudson, for whom Mr Ford shows his love (as no one who really knew the creator of *Rima* could fail to do), is shown as entering eclipse, as also with Conrad and Hardy. But in the epilogue, where he compares them with certain of their successors, who were boomed, self-boomed, and shoved into a brief notoriety that proved they were noises or nothing, Mr Ford speaks out strongly and truly.

Those interested in London should read Mr G. A. Sekon's '**Locomotion in Victorian London**' (Oxford University Press), which helps us to realise how largely the city that we know is a result of the means of transport. A century ago the citizen, unless he was lucky enough to own a horse or carriage, had to walk to his work. Hence he could not live far off, and as trade increased so did the human congestion from which we still suffer in places. Transport became easier, population moved out to the country, 'rookeries' were cleared and many fine streets made. The Thames steamboat, the omnibus, the tram, the railway and the cycle all played their parts in enlarging the scope of the citizen's movements, to be followed by the motor-car (beyond the limits of this book) which has enlarged that scope to an extent that brings almost as many difficulties and handicaps of its own. Mr Sekon gives much interesting information about the development of the means of transport, but above all, as is natural with his own lengthy experience, about railways. It would be of help to a reader if a map were provided, for people who lack Mr Sekon's knowledge may find the details of railway development bewildering. The story of what might almost be called the passing of London from

leather-sole to rubber-tyre is really interesting and is made more so by an excellent selection of illustrations.

The elderly saying that every man's life would make a book is exemplified by Mr R. Ll. Praeger's '**The Way that I Went**' (Methuen), which makes, indeed, a wise and handsome volume. Pre-eminently a geologist, but with an interest also in the fauna and flora of Ireland, the author went over the whole of that country, closely observing as he went and making wise and witty notes of his discoveries. His book is charming because it is the reflex of his personality, as every genuine life-work must be. Besides studying the abundant truths of nature, he had eyes for the ways of Irish humanity, in their qualities especially, but with a kindly humorous regard for their main shortcomings. 'Ireland is a lovely country. Indeed, there is only one thing wrong with it, and that is that the people that are in it have not the common-sense to live in peace with one another and with their neighbours.' And here is another truth. 'If St Patrick had banished from Ireland politics, instead of snakes, he would have conferred a far greater boon, and this lovely land would have had peace and charity, as well as faith and hope.' From those passages it is seen that Mr Praeger has a discerning mind and discernment, characteristics of the spirit of this volume throughout.

The bitter realities of the regions of the Antarctic and their endless interest to the scientific are well brought out in Mr F. D. Ommaney's '**South Latitude**' (Longmans). Yet harsh, and worse than harsh as the conditions were, and fraught with many dangers; weary as the author and his colleagues confessed themselves to be after the buffetings of seas, winds, and fortune that they had to endure, we recognise that the lure of further adventure south—and anywhere else—is insistent, for 'the sea is terribly possessive.' Those are the conclusive words of this fascinating volume. Mr Ommaney was a lecturer in zoology in the East London College and so weary of the dull continuous round of years spent in grooves, that when the opportunity came to him to exchange that life for one among the whalers, in ships and factories in the seas far south, he took it and went. It was no dainty business that he was concerned with, and he describes its volume and details with a clearness that

make the pages concerned such as in a certain mechanical art is called a 'close-up.' Later in his journeys in the south—and twice he circumnavigated the Pole—he was brought close to danger, for, having discovered something of its harsh reality when the 'Discovery II' sought and brought to safety the lost airman, Lincoln Ellsworth, he in turn with five companions was lost to endure the worst rigours of climate, exposure, and hunger before they were rescued.

It was Dr Wilson's purpose, had he returned in safety from that expedition to the South Pole that was immortal in its failure, to write a work on Natural History, for which he had an eager love as well as much learning and the added high qualifications of the artist for seeing and reproducing natural beauty. That purpose could not be fulfilled; but in its place we have the next best thing to it, for Wilson left many notes, descriptions, and drawings, coloured and otherwise, behind him; and this material has been so sympathetically and adroitly put together by his friend, the Rev. George Seaver, under the title of '**Edward Wilson: Nature Lover**' (Murray), that it cannot be far different from the work as dreamed-about originally. Wilson's quest was followed for several years, and carried him to Norway and Lapland, Switzerland, New Zealand, to many parts of England and to the Antarctic, and not only did he in those varied playgrounds or work-grounds pursue birds and wild animals, plants, people and scenery, almost with a lyric as well as a scientific energy; but incidentally he discovered to his readers—himself. Here is an important part of the true Edward Wilson, gifted, earnest, light-hearted and lovable; and no pages or pictures are more attractively revealing than his serious nonsense, 'The House that Cherry built'; which places on playful record one of the worst experiences in Antarctic exploration as endured by Cherry-Garrard.

Students of the fascinating subject of London must be grateful to the County Council for the '**Survey of London**' (published by the London County Council), which year by year continues its dignified and comprehensive progress. Vol. XVIII 'The Strand' (the Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Part II) has recently appeared, and like its predecessors is careful, accurate, interesting

and well produced. The very name of the Strand is redolent of English history. There were the houses of the great in Church and State, with their gardens backing on the river; there was the link between the City and Westminster, thither converged much trade and commerce, and thither, as London increased and streets were built adjoining the main thoroughfare, people came to live, work, and find amusement—as they still do.

This volume discloses interesting information about Buckingham Street, including the fact that Pepys lived at No. 12, which is still in its interior substantially the same as in his day. The account of the Adelphi makes sad reading in view of the highly regrettable destruction of the Terrace. To the old the most interesting part of the volume may be the full account of Northumberland House which they may well remember before 1874, when the then Duke sold that ducal looking mansion and moved to what an old retainer of the family is said to have described with disgust as 'somewhere with a number!' The formation of the Victoria Embankment and the making of Northumberland Avenue changed the whole outlay of the neighbourhood, as is shown in the maps and plans. The volume is full of interesting historical and geographical information and ought to be greatly appreciated and, we hope, purchased for every library which deals with London.

'The Official Year Book of the Church of England' (Church Assembly and S.P.C.K.) is an extremely useful work of reference and its present 1938 'Empire' number maintains its high standard of accurate and interesting information. Among the notable contributors are the Metropolitan of India, the Archbishop of the West Indies, Lord Lugard, and Canon J. McLeod Campbell, the Secretary of the Missionary Council of the Church Assembly. Such a work comes outside the scope of the ordinary literary review, but it comes well within the scope of usefulness on an editor's shelf, as it contains facts and figures about the work of the Church in all its branches and organisations in every part of the world, together with interesting articles on that work.

The Cambridge University Press have done well to publish some of the recent addresses and articles of Professor Ernest Barker. His little volume **'The**

Citizen's Choice is full of good stuff. The papers collected therein were all composed, he tells us, in the years from 1933 to 1937. Upon the events of this troubled time Professor Barker passes judgments which, though far from being flabby or spineless, are invariably sober and restrained. The style shows some tendency to become mannered and even cumbrous, but it is impressive and compels the reader to weigh the words used by the writer and to penetrate, if he can, to the thought behind them. It is always worth the effort. The choice presented to the citizen would appear to be between Democracy and Dictatorship, or in the view of an old-fashioned liberal like Dr Barker, between freedom and slavery. Not that he would simplify it so much as that, or that he fails to understand and to proclaim the doctrine of political relativity. A book worth reading and pondering.

Birds are such fascinating subjects of study that the interest and lore associated with them increase as the years go by, and the demand for books of authority about them brings many new works to the market. The first volume of **'The Handbook of British Birds'** (Witherby), that is to be complete in five volumes, is surely—to the present—the 'last word' on the subject. Based on the **'Practical Handbook'** that went out of print four years ago, it is thoroughly scientific in its methods of research and treatment of the specimens which, in this instalment, range from Crows to Buntings, Larks, Linnets, Sparrows, Tits, Finches, and Flycatchers; and while its first appeal is to students, the illustrations, many of them in colour and of an added value because they show examples in the various stages of plumage, are so attractive that the multitude who are not yet students of ornithology almost certainly must become so through them. The work is edited by Mr H. F. Witherby, with the co-operation of the Rev. F. C. R. Jourdain, Mr Norman Ticehurst, and Mr Bernard W. Tucker.

From Portuguese India comes an unexpected book. Mr D. J. Pereira Andrade in his **'Historical Studies of the Rosary'** (Tipografia Rangel, Bastora) describes and prints examples (sometimes upside-down) of the rosary as used in Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohamedanism, and Christianity. He not only deals with that accessory to prayer but refers to others, as the praying-wheels and

flags of the Buddhists, which reduce the act of personal communion with God to the last extreme of trivial action. It is sad to realise how absolutely mechanical the processes of the rosary and those other material aids to religion have deteriorated in Asia—which some enthusiasts hold to be the first and last fortress of spirituality to-day—and it seems indeed to have sometimes fallen to a next-to-meaningless act in regions nearer to our own temples. Between Shiva's necklace or rosary of skulls and the simple beads that the fingers of Christian reverence glide over, loom gulfs; yet there is a real connection between them, for the Christian rosary probably originated in India. Mr Pereira Andrade has written so excellent a little book on the subject that the many misprints due, one may imagine, to Indian compositors, appear to accentuate its sincerity.

It was to be expected that Mr Cecil Palmer would write this book. He has touched the trade of letters at many points, from publisher to free-lance journalist, and is qualified, therefore, to tell '**The Truth About Writing**' (Heinemann) as he has seen it. Like others who truly know, he points out the abundant difficulties and discouragements that await the untried young writer; the overcrowded conditions of the market, the hardships in the way, and the necessity of keeping a stout heart against depression and disappointment. After that, put with a clearness which only the blind or obstinate cannot see, he proceeds to give good practical counsel for the writing of short stories, of novels, and with some special pains over the varied ways and opportunities of free-lance work, goes on to such modern developments as the value of writing for the talking films, broadcasting, and television. From which it may be seen that he is more concerned with the trade than the profession of printed words. To him 'the aristocracy of letters' has become an invidious phrase. Of all our institutions, literature has shown the greatest tendency to spread its roots democratically. Within that province, so honestly acclaimed, his pleasant book should be useful.

In '**For those Few Minutes**' (Barker), Mr Eric Partridge has compiled a curious book. 'Almost an anthology,' he calls it; and possibly, although it consists of literary odds and ends, extracts and fragments in prose and verse, it is only not an anthology through its

parts being strangely discordant, the one from the others. Its purposes, according to the editor, are manifold ; from that of a bedside book to its occupying the interval that passes in a doctor's or dentist's waiting-room. To such sedative or stimulant ends we are given the satisfying old-fashioned stuff of such as Maginn and Edgar Allan Poe ; five travellers' tales, not of the best quality ; some strained historical humours by Mr Richard Ince ; well-loved essays by Bacon, Addison, Goldsmith, and others ; an excellent assortment of verse, generally also well known and well loved ; with a few disconnected papers, elderly and more or less new ; amongst them being a description of the battle of the Somme and four of his studies of verbal origins by Mr Partridge. Whether such a mixture will serve its purposed ends it is impossible to say.

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